

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 13, 1947

TEN CENTS

EISENHOWER ON EDUCATION
by ALDEN HATCH

WAR BRIDE—
a Short Story
by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

HEARTLESS HARVEST—
Woes of the Migrant Worker
by HOWARD WHITMAN



Sept. 13, 1947

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Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Regal De Luxe Land Cruiser

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Men of conscience as well as competence build long life into every Studebaker—The Studebaker craftsmen pictured are the Millers—S. R. and N. T. A 63-year-old father and 40-year-old son, they're old-timers on their Studebaker jobs. Like many of their fellow-workers, they're solid family men and home owners. For over 95 years, there has been a steady sequence of father-and-son teams at Studebaker.

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It's a car completely new from every view. It's daringly different yet in the best of good taste.

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This brand-new kind of performance is due to sensationally advanced Studebaker chassis engineering. All of the car's weight is poised in almost ideal balance.

Brightest star of the postwar Studebaker line is the ultra-luxurious, extra-long-wheelbase Land Cruiser you see above.

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STUDEBAKER
*The postwar leader in
motor car style*

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The picture was taken at the time this letter was written.

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*Lamour's
kind of loving...*



*Your
kind of thrilling*

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DOROTHY LAMOUR
ROBERT PRESTON
LLOYD NOLAN

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with

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COLLIER'S

September 13, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

RHUBARBS

DEAR SIR: Note your July 19th issue was F.O.B. Detroit: On the cover we were given Hal Newhouser, on the inside the Newhouser pitching secrets that have pitched the Detroiters into a dazzling 12½ games behind the Yankees as of Aug. 12th. As far as I can see, only two teams exist for the editors of Collier's: Detroit and the St. Louis Cardinals, ahead of whom is a motley collection called Brooklyn—by 3 games. Why not drop the other teams from the leagues, arrange a 154-game schedule between the Tigers and Cards, and let the winners meet each other in the World Series? TED AUGUSTINO, Brooklyn (God Forbid), N. Y.

FEELTHY PEECTURES

DEAR SIR: I wish to register my vehement protest against the photographs which accompanied Coney Island (July 26th). Perhaps at thirty years I'm too old-fashioned to live in this brave, new world but I'll still turn up a Puritan nose at the current competition between publishers and Hollywood producers to endorse licentious living. What this country needs is a return to the Gay Nineties.

BARBARA D. HUGHES, Essexville, Mich.

... In the Coney Island story I was interested in the way the problem of lost children was fumbled. If the need for supervising children is so great that a squad of policewomen and -men is necessary to "ride herd" on them, wouldn't it be more practical to provide a recreation center for children where parents could check their children?

MRS. S. A. MILLER, Pickford, Mich.

CLEAN HOUSE

DEAR EDITOR: I thought you would be interested in knowing that as a result of exposure of vice conditions in your article by Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw (V.D. For Sale, Nov. 23d), five of the nine old councilmen were defeated. A new mayor has been elected. A new city manager will take office August 1st, and I am reliably informed a new chief of police will be appointed about that time. Every house of prostitution in Wheeling has been closed up. Each of the madams was sent to the penitentiary for two years, and the "pimps" were sent to prison, one for four years and the other for eight years.

W. E. BAKER, Elkins, W. Va.

ZZYDD CORP.

SIRS: Please ask Bandel Linn and Ned Ferguson to include these handy items in (Continued on page 87)

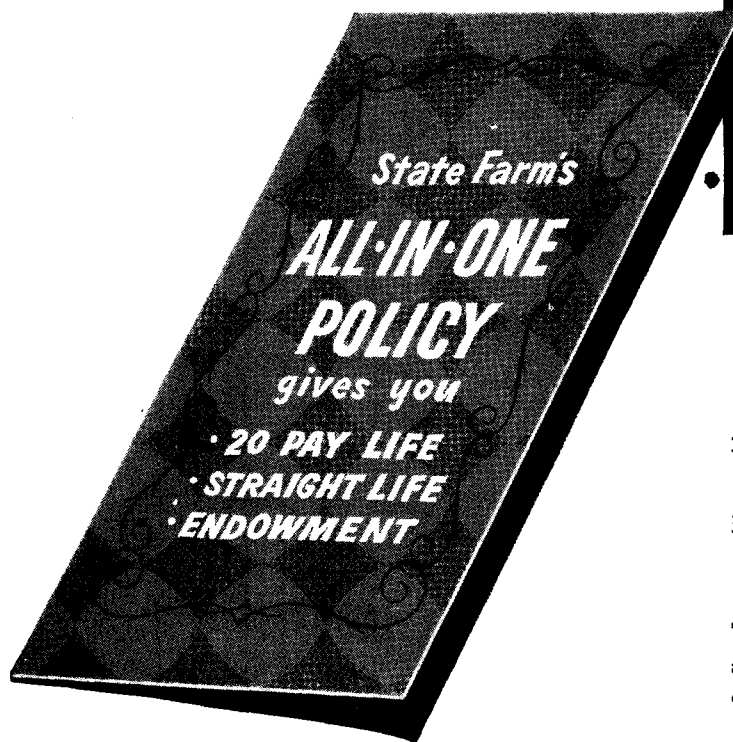
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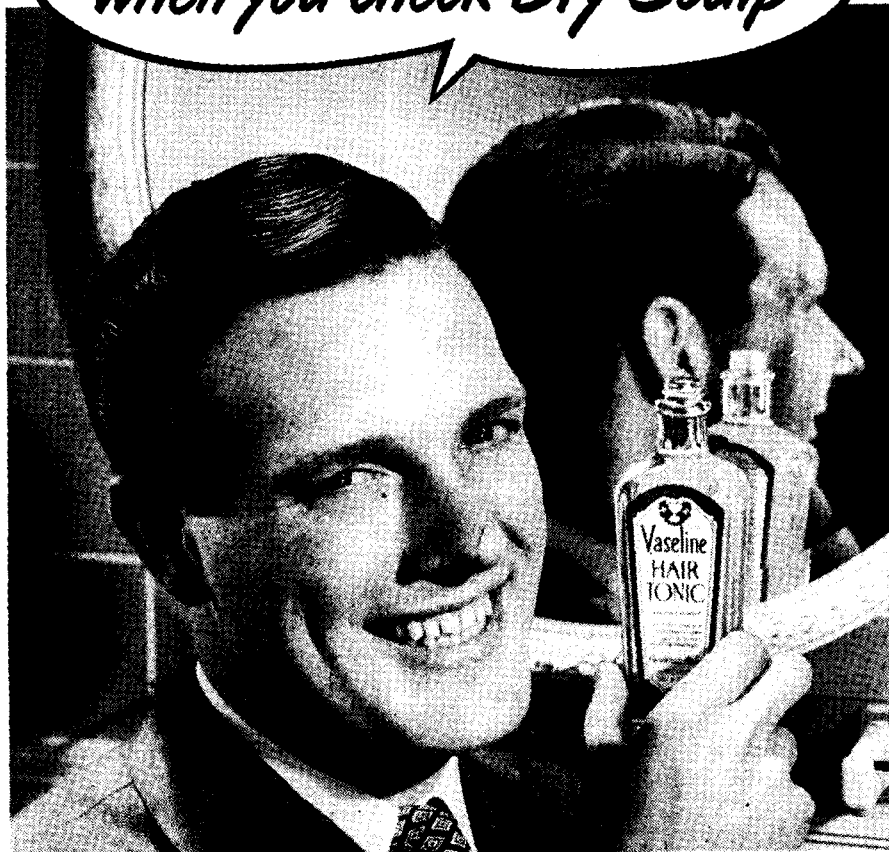
City..... Zone.... State.....

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... HOW CAN A MAN expect to be a business success without looking like one? Unruly, lifeless-looking hair... and loose dandruff on his coat, too... Well, he may be a 'wrong number' now—but wait till I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
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when you check Dry Scalp*



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Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

More than 200 false killer whales were found dead on the rocky coast of Mamre, South Africa, on November 19, 1935. Averaging 15 feet in length and 3,500 pounds in weight, they had been lured inshore by the fish on which they feed and were stranded by the receding tide. Most of them were wedged together on their backs in small crevices and had died either of exhaustion or suffocation in their struggles to free their blowholes.

Of the ten best known collections of chess sets in the United States, the largest and most valuable belongs to a New Yorker. It contains more than 300 unique sets, some centuries old, which came from 26 countries and are made of 12 different materials, including jade and gold.

One of New York's most amazing misers was James Henry Paine who died in 1885 at the age of 80 in a \$2-a-week garret in Bleeker Street where he had lived for nearly 30 years. During this time, the man was thought to be in dire poverty as he was seen daily searching garbage cans for food and gutters for cigar butts. But through an uptown friend, Paine secretly speculated in opera tickets and made so much money that, by living like a pauper, he was able to leave a fortune of \$391,200.

The newest spectacle lenses are trifocals, or bifocals having a third part that corrects middle vision which is used, for instance, by musicians when reading music at a distance of two or three feet.

Inasmuch as 32,000 of the 35,000 inhabitants of Bermuda cannot vote because they do not own \$250 worth of land, they have been unable to change the law that makes education compulsory, yet does not provide for free schools.

At a recent concert given in New York by an 18-piece electronic orchestra, the conductor employed a console through which the music of each instrument passes and is subject to control through corresponding dials and other regulating devices. This enables the leader to increase the volume of a single instrument to a solo part, feature groups or blend them all in the way he thinks best for a particular composition.

While most crooked dice fall heavy side downward when dropped in a glass of water, one type is made without a permanent heavy side to avoid detection in such a test. These dice are opaque and contain a drop of mercury which may be made to flow, through a tiny channel, between a space in the center and another near the surface. Thus, they are loaded or unloaded by being tapped on the floor "for good luck" or a similar reason.

At the Clinton Laboratories in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, an ingenious system enables employees to fill orders for radioisotopes without exposing themselves to the radiation. From behind a thick wall of lead, they remove the isotope wanted from the pile, and bottle, dilute, weigh and pack it for shipping, by operating mechanical fingers which they watch through a periscopic device.

The majority of the 165 drive-in movie theaters in this country pay a franchise fee of \$1,000 and five per cent of their box office receipts for the use of a patented ramp-spacing arrangement that not only gives every car an unobstructed view of the screen but also permits it to enter and leave its allotted space without crossing the line of vision of any other car.

The Calypso songs of Trinidad Negroes, such as Stone Cold Dead in the Market, have become so popular in the United States since 1935 that one singer alone, Wilmoth Houdini, of New York's Harlem, has recorded over 400 of them.

On rare occasions, a short-wave radio signal is reflected by a meteor in the ionosphere which gives it a whistle that may be heard by those listening to the message being transmitted.

Virtually all cities and states require enclosed elevators in private homes to be equipped with a telephone on which outside calls may be made directly. With it, a servant or a member of the family can phone for help if trapped between floors in a stalled car when alone in the house.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for September 13, 1947



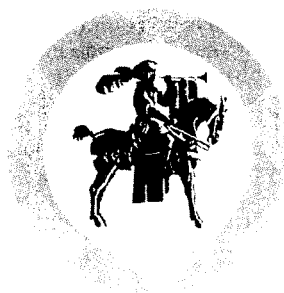
That made-for-you look...

When appraising eyes turn *your* way, how well do you measure up?
Very well, in skilfully tailored Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes! Smart to see ...
 comfortable to wear...clothes with the Trumpeter label have that made-for-you
 look—and they're priced right. See your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

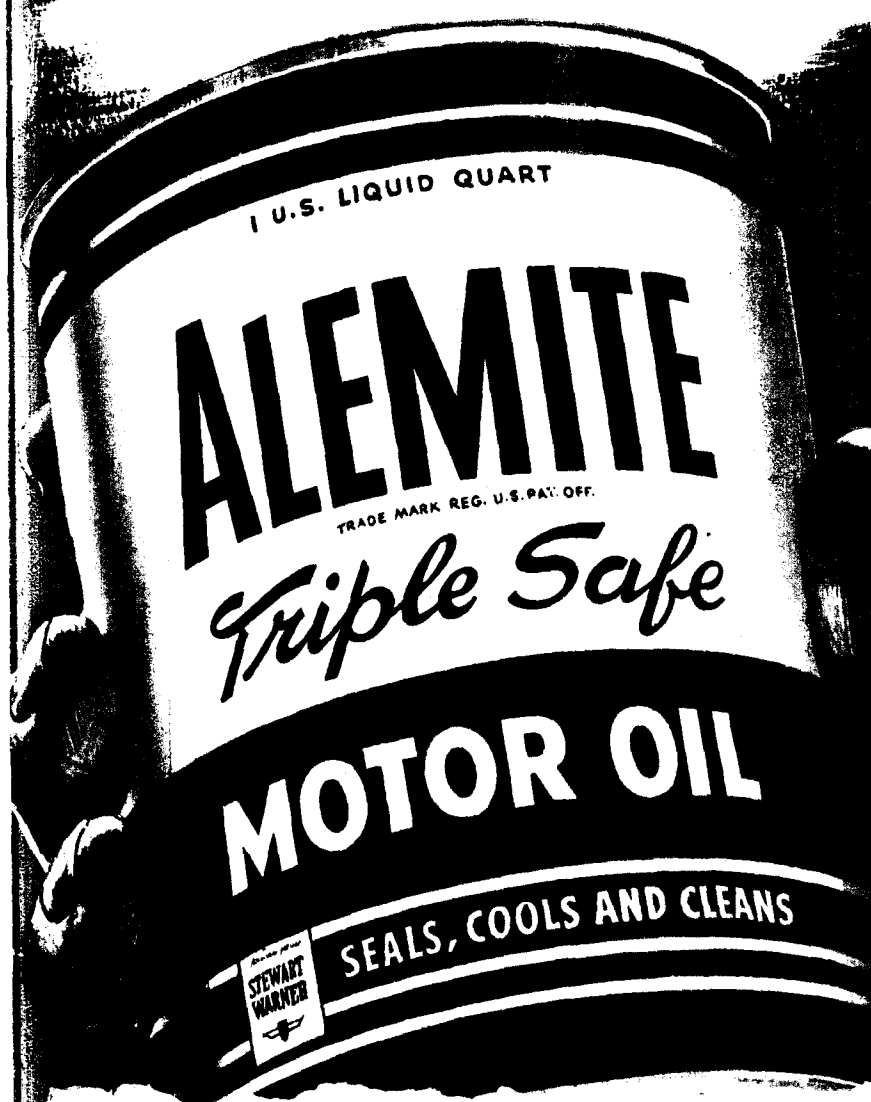
60TH YEAR OF MAKING CLOTHES WITH THAT MADE-FOR-YOU LOOK

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
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because this New Alemite Creation
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3. Actually increases gas mileage in old cars—maintains new car gas economy thousands of miles longer. Makes any car cost less to run.

Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.



Messrs. Cooke (left) and Calvosa study Stephens College photogenicity

ANDREW GEER (A Slight Penalty, p. 89) is the only horse marine we ever knew. When his dad's horse-trading stable at Graceville, Minnesota, burned down in 1914, the family went homesteading in southern Saskatchewan, 60 miles from the nearest railroad station. Nearest neighbors: antelope, coyotes and badgers. "The land was so flat you could stand on a rain barrel and see the Gulf of Mexico—almost," Geer claims.

When he was eight, Andrew rode an Indian pinto to school—when they built one. His dad had won the horse in a seven-up game down in Montana twenty miles below the Geer spread. "In those days you could buy a pretty good pony from the Blackfeet for \$5," Geer says.

At twelve, Geer (five eight and 140 pounds) tried to join the 27th Light-horse Canadian Cavalry and kill the Kaiser, but a British captain with a waxed mustache told him to go home before he paddled Geer's seat. "But I'm not anti-British," Geer says.

At fifteen, Geer was riding stampede at roundups and bucking contests. Later at the University of Minnesota, he footballed, and because he was heavyweight boxing champ, earned his college way sparring with visiting pros like Mickey Walker, Tommy Loughran, Young Stribling and Ernie Schaaf. Summers he valeted a race horse named Cincofield; played semipro ball under an assumed name; was caddy master and dance-hall bouncer. Out of practice, he bucked his last bronco bareback, at the St. Paul State Fairgrounds, deciding to stick to football thereafter.

Leaving college without a degree but with many pleasant memories, Geer rode blind baggage seeking work, sparred with Johnny Risko, went to sea for five years, finally marrying a lady passenger.

When he quit ships in '35, he had a tough time on the beach, winding up as steelman on the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge.

After a spell of sports-announcing and bond-selling, Geer retired to the side of Mt. Tamalpais and began writing with moderate success. In '41, he went to Africa to drive for the American Field Service, got to know the Syrian desert like California Street, San Francisco (where he now lives), and was in the heartbreaking Tobruk-El Alamein retreat with the British Eighth Army. "We carried over 20,000 wounded off the field," he says.

Thoroughly annoyed, Geer came

home in '43, enlisted in the Marines, and managed to get to Saipan, Guam and Iwo Jima for the landings. He came out a major, decorated.

ABRIEF run-down on the Hawkins Brothers, John and Ward (Mr. Machine, p. 24), goes like this: One is fat; one is not. One has hair; the other is John. One likes to play golf; the other to watch it. One goes his way; the other goes his way, too. "And we're both very tired," they claim.

The brother fiction act has been going on for ten years; both took a couple of years off for the late Lethal Clambake; both are lazy; and both find a golf tournament the best place to hunt a story, especially with a hang-over. "The turf is easy underfoot," they chorus, "there's always a shade tree handy to sit under and watch the pros go by. It's a wonderful life. . . ."

SO SODDY to be late with the dossier of Mr. Selwyn Jepson, whose Man Running (p. 28) mounts with excitement as it runs out. But Mr. Jepson lives in London and has been Britishly reticent in informing us he is slight, fortyish, average height, Saxon-haired-and-eyed, married, with a book-stocked flat overlooking Bond Street, and a small wooden house in Hants for when the weather is fine. "So we go there scarcely at all!" he advises.

Jepson served in both World Wars; did such hush-hush stuff in Number II he can't talk about it. "Now and again to get away from all this," he says, "I write a story."

This week's cover: Air-borne Picnic. For our visiting photographer, Jerry Cooke, and Pixeditor Ulrich Calvosa (Styled by Students, p. 18), air-minded Stephens College girls flew to a picnic meadow near Columbia, Missouri, and posed over hamburgers, hard-boiled eggs and ants. The cover girls are: brunet Beverly Reeves of Salinas, Calif. (in coveralls), who piloted fellow studes Jean Barranger, Sumter, S. C. (blue half pedal-pushers, full-skirted blue-and-white-striped vest); blond Jo Sperry of Bushnell, Ill. (pea-green sweater); and Shirley Rich, La Habra, Calif. Shirley's in red pedal-pushers, and a dark blue jacket also designed by Barbara Gartley of Verona, N. J. Cooke and Calvosa, who daringly invaded dormitories to make layout pix on pages 18 and 19, report the entire college is photogenic, largely unmarried and highly intelligent. . . .

TED SHANE

You see it on every road you travel...

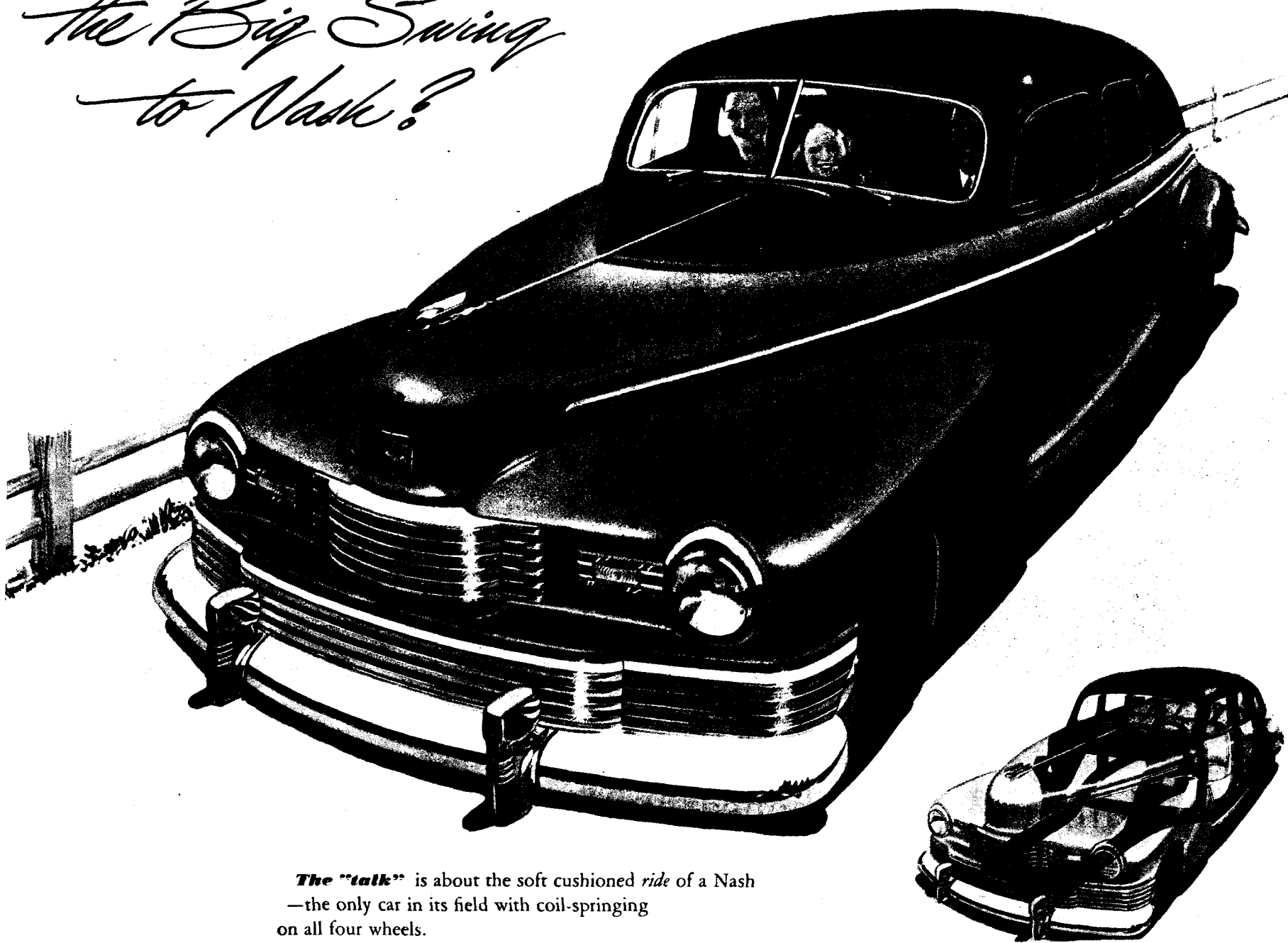
Car after car is a handsome new Nash. And listen to the *talk* about new cars—it's about Nash!

It's about the amazing gasoline mileage of a Nash "600" . . . 25 to 30 miles to the gallon, 500 to 600 miles to the tankful, at moderate highway speed.

The "talk" is about Nash bigness and beauty. The extra seat-room and head-room you get. The big rear compartment that takes a Nash Convertible Bed!

The "talk" is about Nash Conditioned Air. Automatic heat and ventilation that banish forever cold drafts, dust, stuffy air. *And more—*

*What's Back of
the Big Swing
to Nash?*



The "talk" is about the soft cushioned *ride* of a Nash—the only car in its field with coil-springing on all four wheels.

The "talk" is about the amazing new *safety* of Nash unitized body-and-frame construction.

And the "talk" is about Nash value and extra features.

Never before has ANY one new car appeared, that's been so far ahead in the things that count.

This, then, is what's behind the overwhelming swing to Nash. The reason *why* even greatly expanded production can't meet the demand.

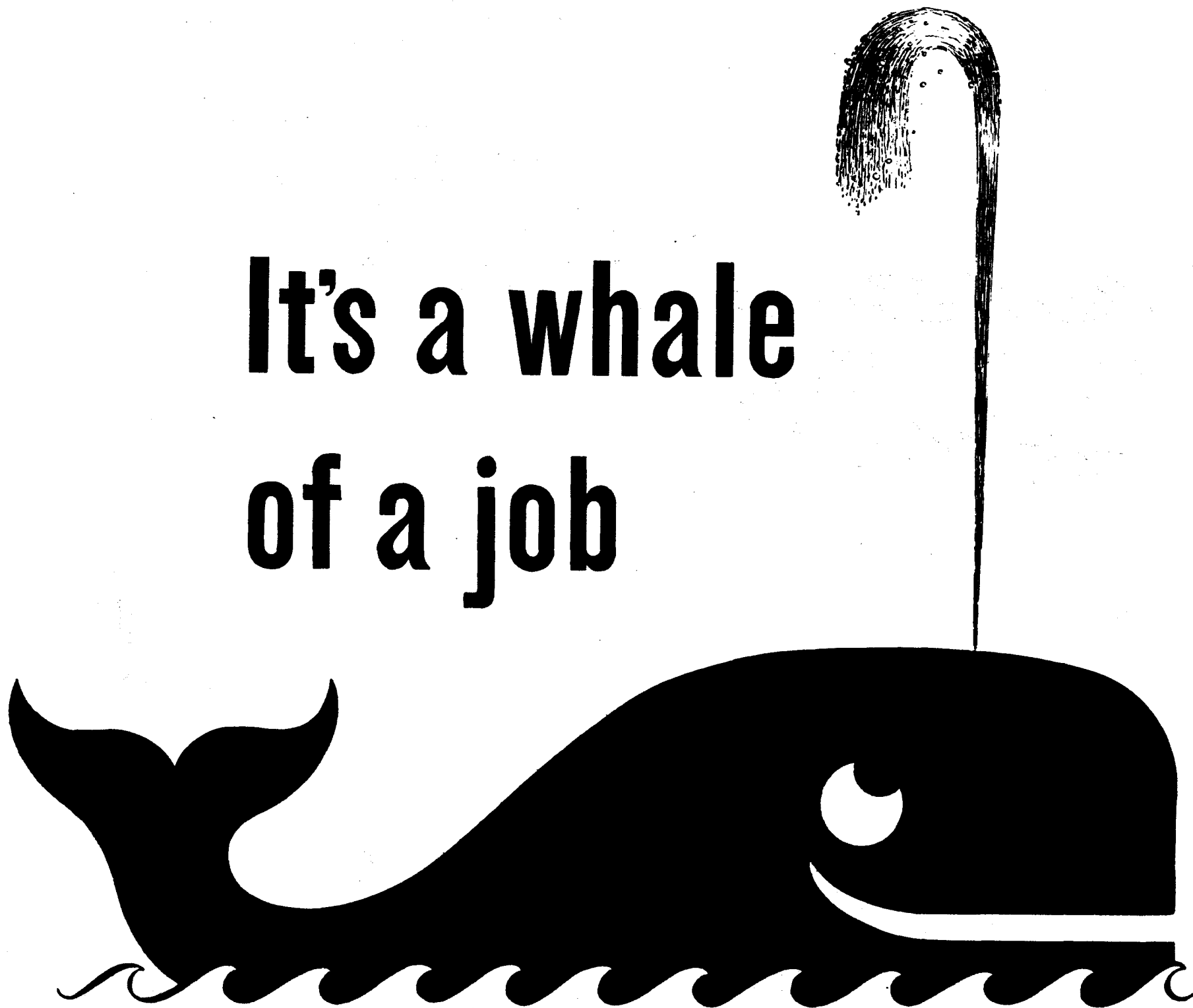
There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. There's where you'll find the new Nash "600," and its brilliant running-mate—the Nash Ambassador.

Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with body and frame *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit, it is lighter yet immeasurably stronger. 8000 spot welds eliminate weak body bolts and noise-making joints.

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH **Nash**

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

It's a whale of a job



We're adding new telephones at the rate of about 300,000 a month. That is 10,000 a day... And still it isn't enough.

SINCE V-J Day, we've added more than 5,500,000 telephones to the Bell System.

But fast as we put in one telephone, there comes an order for another. Sometimes two more.

So even though we're going full speed ahead, we haven't been able to catch up with all the orders for telephone service.

We're moving faster than anyone thought possible—with shortages

and everything—and we have broken all kinds of records.

It's a whale of a job and we're eager and impatient to get it done. For we don't like to keep anybody waiting for telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE PREXY PLAN OF GENERAL IKE

BY ALDEN HATCH

Some cried "Politics!" when the Army Chief of Staff accepted the presidency of Columbia University. Others wondered whether brass hats know much about education. But the general has some definite ideas on the subject—and, as usual, he pulls no punches

WHEN General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower finally accepted the presidency of Columbia University, the trustees were exuberant, the press was generally enthusiastic and educators acclaimed Columbia's choice. But some people were puzzled.

"What does a brass hat know about education?" they asked. "Has Eisenhower any ideas on the subject, or is he just going to be a front for Columbia?"

One friend who knew him well answered hotly, "General Eisenhower wouldn't be a front for heaven itself!"

As for his ideas about education, they are very definite. He does not claim to know a lot about the technique of teaching; he is more concerned with aims than methods.

As a matter of fact, one of the reasons the general hesitated to accept Columbia's offer was that his beliefs were so strong he was not sure they would fit into the academic world. When he finally came before the trustees with his answer, he told them, "All I can bring you is the convictions I have always held. I am not going to change my spots."

The trustees unanimously assured him that they wanted him, convictions and all.

The most important of these is the general's passionate belief in freedom of thought. That is the key to his philosophy of education.

The greatest teaching of all, he holds, is teaching people how to think. But in order to think, it is necessary to know all the facts. For example, he believes that the systems of Socialism and Communism should be taught in order that they may be understood. Pure Communism, indeed, might be a Christlike doctrine were it not for its political implications. It is dictatorship that he abhors.

Eisenhower stated his creed thus:

"Freedom of the individual, presupposing faith of a religious character in the integrity of the individual man, is the first leg on which democracy stands.

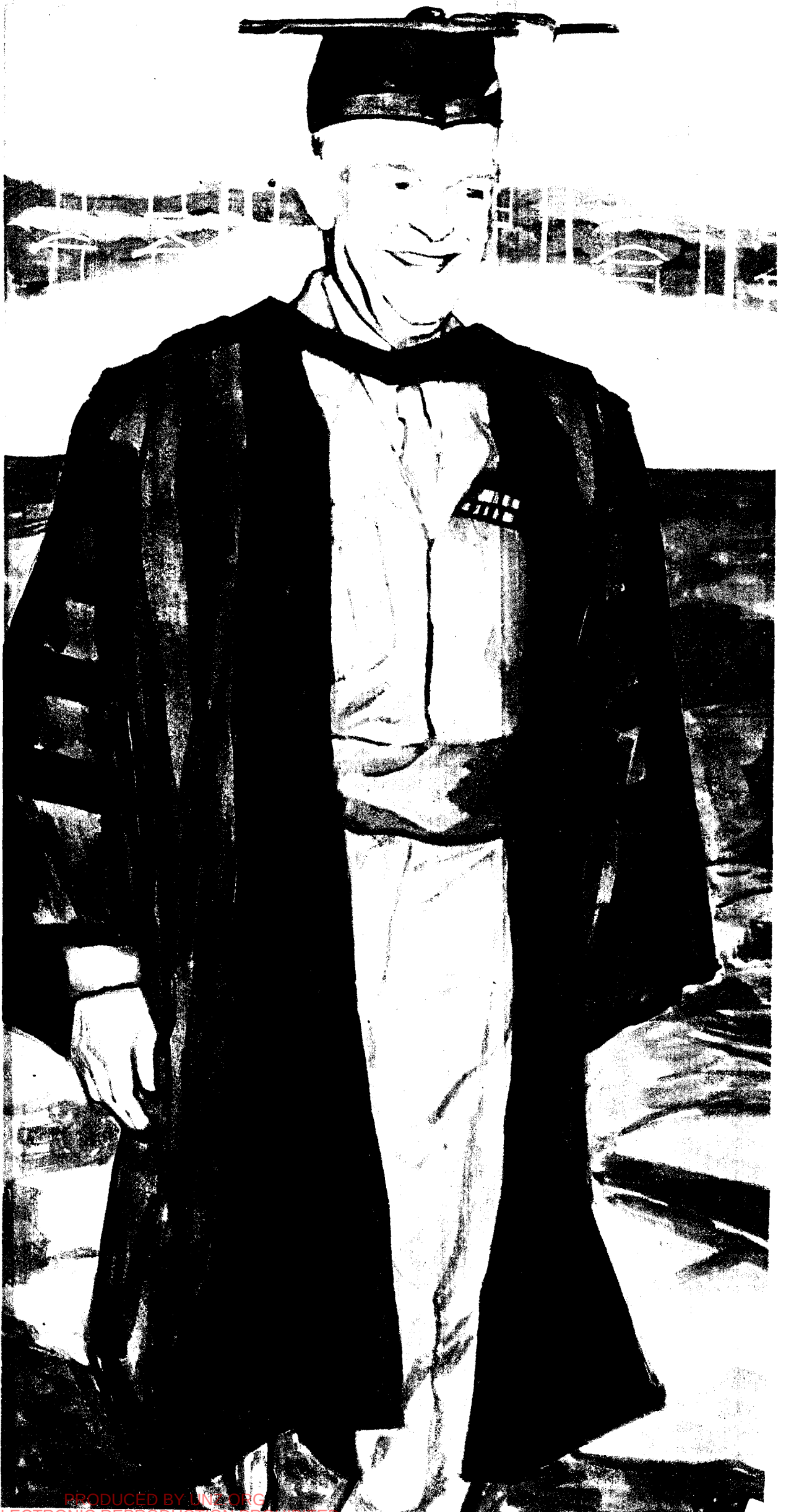
"The second is free enterprise, because total bureaucracy requires totalitarian government."

However, free enterprise must be modified by the necessities of a complex civilization. When you are part of a group, there can be no prosperity for the individual unless the group is prosperous. Eisenhower carries this thought beyond the boundaries of the country to embrace the whole society of the nations of the world.

As to the manner of education, General Eisenhower thinks that the present increase of emphasis on teaching the humanities does not go far enough. He would like to raise the prestige and importance of our undergraduate schools, and he would like to see more liberal education interspersed with vocational training in graduate schools. Turning out a good engineer, for instance, is not the best that democracy deserves; it is more important that he should be an intelligent citizen.

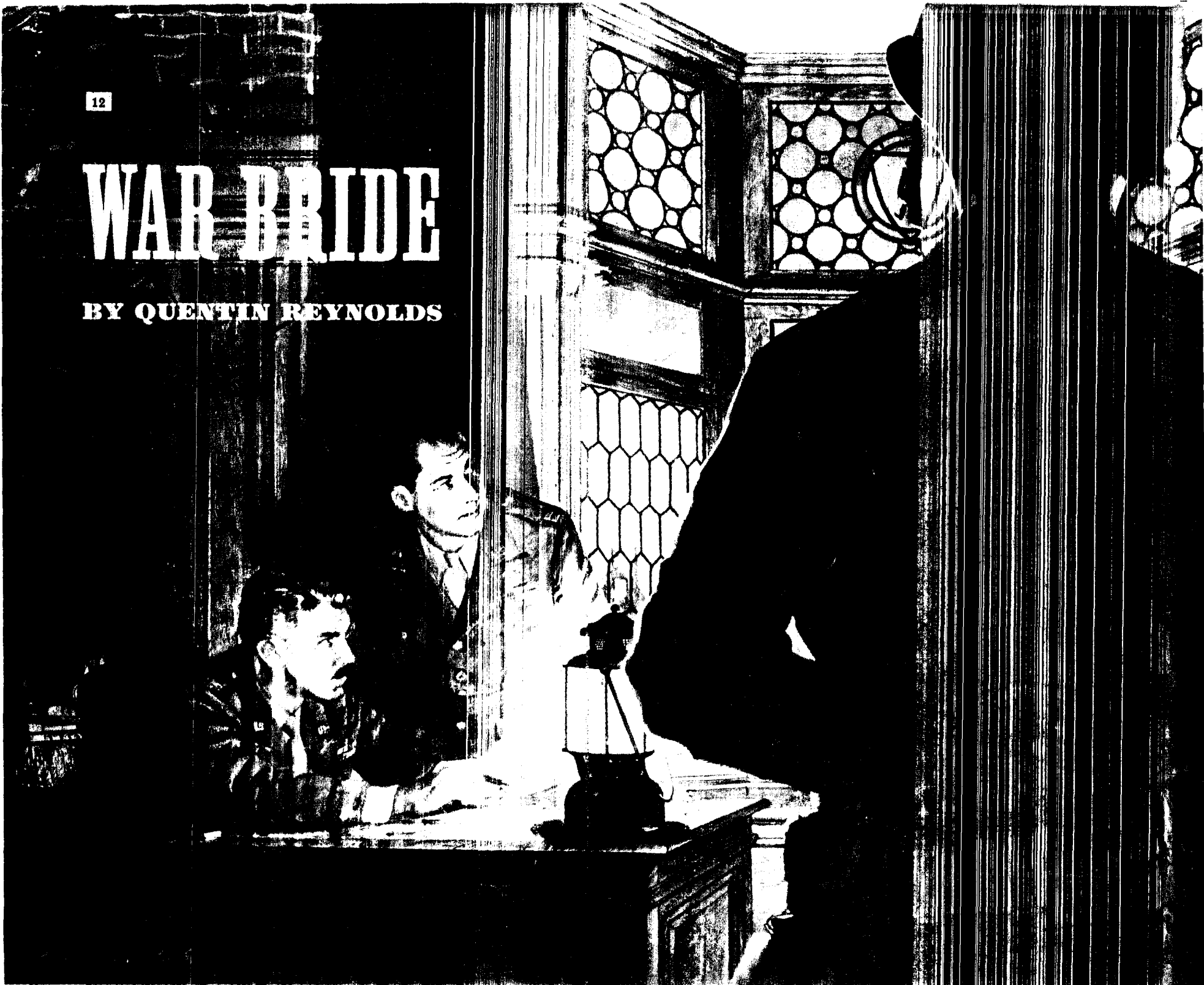
Next to the art of thinking, the most important thing to teach is pride in accomplishment, Eisenhower believes. From ditch diggers (Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY



WAR BRIDE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS



The colonel watched her as she was being questioned. "Perhaps you can be useful," he speculated. "I need an interpreter. Report this evening at six o'clock"

She looked just as sweet as sugar—but so does cyanide

A NNA GERHART dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. "Silly of me," she said shyly, "but you've been so kind, and—well, I haven't known much kindness in my life."

Bill Kirk of the Times cleared his throat. "That's all right, Miss Gerhart. You've been very patient with us."

Anna touched each of them with her tremulous smile and each of them smiled back. Then she left them. None of the ship newsmen said anything until Anna had gone. Then Bill Kirk said, "Poor kid, she's really had it. I don't like Krauts but this kid is different."

"Yeah," Benny Rose from the Tribune said, "I'll buy that. No one hates Germans more than me but this kid was—let's see—she's twenty-one now, so she was thirteen when the war be-

gan. Besides she's the first real good-looking war bride we've run into."

Three decks below in a large cabin Anna Gerhart was alone. She had just said goodby to the woman who had been her cabin mate during the seven days of the crossing. Mrs. J. Alban Marsh, of Sterling Forest, Illinois, was a placid, comfortably upholstered woman who was returning with her husband, the Reverend J. Alban Marsh, from a church conference which had been held in Salisbury, England. They had been unable to get a cabin together, so Mrs. Marsh had been put in with Anna Gerhart. Mrs. Marsh, who at first had hated the idea of sharing a cabin with a stranger, melted when she first met Anna Gerhart.

When Mrs. Marsh entered the cabin for the first time Anna was standing there. Anna looked at her with frightened eyes—almost, Mrs. Marsh said afterward—as though she were afraid of being hit. But Mrs. Marsh, a sweet and charitable person, had smiled and said, "We are going to live together

for the next seven days. I hope you don't mind an old woman like me being put in with you." And then Anna had smiled, a shy, tremulous smile, and her big eyes had filled with tears, and Anna had said softly, "You are so kind. I haven't known much kindness." Then Mrs. Marsh had put her arms around Anna and had held Anna's lovely golden head close to her ample bosom and had said, "Now there—now there. Why, you're only a baby."

IT HAD been a pleasant seven days for Mrs. Marsh. She insisted that Anna share the table which she and the Reverend Marsh had reserved for themselves. Once Mrs. Marsh had said with a faint trace of sadness, "It is as though you were our daughter, Anna, and we were taking you on a trip with us."

Anna had said shyly, "It is as though you were my parents and were taking me on a trip."

There were a great number of young men on board, including one

unattached male film star, and all indicated to Anna quite unmistakably how unattached they were and how desirous each one of them was for her exclusive company, but Anna had given them nothing but shy, embarrassed smiles and then had moved closer to Mrs. Marsh.

Anna Gerhart and Mrs. Marsh found a great deal to talk about. Mrs. Marsh hadn't had a real audience for many, many years, and she enjoyed the obvious relish with which Anna listened to everything she said. Mrs. Marsh, on her part, learned quite a bit about Anna. She learned that Anna's father had been a Lutheran minister in Cologne. Anna had been an only child, and her father had supplemented the teaching of the Cologne schools by giving Anna lessons in English. By the time she was eleven she could speak fairly good English, Anna told Mrs. Marsh. Her father was always bitterly anti-Nazi, and his dream was to get Anna to America before the inevitable war came.

"Of course," Anna said a bit sadly

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS



to Mrs. Marsh, "all Germans now say they were always anti-Nazi. I suppose no one will believe me when I say I laughed when I heard that Hitler was dead. I laughed because Hitler killed my father, and I laughed because Hitler was dead. But I won't tell anyone that. They will say, 'Yes, yes, all Germans now say they hated Hitler.'"

"Hitler killed your father?" Mrs. Marsh prompted gently.

Anna nodded and looked out over the soft, calm sea. "Yes. Yes, he killed my father," she said. "I was only eleven then. It was Easter Sunday, and they sent him a sermon to preach. Hitler was preparing the country for war then, and he made the ministers preach sermons written by Goebbels and his propagandists."

"Didn't your father preach that Sunday?" Mrs. Marsh asked.

"Yes, he did," Anna said proudly. "But not the sermon they had sent him. He preached an Easter sermon that Martin Luther had preached back in 1520, about the Resurrection. He

told of how the angels had come to the tomb of Jesus and how they had found the huge stone that had sealed the tomb rolled away. And he told of how one day a spirit of freedom would arise again in Germany, and that the people would roll away the stone of prejudice and ungodliness and tyranny from the tomb that was Germany, and that Germany would be free again."

Anna stopped then, and Mrs. Marsh noticed that she was biting her lower lip. Mrs. Marsh leaned over and put her plump hand over Anna's tiny one.

"There, there now," Mrs. Marsh soothed. "It's all behind you, Anna. Don't ever remember it again. Don't talk about it."

"I want to tell you about it," Anna said brokenly. "They knew what Father meant. Oh, yes. And storm troopers ran from the back of the church and dragged him from the pulpit. They sent him to the concentration camp at Oranienburg. An enemy of the state, they said. He died a year later. And then Mother just gave up.

He was so much part of her that when he died, why, she just couldn't go on living. I went to live with an aunt in the country. It was in Bavaria. My uncle was a farmer, and I worked on the farm all during the war. I was too young for any of the—of the services the army demanded from the women of Germany."

"And then," Mrs. Marsh said gently, "the American Army occupied Bavaria and you met him."

"Yes, I met him," Anna said, and raised her eyes to Mrs. Marsh. It was as though a light had suddenly been born within her, and the light shone through her eyes and Mrs. Marsh, watching closely, pressed Anna's hand happily. Mrs. Marsh liked happy endings.

THE seven days had passed pleasantly. Now it was all over and Mrs. Marsh had kissed Anna goodby. Anna Gerhart was alone in the cabin; alone with her thoughts and her past. A rather large leather handbag on the bed held several symbols of Anna's past. Anna was wearing a simple black jersey dress. She wore a small triangular green silk kerchief, knotted loosely at the neck. Taking the bag to the white dressing table, she sat before it, looking intently into the mirror. Anna Gerhart frowned and shook her head. She had broken down twice during the morning, once when she had told the ship news reporters about her father and his last sermon, and again when she had bid Mrs. Marsh a fond if somewhat weepy goodby. Yes, she might as well do a complete new make-up, she decided. No make-up was proof against two sets of tears.

She reached into the bag and took out a bottle. She looked at the label and smiled. It read, "Made in U.S.A." With quick deft strokes she applied the powder base to her face. Then she took a small silver case from the bag. It held *crème rouge*. As she rubbed the cream into her cheeks she looked searchingly at the face which stared back at her from the mirror. Anna was an honest girl; she never lied to herself about herself. The face that stared back at her was oval. Luckily she had escaped the bovine face structure and rounded insipidity which was the heritage of most German peasant girls. The face, topped and framed by golden hair which had the effect of softening her features, was good. She nodded with satisfaction. She had been right to dye her hair. Once it had been sleekly dark, but in those days she had been playing a sleekly dark part. Now she was playing the part of a wide-eyed blonde; an ingénue with tremulous smile. But she never made the mistake of thinking like a blonde. Her intelligence had a hard, crystal-clear quality, and it was that which had enabled her to survive; it was that which had made it possible to be where she was today, only a few moments away from security.

Next came the eye shadow and then the soft face powder. Her hands moved quickly; she had done this hundreds of times before. Then she reached for a small gold tube. She looked at it fondly. This gold lipstick container was one of the last presents the General had sent her from Paris. He had been transferred to the Russian front shortly after that. The General had been sweet, Anna reflected, touching her lips ever so gently with the lipstick; happily it was *rouge fraise*, a shade kind to her blondness. She liked the sound of *rouge fraise*; she repeated it in English, "Strawberry pink."

She studied her face carefully, objectively, as an artist would look at the work of another, with critical faculties alert. It was, Anna told herself, a good job. No one would suspect her thirty-four years, least of all a lovesick American, so lacking in ambition, Anna reflected contemptuously, that he had never risen above the rank of corporal. Her shoulders twitched in a gesture of distaste. For six glorious years she had been the friend of generals and even *Reichsministers*. Now she was going to marry a corporal. What was it Goebbels had said when the General had brought her to a house party at Warnemünde, on the so cool shore of the Baltic?

"*Du bist viel zu hübsch und verständig für einen General*," the little doctor had said in his soft, beautiful voice, and there had been a question in his eyes. Perhaps she was too beautiful and too intelligent to be wasted on a general, as the doctor said, but the General had his points. The General had studied at Oxford, and his English was Oxford English. That's why he had been so insistent that she learn English; not the fumbling, halting English she knew from her high-school days, but the English that would enable her to fit in easily in the life that she was to share with the General one day in London when the British swine were conquered. And she had learned that kind of English.

She smiled as she thought of dear, stupid Mrs. Marsh. How valuable Mrs. Marsh had been! Oh, she had her story down pat; she'd rehearsed it as she had once rehearsed songs when she was singing on the Berlin stage. But she felt she had needed a dress rehearsal or two before meeting Ernest's parents. Mrs. Marsh had been a good but not critical audience. Those reporters, on the other hand, were more critical. But her story had gone over. Of course, her ability to produce quick tears had helped, but that too she had rehearsed often. And her story was, she felt, a good one. She especially liked her mythical father, who was by now quite real to her. And that story of his Easter Sunday sermon she felt was really excellent. The ship news reporters had really liked that.

Her father? Her father had been a schoolteacher, but she hadn't heard of him since 1934, when she had left home to join a group of strolling players. She would always be grateful to them, especially to Hans Trenker, the director of the group. He had taught her the art of make-up. He had taught her how to walk; how to use her hands; how to emphasize a line by throwing it away, by underplaying it; he had taught her many other things.

She replaced the cosmetics in her bag.

A FEW moments more and the whole past would be buried—would be as though it had never existed. She smiled as she thought him waiting there on the pier. His parents would be there too. He had sent her pictures of them, the small, nervous-looking father and the mother who was, Anna was quite sure, a reasonable replica of Mrs. Marsh. The father would be easy to handle, of course. She didn't expect much trouble from the mother, either. Besides, she had a lovely present for the mother. From her bag she took a small package and opened it. Two heavy golden earrings, brightly polished, lay in the tissue paper. Unconsciously her hand stole out to caress the earrings, but she wasn't

(Continued on page 47)

ACE IN THE HOLE

WHEN the St. Louis Cardinals opened the season in Cincinnati they looked like a group of corporation directors who had just met and declared a dividend. They were smug, confident and content. Ewell Blackwell bumped them off that day and various undistinguished gentlemen continued to harass them as the weeks dragged on. During one period they lost nine straight and were in last place with three victories and twelve defeats. The pitchers couldn't pitch and the hitters couldn't hit. It soon became plain that the Cardinals had contracted a severe case of astigmatism from a happy winter looking at their World Series clippings.

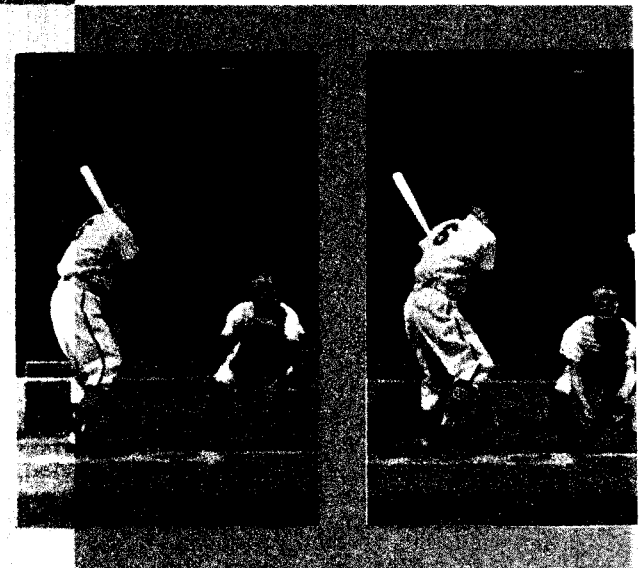
Chief among the deflated personages was M. Stanley Musial of Donora, Pennsylvania, who led the league in hitting last year, but was now making motions at the plate like a spinster repulsing a wasp with a towel. There were rumors that Stanley was suffering from *expanso largesso cerebello*, meaning a swelled noggin. After a spring holdout that had brought him a reputed salary of \$27,500 (entirely merited by his record), he had taken on the airs of a lesser lama and was not available for press interviews. His shining face appeared in commercial testimonials, however, and it was seen that his dome had taken on a triumphantly ovoid and pompous character.

"Obviously a case for trepanning and a tapping of the cranium," said the more sultry and acrid of his critics.

Luckily, this was not required because as Stanley's batting percentage slumped, the enlarged pate contracted in unison. By the time the New York Giants got done buffeting the Cards around the Polo Grounds for three straight defeats, Stanley's cap was bobbing around so loosely on his head that he obviously needed a seamstress and a tuck.

The deflation became complete in the Brooklyn series when Musial missed the last game by reason of an acute pain in the tum. The New York medicos announced that the vermiform nuisance must come out immediately. But this meant Musial

At the bat or spearing them at first base, Stan Musial can be depended on to do a competent job. This runner is safe as Stan takes to the air to haul down a high throw. Below, the mighty Musial bat connects for a hit



would be lost to the team for at least six weeks. He preferred to have the pesky thing frozen until he could get back to St. Louis and confer with the celebrated Dr. Robert Hyland. In due course he was back in the line-up, a very chastened young man.

Nobody was happy over the appendicitis threat, but it was generally agreed that Stanley's new mental state was an improvement. Now when he stood at the plate and twisted himself into the amazing and familiar stance observers could note a resemblance to the jolly thumping youth of yore. His slump continued but there was happy recognition that baseball had returned to normal, and a nice young man was himself again.

"Those poor, poor Cardinals," the other seven managers were undoubtedly saying to themselves. "If they want to get rid of that tragic, stricken young man, they have only to utter a faint cry."

Musial, of course, is as near a natural phenomenon as baseball has had in years. He had simply knocked the everlasting tar out of the horsehide ever since he hit the big leagues—until this spring. In 1940 he was a pitcher and outfielder for Daytona Beach, Florida. He landed on his shoulder diving for a line drive and that finished his pitching career.

Now consider what happened next: He was taken on reluctantly the next year by Springfield, Missouri, in the Western Association, which is a Class-C league. By the middle of the year he was brought up by Rochester, New York, then playing AA ball. He went so well there that the Cardinals dragged him in for the end of the National League season.

The Brooklyn Dodgers were winning their first pennant under Leo Durocher, and the Cards were breathing on their napes at every step. Every game during those last days was a national crisis and Musial was thrown as a sacrifice into this den of tigers. In twelve spectacular games he batted .426 and almost saved the pennant for Mr. Sam Breadon, Mr. Billy Southworth and the eager St. Louis rooters who can get half a crowd out any night of the week provided they are assured the pennant is safe.

"That was comparable to pulling somebody out of a poolroom in Oskaloosa, Iowa, to play Willie Hoppe," admitted the experts.

The kid was among the first four hitters in the National League in 1942, his first full year, and won the cham-

pionship in 1943. He was runner-up in 1944, went off to the wars (American Theater of Operations) in 1945 and copped the title again last year with .365. In three World Series he has delivered some resounding salvos for the Cause, but it can't be said that in any case he has dominated these important proceedings.

In last year's Series he got six hits in twenty-seven times at bat for a percentage of .222, but four of the blows were doubles, another was a triple and he knocked in four runs. He won the Most Valuable Player award for the National League last year (he also did it in 1943), polling 319 points out of a possible total of 336. One perverse judge placed him in ninth place, proving perhaps that he was a year in advance of the folk who found Stanley slightly insufferable this year in its earlier stages.

Making Him a First Sacker

What really set the *cognoscenti* on their ears last season was Musial's success as a first baseman. Eddie Dyer first let Ray Sanders go to the Boston Braves and then tried Dick Sisler on the bag. Richard immediately began to disprove the entire case for heredity by acting nothing like his father, the illustrious George Sisler, and Stanley was asked kindly to step in from left field and take over the chore.

"That boy doesn't make good," said the cynics with a shudder, "and Dyer is back in Houston hiding among the oil derricks."

The theory was that Stanley would be so worried about his fielding he would forget to hit, but Stanley never forgets to hit. He had trouble with his feet around the bag, but kindly people were soon saying he was the best first baseman in the league, which was not exactly true considering that Eddie Waitkus of Chicago was also around, but it sounded good and there was no general protest.

There was some small doubt in the beginning that Stanley would ever be a ballplayer. He had been a schoolboy wonder at Donora, playing basketball in the Stagg Interscholastic Tournament in Chicago and being looked on avariciously by certain football gentry at Pitt who considered him an excellent halfback prospect, but the loudest outcry came from Papa Lukasz Musial, who had worked hard as a Polish immigrant in the steel mills and wanted Stanley to take a college scholarship.

The crisis had arisen when Andy French of the Monessen club in the Pennsylvania State Association had wanted to sign him up. This was part of the Cardinals' chain and the salary was only \$75 a month, but Stanley was boo-hooing around that he wanted to take it and Papa was bellowing large Polish swear words at the thought of such nonsense.

What saved the Great National Pastime from disaster was Miss Klotz, Stanley's high-school teacher. Miss Klotz was a mature and influential lady who was not only capable of guiding a sixteen-year-old like Stanley but also of overwhelming Papa Lukasz, who had an almost religious reverence for the erudite. "You go right ahead and play baseball, Stanley," said Miss Klotz, nodding sagely at Papa while Papa nodded back mutely as if to show he knew the proper thing for a patriotic American.

But the Cardinals took their time about calling for Stanley and in the meantime he went to the Pittsburgh Pirates and was just about to sign with them (which he would have preferred to do, anyhow) when Mr. Breadon's agents tapped him and sent him off to Williamson, West Virginia, where Stanley stayed two years. Anybody staying two years in a league like the Mountain State shows so little aptitude for his profession that Papa Lukasz would have been justified in retrieving his treasure by violence, but by this time he was too stunned to protest.

Things were very little better for Stanley when he got down to Daytona Beach, Florida, in 1940. He was pitching between turns in the outfield but he was also subsisting almost entirely on turnip greens and salt pork. He had married Lillian Labash, whose father ran a grocery in Donora, and their \$100 a month in Daytona Beach only made Lillian (and Stanley) wish they were back at the store. Then Lillian broke the tender news that she was about to have a baby and all went black before Stanley.

What saved Stanley's reason and career was Dickie Kerr, who had been one of the few honest men on the notorious Chicago Black Sox and was now the Daytona Beach manager. He had won two games in that famous fixed series with Cincinnati, although supported by a group of thugs who were loyally trying to heave the ball into the grandstand every time they got hold of it. For his faithfulness Dickie got the same bag of peanuts

from the noble Comiskey for pitching the next few years. When he held out in 1922, Comiskey suspended him and he was out of the game for three years. The point is that Kerr kept his loyalty for baseball despite this treatment and now came to the rescue of the Musials. He rented a larger house, took in the Musials, and Mrs. Kerr attended to Lillian while Dickie coaxed Stanley along.

But things looked dark for Stanley when he dived for that line drive and fell on his shoulder and ruined his pitching arm. Kerr kept him in the outfield and next spring when he reported to the Cardinals' camp in Georgia, Burt Shotton could plainly see he was no longer a pitching prospect. He was sent to the Columbus, Georgia, team where Clay Hopper, now the Montreal manager, was standing around with his tongue out waiting for pitchers.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Hopper, discounting all cries to the contrary. "It says right here you're a pitcher. Go on out there."

Stanley went out against the parent club on their way north from spring training and only heavenly intervention kept him from destruction. Terry Moore and Johnny Mize hit home runs, and other murderous characters whistled drives past his ears with such persistence that even Mr. Clay Hopper was convinced. It took a lot of searching among the clubs of the Cardinals' chain to find anybody who wanted Musial, but he finally landed at the afore-mentioned Springfield, Missouri, which was not too happy about the honor.

Hurry Call from Rochester

It was clear that he would have to hit with some briskness to stick with Springfield, because his arm was still so weak that on any long drive it took him three relays to get the ball back to the infield. However, by July his hitting had set off forest fires in great areas of the Middle West and his percentage had soared to .379. Tony Kaufmann up at Rochester had been sending tear-stained notes to the home office in search of a new outfielder and Stanley proved to be his man.

He banged things around at a .326 pace in the International and was then requisitioned by the Higher Powers as has been previously related. Quite the damndest thing ever heard of in baseball—Springfield, Missouri, to St. Louis, Missouri, in one year, let alone one generation—castoff punk to first-stringer on pennant contender at one leap!

The next year (1942) began as a nightmare (something like the present one). His bad shoulder began to kick up and he couldn't hit and couldn't throw. After a miserable spell in which he could do nothing right, Manager Southworth benched him. Later he was put back in against right-hand pitchers and began playing a tune on the fences. In due time he was in against all opposition and has been hitting ever since (except this year). There were scowls when Southworth placed him in left field, because it was felt that was no place for a southpaw, but Billy refused to worry.

"When a boy has baseball instinct like that Musial," said Billy, "he can make the plays upside down."

The Cards had a terrible time getting going last year and weren't helped when Max Lanier, Lou Klein and Fred Martin jumped to the Mexican League. The ubiquitous Jorge

(Continued on page 56)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN



It was a comfort for Dennis to visit the hulk. He could stand at the wheel and imagine that the Bessie C. was new and bright, like the painting on the wall of the Blue Water Bar.

THE HULK

The Bessie C. was on the beach now, and so was her skipper—but Dennis had a life to launch

TWO men were filleting flounder in the fish market, and Dennis paused a moment to watch the flat, slicing strokes of the knives; then he started slowly toward the dock beyond. He had always liked the fish market, but today an angled glance from Joe Dobson made him uncomfortable. There was little pleasure now in listening to the talk of fish and fishing in the market, now that his father was no longer at his place near the window. It had been three days since his father lost his job in the market.

"Looking for your old man, Dennis?" Joe Dobson asked. The expression in his watery eyes was probably sympathy; he looked Dennis' way for only an instant.

"Yes," Dennis said.

"He was here a little while ago. You know that Mr. Brace, owns the Seaview Hotel?"

"Sure," Dennis said.

"Mr. Brace gave him some fish to clean," Joe Dobson said. "He's looking for your old man, too."

The boy nodded, and went through to the dock. The water of the bay was flat and shiny in the afternoon sun, and off by a channel marker, near the mouth of a tidal creek, several row-boats were fishing. Weakfish must be biting, Dennis thought. That was the place to catch them.

"Hey, kid," a voice called.

Dennis turned. Standing by the door of the icehouse, beside a tall bucket, was Mr. Brace, the hotel owner. He was a lean, brown man, with the look of a dirt farmer about him. He had steady, pale eyes, and their gaze made Dennis uneasy again.

"You're Jack Clifton's boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," Dennis said.

"You know where I can find your father?"

Dennis was pretty sure where his father was, but he shook his head. Mr. Brace frowned and stared down at the big bucket. "I was out on the ocean this morning," he said. "Caught me fifty-five porgies and I gave your father two dollars to clean them."

Dennis slowly approached the bucket. He swallowed, and asked, "Didn't he clean 'em, Mr. Brace?"

"He cleaned 'em, all right. Sure, he cleaned 'em. But look!" Mr. Brace pointed angrily at the bucket. "He didn't scale a one of 'em."

Dennis swallowed again. There was no use telling Mr. Brace where to find his father, he thought. He looked into the bucket. It was a lot of fish, fifty-five porgies. He straightened and said, "I'm sure sorry, Mr. Brace. I forgot."

"You forgot what?"

"I forgot to scale those fish," Dennis said. "Pop told me to scale 'em and I clean forgot. But I'll get it done right away."

The hotel owner frowned. "Son, you ought to tie a string on your finger. I haven't got time to wait around while you scale those fish. Your fa-

ther said they'd be ready by four o'clock and I made a trip here to get them. I can't wait around while you scale them."

"We can deliver them to the hotel, Mr. Brace," Dennis said quickly. "Is after supper all right?"

The man looked closely at Dennis for a moment, then nodded. "Okay," he said. "But you'd better tie a string on your finger, kid." He walked off to his car and Dennis looked again into the bucket. Fifty-five porgies was a glutton's dish of fish.

DENNIS borrowed a scaler from the fish market, and as Joe Dobson passed it to him Joe's watery eyes met Dennis'. Joe didn't say anything, but as Dennis started back to the dock Joe's big hand brushed his shoulder in a casual, friendly pat.

Fifty-five times, for fifty-five fish, Dennis scraped the scales from tail to head, cut away the stiff dorsal fin and side fins, lopped off the head, and tossed the parts into the water, where crabs had colonized near the market. He put the scaled fish back in the bucket, stowed the bucket in the icehouse, returned the scaler, and then he went to find his father. He knew where to look.

The bar was called the Blue Water, and occupied a square, one-story building across the street from the boat yard and a hundred yards from the big commercial pier where fishing boats brought their catches to be iced and shipped to the city. Fishermen and local workers frequented the bar, and often there would be a group of women in slacks and sunburned men in sport coats talking about their day's luck offshore on a charter boat.

For many years the Blue Water Bar had been the rendezvous of the charter-boat captains, and when a summer visitor from the resort section on the ocean side wanted to charter a boat he usually called the Blue Water Bar and asked Lou, the bartender, what was available. Whenever he went in the bar, Dennis studied the blackboard chart of the boats' schedules the bartender kept.

But before he looked at the blackboard, before he even looked to see if his father was there, Dennis always turned his eyes to the wall where a long time ago a primitive local hand had painted a regatta of boats in a mural circling the walls above the window frames. About a dozen boats were there, and of course Dennis knew the names of all of them, but the one he always looked at first was the Bessie C.

The artist hadn't got the lines quite right, although he had missed no detail. The Bessie C. looked a little squat in the mural, and sat the water with the complacent displacement of a tugboat, but the Bessie C. certainly had

not been a tug. There had been no trimmer, no more seaworthy, no handsomer charter boat in all Atlantic waters than the Bessie C. There was no doubt of that.

Of course, Dennis usually reminded himself when he looked at the painting, the Bessie C. had been built a long time ago. The painting showed three people aboard, two men and a woman, and the wide-brimmed summer straws and striped blazers the men wore indicated they had set out to sea thirty years or more ago, at least twenty years before Dennis was born.

Dennis paused in the doorway and gazed at the painting, then reluctantly pulled his gaze toward the bar. His father was there, at the far end, drinking beer, with his back to a booth where a noisy party was drinking old-fashioned. Dennis walked slowly across the room and touched his father's arm.

Lou, the bartender, grinned and said, "Hello, Dennis, how's the skipper today?"

"Fine," Dennis said, and waited until at last his father turned and looked down at him. His father did not speak, but his hand left the glass of beer and came down gently on the boy's shoulder.

Dennis waited until Lou had moved along down the bar, then he said softly, "Pop, I was over at the fish market, looking for you."

"I was there, Dennis," his father said. "I was there for a while."

"I saw Mr. Brace," Dennis said.

"Did you, boy?" his father said, and picked up his glass again.

Dennis thought that probably most of the two dollars had been spent. His father's face was flushed, and he leaned a little against the bar. One

foot was on the rail, and the point of the bent knee showed white through a small tear in his khaki pants. Just the other day Dennis had sewed the tear up, and he made a mental note to get out needle and thread and sew it up again tomorrow.

"Pop," Dennis burst out. "You didn't scale those fish!"

His father's face was blank for a moment. The noise in the booth behind them was very loud, and Dennis looked away from his father's eyes and saw the people in the booth. They had obviously been out on a charter boat; a plump blond woman stuffed into mauve slacks and two men in expensive sport shirts. For an instant they held the boy's attention, but he heard his father saying, "Why, I must have scaled 'em, Dennis. That's funny. I was sure I'd scaled 'em."

Dennis gazed up at his father. His eyes felt hot, and he blinked. His father pushed his glass a little away from him on the bar and stared at it. As he leaned against the bar, his shoulders were slumped, but still looked big

and powerful. He was a large man, a handsome man, Dennis thought, when he was shaved. Dennis liked him best in the morning, after breakfast, when he sat over his coffee and his eyes were clear. A little puffy sometimes, but clear. And even early in the morning there would be a little smile, a small rueful smile. It was in the morning, after he had drunk his coffee, and stretched, and looked at the barometer, that his father sometimes talked of fishing and the Bessie C. But later in the day, after the Blue Water Bar opened, his father became another person, remote and even evasive. Sometimes Dennis felt like a truant officer.

"What did he say, Dennis, about those fish?" his father asked now, self-consciously.

"He said you should have scaled 'em."

His father moved his shoulders uneasily and said, "Okay. I'll scale 'em after a while."

Dennis did not say that they were already scaled. He looked up at his father's flushed, uneasy face, turned, and walked quickly out of the bar.

THERE remained a little time of daylight, and though he did not estimate the height of the sun, and seemed to give no thought to where he was going, Dennis turned his feet purposely along the road that led past the mud flats and the marsh. He walked quickly, with his hands clenched at his sides, and he did not slow his steps until he came to the hulk. He stood a moment beside the road, looking at it.

The hulk lay canted in the marsh grass, its keel deep in mud. The sun and the wind and the rain had blistered and worn the paint, and dry rot had withered the wood, but from a little distance it almost seemed that she could float, that she could put to sea again. It was only when you came a little nearer that you could see where she was stove in, there near the bow. And it was only when you came quite close that you could see the faded letters of her name on the stern: Bessie C.

Once aboard, of course, you knew she was a hulk. There was stale oily water on the deck of the cabin, and barnacles now were berthed where she had once slept four. You had to be careful where you put your foot. It was greasy and slippery where the two engines had been and the housings had fallen in.

Dennis knew where to step, and he knew that the deck in the covered wheelhouse yet was firm. He could stand there and turn the wheel. Its connections with the rudder had long since rotted away and the wheel spun easily. He could stand at the wheel and imagine that the Bessie C. was new and bright, like the painting on the wall of the Blue Water Bar.

It was a comfort to visit the hulk, to
(Continued on page 97)

BY
**EDWIN
LANHAM**

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Susie

Susie S.

Susie S.



Ellie Schooley of Janesville, Wis., favors sleeping-time clothes, designed all of the above. Carol Peabody of Mason, Mich., is derided for her formal wear by night-shirted Evelyn Houghton of Ionia, Mich., and Joan Harris of Seattle in a nightie and cloth booties



Two hundred guests, including St. Louis and Kansas City buyers and manufacturers, watch fashion show in night-club setting of Stephens College auditorium. Prizes were distributed among the ninety-three originals designed, sewn and modeled by students

STYLED BY STUDENTS

The girls wore cottons, the dates sport clothes at the "Cotton 'n' Cords" dance at Stephens. In foreground, left to right, Ethel Lou of Honolulu wears rayon suit by Barbara Gartley of Verona, N. J.; Marilyn Corson wears her own design in turquoise-and-black stripe and Jo Sperry of Bushnell, Ill., looks mighty pretty in a black plaid dinner dress designed by Ann Perry of Charlestown, W. Va.

It rains in Missouri and other places. Lou Edwards (left) of Richland Center, Wis., wearing checked waterproofed rain cape by Ellie Schooley, stops between classes to chat with Carol Mertz of Fayetteville, N. Y., who is ready for the weather in a blue Zelan raincoat designed by Mary Jane Orman of Tulsa, Okla. You may see these two designs in department-store campus shops



INS

Susie Stephens

ORIGINAL

Susie Stephen

ORIGINAL

BY ULRICH CALVOSA

CAN babies design their own diapers? Can fish design their own flies? Can birdies design their own nesties? Can hangmen design their own ties? All right, all right. It's the Stephens College girls out in Columbia, Missouri, who get you this way, they being proficient to the point of dizziness in child care, fly-casting, ornithology, sociology and design. And they do, the Stephens College girls actually do, design their own clothes—slacks, short pants, jackets, raincoats and the ungraceful garments they like to sleep in. After they design these things, they make them up stitch by stitch, and after they make them they wear them. And after they wear them, the commercial world of manufacturers and buyers from big stores moves in, expresses amazement that juveniles can figure out what they want to wear all by themselves, buys them and makes them up by the thousands to sell everywhere.

This kind of business has become a regular thing at Stephens College. Mrs. Patricia Rowe, who heads the school's design department, has had to establish a clearing-house for employment and sales. Each year several of her graduates are sought out by manufacturers of teen-age clothes in the St. Louis and Kansas City area for post-graduate designing jobs. And Stephens College designs-by-students, bearing the official school label, Susie Stephens Original, are gaining a modest prestige of their own in campus departments throughout the country. Students receive all fees.

Once a year the Stephens design department puts on a fashion show in the modified night-club atmosphere (soft drinks—no hard liquor) of the auditorium of The Lodge. Here students and faculty in evening dress greet their city fashion friends, and a good time is had by all. The photographs shown here were taken at the last show, at which seventy representatives of commercial firms were present.

Nine Stephens departments participate in putting on the show. Besides design they are: art, aviation, clothing construction, merchandise, personal appearance, photography, radio and textile design.

The connection is obvious except, perhaps, in the case of aviation. But out of 2,200 Stephens students, 425 are learning to fly. They want good-looking clothes to fly in, and after they get them, like as not, they'll fly their designing friends out to a cool green spot for a picnic. (See this week's Collier's cover.) ★★★



Stephens students spend more than some of their time on The Lake swimming, sailing and sunning. Mary Lou Dorsett of Tonkawa, Okla., (left) shows off her own rayon jacket and shorts. At right, Barbara Walker of Milwaukee, Wis., wears coat by Bunny Freesmeier of Clayton, Mo.



Uninhibited is the word for these by-college-girls and for-college-girls lounging clothes. Left to right, Valerie Pederson of San Francisco lounges in plaid gingham by Mary Jane Orman, Beverly Reeves of Salinas, Cal., wears taffeta robe with black slacks designed by Anna Jean Grey of Oklahoma City, and Jo Ann Reed of Larned, Kan., wears Ellie Schooley's pajamas



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE



THE GHOST OF THE SIXTH

AVENUE OF THE
AMERICAS

Edith wanted to marry Fred Boggs. The trouble was, Fred was a thinker; he wanted to make his influence felt in a troubled world

PROBABLY everybody has heard the story about the fellow who lived in a house by the old Sixth Avenue el in New York City, how the first night after they tore the el down he would jump out of bed every time he didn't hear a train go by and holler, "What's that?"

That man is old Sam Hinkley, only they got the story wrong. Sam didn't jump out of bed because he missed hearing the trains. He jumped out of bed because he heard them.

Most people living on Sixth Avenue were glad to see the el go. It was dirty and noisy and they said it felt like the train was crawling into bed with you every time it went past the windows. Sam didn't feel that way about it. He was a motorman on the el and he wouldn't have swapped throttles with the engineer on the Super Chief.

"We're both of us serving the public," he would say, "except I'm transporting the poor people home which is more important than taking a talking horse out to Hollywood."

Another way the story they tell is wrong is in how many times Sam jumped out of bed the first night the el stopped running, which was December 4, 1938. It was only once and that was at 12:01, right after the last train went through. Sam jumped out of bed and said what the story says he said. Then he looked at his watch and a pleased look came over his face.

"Right on time," he said and he crawled back into bed. Nobody else heard that train go through, because everybody else on Sixth Avenue was getting the first good night's sleep anybody had on that street since 1878 when the el first started running with steam engines pulling the cars. Nobody else heard the trains after that, either, except old Sam. He kept right on hearing them even after they dug the subway on Sixth Avenue and changed its name to the Avenue of the Americas.

Sam's niece, Edith, who kept house for him in their apartment on Sixth Avenue near Waverly Place, said that as far as she was concerned Sam could think anything he wanted to, it's a free country and there was no harm in it. The trouble was that Sam and the el were in a way responsible for Fred Boggs trying to get into politics, which almost broke up a beautiful romance, among other considerations.

The trouble was, Fred Boggs was a thinker. He was a big muscular guy that some people claimed would be better off with his thinking if he had more brains to go with it, but that didn't stop Fred. When he came up to call on Edith, who was his intended, he went at it with Sam every time. The night the trouble started was no different from any other night, actually,

except maybe that Edith finally got too much of it, like the last straw.

Fred said, "Sam, here's what I don't get. What's so special about the el?"

Edith said, "Now don't start in on that again, Fred, will you, please?"

Sam said, "I tell you, Fred. It's how you look at the thing."

"Here's the point," Fred said. "The way I figure it, the el must have been pretty special for you. Right?"

"Right," said Sam.

"Okay," said Fred. "So what's so special about the el?"

Sam tried to tell Fred how he felt about the el, how it gave him the same feeling a guy might get flying one of those big airplanes, except Sam was nearer to the ground and the people. Sam still wore his blue-and-white-striped engineer's cap all the time, and his eyes were squinted up as if he were still looking far off down the track. He had a face on him like a department-store Santa Claus, all red and round, with wrinkles around his eyes from smiling.

"Maybe to a lot of guys, the way they look at it," Sam said, "runnin' the el was just a job with no significance to it outside of a pay envelope at the end of the week."

"It figures," Fred said.

"It don't figure yet," Sam said, "because that ain't the point." He looked down at his watch and then he looked at Fred with that silly, apologizing smile people get when they're talking and a noise comes along where they can't hear each other. That meant the el was passing through, and Edith and Fred would always wait.

Sam put his watch back in his pocket and said, "Right on time."

"The way I see it," Sam said, "a man ain't doing a hell of a lot no matter what he's doing unless the people get some good out of it."

"That's the point!" Fred said. His eyes lighted up and he got up and walked up and down the room. "You gotta do some good for the people." That was a strong point with Fred. All the time he was up in the Aleutian Islands during the war, when he wasn't just sitting staring at the seals and wondering how he got there, he was figuring ways he could help the people when he got back.

"That's what I done," Sam said, "on the el."

"I don't get it," Fred said.

Edith got up and waltzed around the room. She'd do anything to get those two off the subject of the el. "Look at me, Fred," she said. "I'm dancing!"

"It's how you look at it," Sam said. Fred sat down and put his chin on his fist. Edith sat down, also. "Every morning when I started downtown I says to myself, 'Sam,' I says, 'there's a

lot of poor people got to get transported to work and it's up to you.' And I transported them."

"Yeah, but—"

"Come evening, I says, 'Sam, there's a lot of poor people want to get transported home to the wife and kids.' And I transported them there. Public service."

"It's a thought," Fred said.

"It's how you look at it. The same goes for any job," Sam said.

"I get the public service all right," Fred said, "only what's so special about the el?"

Edith got up and walked out of the room. Fred had to go to the bedroom door and promise he wouldn't talk about the el and that he would talk to Edith, before she'd come out again. The trouble was that Fred was in a thinking mood and he had a lot on his mind.

AFTER they all got settled down again in the parlor, Fred said, "Edith, what do I do?"

"You think too much, which might strain your brain," she said, "but you're lovable nonetheless."

"No kidding, now. What do I do?"

"Okay, I'll play," she said, with a sigh. "You're a government employee, engaged in taking soundings in New York Harbor."

"There," said Fred, "you see? The world is going to pot, with crooks giving the people a raw deal all around," Fred said, "and what am I doing?"

"You're not making it any worse," Edith said, "which is saying a lot."

"I'm out in a rowboat letting a string out to see how deep the water is," Fred said, "while people are starving."

"Maybe if you put a hook on the line you could catch some fish at the same time," Edith said. She wasn't a nasty girl, but she had been through this routine with Fred before and knew what he was leading up to.

"Sure," Fred said, "you can laugh."

"When a girl is still single at age twenty-four," Edith said, "she laughs only at Abbott and Costello."

"We could still get married," said Fred, "right after I get my feet on the ground in my new line of endeavors. Politics."

Edith looked mad and said, "I could marry Everett Flawsom and then I wouldn't have to wait for you at all."

"Now, Edith," said Sam.

"Well," she said, "Everett asked me."

"I don't blame you for considering Everett Flawsom," Fred said. "He's a success in politics."

Sam said, "Everett Flawsom is a two-bit ward heeler who never did anybody any good."

"Here's the point," Fred said. "If a man is in politics he's in a position where he can swing some good over to the people."

"Politics ain't the only thing," said Sam. "You got a swell job now, Fred."

"Sure," Fred said. "Wonderful."

"It's how you look at it. You take soundings and keep the channel open so the boats can keep on sailing, right? So what would happen to the people of New York City if it wasn't for you being on the job? Starvation!"

Fred shook his head. Sam said, "Look at it this way. If it wasn't for you, all the big boats couldn't take off for the four corners of the world, blowing their whistles and shooting up steam and looking like floating mountains, the way they do."

Edith said, "You can do a lot of good in the world just sticking on your job and being a good citizen."

Fred got red in the face. "That's the trouble," he said. "A guy sticks on his job all his life, like Sam on the el, and it don't add up to nothing. The people are still as bad off as before. Only after I'm finished with my course in politics, then—"

"Wait a minute," Edith said. She had a funny look on her face. "Are you trying to tell me you already signed up for this course in politics? Is that it?"

Fred stuck out his chin in a stubborn way. "I only put down a down payment," he said.

"You gave Everett Flawsom the money? Our getting-married money?" Edith looked like she was going to cry, she was so mad.

"You'll see I made a good decision, honey," Fred said. "Honest."

"You made a decision all right," Edith said. "Now I'm going to make one. How would you like to get out of here and never come back again?"

"Wait a minute," Fred said. "Here's the point. After I get in politics—"

"Politics! Politics!" Edith hollered. "For goodness' sakes don't you know it takes brains to be a politician, for goodness' sakes?"

"Now wait," Fred said.

"I'll show you who has brains," Edith hollered. She was all worked up. "I'm going to get smart and marry Everett Flawsom, the way he asked me, and how do you like that decision, politician?"

"Just a minute, Edith," Sam said.

"That's okay, Sam," Fred said in a soft voice. "As long as I know how I stand. I guess it ain't right to ask a girl to wait for a guy who has no brains."

(Continued on page 90)

Sam took out his watch, looked at it calmly and said, "Right on time"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK HITESHEW

AVENUE EL

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN



HEARTLESS HARVEST



BY HOWARD WHITMAN

A group of migrant children from New Mexico in the sugar-beet and pea country near Berthoud, Colorado. Usually the whole family will work in the fields and schooling for children is generally neglected. Plumbing for migrant workers is along primitive lines, as represented by the outhouses shown in this picture

A new crop of Okies, estimated in the millions, is wandering about the country, following the crops they pick. To get their story the author traveled 9,000 miles through 17 states, toiling in the fields. Here he describes working and living conditions you wouldn't believe could be tolerated in America today

THE open truck rumbled on, mile after aching mile. There was a tarpaulin to stretch over the rattling sideboards but it was unrolled only in a big rain or when the truck passed through a town—so people wouldn't see what was jam-packed inside.

The truck rolled and jounced, day and night, grinding out the endless miles through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota. Fifteen hundred miles. Three days and three nights. If the cargo had been cattle, the law would require a stop every 36 hours to rest and refresh them. If the cargo had been pigs, better still—they would get hose showers along with their rest. But as it was, this rickety truck didn't have to make any rest stops at all. Its cargo was only people.

Jesus Martinez, his wife and four children were among the 38 human beings jammed into the back of the truck, forced to stand up most of the time because there wasn't room for everyone to squat at once. The women and children took turns sitting on the planks along each side, though one spot was reserved for Mrs. Rosa Lopez because she was pregnant.

When the truck stopped for gas, Jesus Martinez and the other men would scurry out and forage for food. Maybe they had a few dimes left for hot dogs and coffee. Or, after their money ran out, they could ask for leavings at a diner. A counterwoman would look at their faces and give out some bread ends and a little jam.

Then everyone would rush for the toilets, but there was never enough time to take care of 38 people. So along a lonely stretch of road the truck would stop and everyone would clamber down and dart for the bushes.

The first night, Joe the Boss drove straight through without a stop and when Jesus pounded on the cab and begged him to stop for the sake of the women he barked back, "Siddown! How the hell you gonna get to the beets if we don't keep a move on?"

The beets—the sugar-beet fields of Minnesota—were far away, and \$22 an acre was going to be good pay, especially since all the jobs in Texas seemed to have been gobbled up this year. The family of Jesus Martinez was just one of thousands of Texas families who had turned migrant. The cotton fields at home had been deluged with surplus hands. And the citrus work had been bad.

When Joe the Boss was rounding up his crew in San Antonio the proposition sounded inviting. "Nice, easy work in the beet fields. Twenty-two dollars an acre—cold cash. I'm gonna take you there. I'm gonna give you the ride," Joe said. "You're gonna get a nice clean house to live in, free electricity and free water—everything free."

There was a break the third day, in Nebraska, when another truck of migrants up ahead smashed into an automobile. Five people were messed up. Joe the Boss stopped for an hour there, and he cursed at the way some crew bosses were so dumb

they'd drive themselves to sleep instead of taking shifts with a driver the way he did.

The last day and night of the haul nobody in Jesus Martinez' family had anything to eat because their money had run out, and Joe the Boss would not give them time to mooch at the gas stops. "Hell, how'm I gonna get you to the beets?" he'd bellow.

So when they got into Minnesota, into the beet fields, the 38 people in the truck were huddled up something like corpses after a bomb goes off. Only a few could get out of the truck without help. Some tumbled out. Some were sick and fell to the ground. Jesus Martinez, a strong man, let some tears cross his cheeks when he helped his wife and children down.

Anyway, here was Minnesota. Twenty-two dollars an acre, and a clean house and free electricity—and all that.

The "nice, clean house" is a peeling shack with loose boards and a leaky roof and a sagging floor. It is so tiny you can hardly turn around, yet the Martinezes are going to have to share it with another family—Isidro Sanchez and his wife and five children. Of course, Jesus can hang potato sacks across the middle so the Sanchez family cannot see when he and his wife and the others get undressed to go to bed.

He can carry his water from over the hill and can build a fire on the ground and heat some water if he wants to take a bath after a day in the fields. There is an outhouse with four seats, two for men and two for women. Only 63 other people will be using it.

He had better get down to work. He already owed Joe the Boss \$96. What for? Joe hauled him up from Texas, didn't he? He said he'd provide the transportation, but he didn't say he'd provide it free! Martinez owed him \$20 apiece for himself, his wife and 16-year-old Celia, and \$12 apiece for

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



A camp of Pennsylvania migrant workers, located near North Norwich, N. Y. Each shack consists of one room and houses an entire family. Now migrant labor is plentiful again, the problem is increasingly grave



These men are migrants from Florida, working in the fields near Freehold, N. J. They are part of the Eastern stream (predominantly Negro) which follows ripening crops up the Atlantic Coast to New England

the little kids. Joe the Boss would take that out of his pay.

Pay? Oh, yes, you get \$22 an acre. That's good pay. Maybe if you get the whole family out there working (8-year-old Manuel, too) Martinez could handle fifteen acres or so.

It would take him ten weeks. In the meantime, Mama Martinez could buy food on credit at the village store. She'd just sign a slip every time she bought something and those slips would be saved up against earnings. Fifty dollars would be held back to make sure they would be on hand to top the beets in the fall. The Martinez family would be in debt the day they started. They'd have to work their heads off trying to get out of debt the whole time they were in the fields.

This, then, is the dirge of the family Martinez. It has the beat of many thousands of families in it. Peace has returned to the fields. The war and the shortage of harvest hands are over. Migrants are flooding out again like a swollen river upon the highways and into the camps and over the fields.

I saw this human tide ooze northward. It mounts in the South and swells mainly into three great streams:

The Eastern stream surges with the ripening crops from Florida up the coast to New York State and New England. Its people are predominantly Negro.

The Middle West stream boils up from Texas and floods northward toward Michigan, Minnesota, Colorado. It is Spanish-American, mostly, composed of Texas families called "Tex-Mex" or "Texicans."

The Western stream swirls with the harvests through California's fecund valleys up north to the state of Washington. Its migrants are mainly Southern California whites, including thousands of

Okies and Arkies who fled from the dust bowl in the 1930s.

Besides the main streams there are scores of little rivulets: Pennsylvania mining families who work the orchards of New York, Kentucky hill folks who dig potatoes in New England, and Missouri villagers who cut the asparagus in Illinois.

How many migrants are there? Nobody knows. Those who want to minimize the migrant problem say 600,000. Those who want to wring hands hard say 4,000,000. Edith Lowry of the Home Missions Council of North America—a Protestant church group representing 23 denominations, which has done the most work for migrants with the least noise—tells us there are 2,500,000.

Government Migrant Camps to Be Closed

I have seen a good many of them, covering 9,000 miles through 17 states to talk with them and to work in the fields with them. I have seen heads shake in Washington because now, when the need is rising, the government is closing shop at its 48 migrant camps—neat, model camps with clean houses, laundries, recreation centers—come December 31st. The federal medical program for migrants has already folded up.

Congress has dropped the migrant problem like a hot potato. In its adjournment jamboree at the end of July, Congress liquidated even the feeble if well-intentioned farm-labor program of the Department of Agriculture. Through its Extension Service, the Department of Agriculture was at least trying to facilitate the movement of migrants, setting up information stations along migrant routes, operating farm placement offices.

Congress had before it the Hope bill—known in some quarters as the "Hopeless bill" because it did

so little for migrants—but even this wasn't passed. A futile \$1,400,000 was allocated to state employment services for farm-labor placement, with some \$200,000 for the U.S. Employment Service "to coordinate activities."

"The Department of Agriculture is left without any farm-labor program at all," Meredith L. Wilson, director of the Extension Work, told me. "As far as migrants are concerned, we're washed up on January 1st."

Just two months before Congress adjourned, Marine Major General Graves B. Erskine had given his report as head of a government committee to investigate the migrant problem. He had told us, "Migrant workers have been robbed of so many normal American and human rights that it is almost unbelievable."

This season, for the first time since the depression, migrants in Florida again knew the vapid taste of boiled potato peelings. It was better than going hungry. Some got a better break—farmers let them dig what spuds they could find in abandoned fields, and they could eat the ones that wouldn't grade.

Some, according to Margaret J. Harris, a Home Missions Council field supervisor, got a worse break; the Red Cross and the Salvation Army, which desperately wanted to help them, were barred from their camps—to avoid "coddling them"—even though the children had only thin broth and grits to keep them alive.

The cry of "surplus labor" came out of California as early as January. The cotton crop was in and migrant communities started reporting "relief loads." Families drove their jalopies dry in search of work. Thousands roamed and waited until May, when they poured into the ripening San Joaquin Valley. All summer California was swamped, its migrant camps bulging with families waiting for work.

Texas began disgorging migrants in February, much too soon, for the crops to northward weren't nearly ready. But the Army and the war plants had thrown so many thousands back upon the land that the fields were overcrowded. Then the citrus market collapsed (they said it was a transportation bottleneck) and the vegetable market sagged, too.

It is a new day in the fields. A good day because there are plenty of hands to bring in the crops, and we do not need to import Jamaicans and Mexicans as we did during the war. (Continued on page 34)

Mrs. C. Hernandez, with four of her five children. Family shares a boxcar with thirteen other people



MR. MACHINE

BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

There was a title at stake, but that wasn't what they were playing for

THEY stood on the lawn in front of the clubhouse and looked out across the course. The fairways were carefully swept carpets of light green flanked by tall, dark green trees. The land was rolling, the roughs deep. A meandering creek managed to cut almost every fairway, and in the middle distance there was an artificial lake only the Devil could have contrived.

"Very pretty," Pete Muntz said. "A fine place to hunt mountain goats. But not to play golf."

Tom Farrar said, "Look who's screaming."

He grinned at Muntz. Pete was tall, loosely built. He wore a deep tan, an easy smile, and a necktie. That was Pete Muntz—always a necktie. He had a thousand miles of fairway behind him. A great many of those miles he'd walked with Tom Farrar, on exhibition tour. There'd been few tournaments during the war, and the old heads had to earn a living some way. Farrar and Muntz had done well. They'd played a lot of golf together.

Muntz shook his head. "It's no good."

He didn't like the deep roughs, the narrow fairways. He was one of the powerhouse crew—long off the tee—and he tended to spray his wood shots.

"I think it's fine," Farrar said.

Sourly, Pete said, "You would. You can't hit a ball far enough to get in trouble."

The clubhouse was big, faintly rustic, and filled with a great many people. A variety of people—players, press, officials, contact men from the sporting-equipment houses, radio technicians, and plainfolk who had come to look and talk and rub elbows. Tom Farrar decided the club might be a nice place to loaf through a sleepy Sunday—but not this Sunday. This was one of the year's biggest tournaments. This was a circus. They went through the crowded bar to the locker room.

"Make mine Coke," Farrar said. "Plenty of ice."

Pete said, "I should know," and went away.

Farrar dug his golf shoes from the locker that had been assigned to him. When he straightened, he found a short, pudgy man had come to ask questions. The man had a half-filled glass, an owlish look. He was swaying.

"The name's Brown," he said. "Local press."

Tom Farrar said, "Fire away."

"What about your shoulder?" Brown asked. "One day we hear it's broken, the next it's well. The same with your wrist. How about that?"

"There's nothing the matter with me."

Brown drank and then chuckled. "I'll write it, Champ," he said. "But I won't believe it. Nobody lasts forever. You enough left to win this one?"

"I'll come close."

Brown shook his head. "You won it last year. But it was different last year. This year the kids are back from the wars. Kids like that son of yours." He stared round-eyed at Farrar. "The Farmer looks very, very good."

"A fine golfer," Farrar agreed.

"For sure," Brown said. He rocked on his heels, eyes shiny with thought, "I'm nosy," he said. "I've got to be to make a living. I've got to ask about this fight between you and the Farmer. Is it like they say, blood clear up to here?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"I did. He says ask you."

Farrar said, "Looks like you're in a rut."

Brown looked moodily at his drink. "It's a big story," he said. "I've got to give it a play. I could do a better job if I had the straight dope. But it isn't necessary. Wire service says you two are ready to cut each other's throats. I can go on from there."

"You would anyway."

"Probably," Brown smiled. "But now I have no choice." He didn't seem troubled. "One more

question: Are you retiring after this tournament?"

"It depends," Farrar said.

"It's guys like you," Brown said, "that make heels out of guys like me." The difficulties of a reporter's life brought a sigh from him. "But I know why it all depends. I worked on half the papers in Montana. I've got friends up there—people I owe money. They tell me things so I can pay them back. They told me about you and your ranch."

"Is that a fact?" Farrar said.

"The ranch's the reason you an' your kid are in there slugin' each other—that's the way they tell it in Montana. It's one of the finest ranches in the state. A model layout. Everything new; everything expensive. A fine, big herd of blooded cattle. It cost a pile of money. All you had, and that much more from the banks. A sound investment. A steak factory like that can really make money—it could if you weren't spread out too thin. In Montana they're saying you can quit golf if you take this tournament—top money and the contracts that go with it. You can go back to the ranch and raise T-bones. If you don't you have to keep on playing until you get a new roll, or until the banks grab the old homestead."

"You know a lot," Farrar said evenly.

"It's true," Brown said. "I could write it. I could tie it up with the fight you had with the Farmer when you wanted him to work the ranch and he told you where to go. I could make one hell of a story. I could"—he tried to drink from his empty glass—"but I'm not going to."

"No?" Farrar said. "And why not?"

Brown was scowling at his empty glass with mild surprise. He looked down the corridor that led to the bar. He turned abruptly away. Then, remembering the question, he came back.

"Because," he said, "some things are nobody's damn' business."

He turned again, almost colliding with Pete Muntz. Pete cursed him gently, and put two Cokes on the bench.

"A breath like a blowtorch," Pete said.

Farrar said, "No cracks. He's a friend of mine."

"He's still a whisky barrel," Pete said.

He straddled the bench and looked at Tom Farrar. The locker room was jammed. Pete swished the ice in his drink.

"I played a loop with the Farmer this morning," he said carefully. "The kid took me for fifty bucks."

"I understand he's hot."

"Good is a better word. He's not as wild as he was, and he's hitting them just as far." Pete Muntz rubbed his chin and frowned. "The way it adds up," he said, "it's you or the Farmer."

"What became of Pete Muntz?"

"He doesn't like match play," Pete said. "He's got a plane reservation for every day this week."

THERE were a dozen pros working on the practice fairway, each with his own audience. Bill Ekstrom, Tony Gatto, Gus Hammerly—the old hands, the big names. Johnny Sands, a kid new to the tournament grind. Tucker, Webb, Rock. More big names. They'd all come out for this one. Thirty-five hundred top money, and a fat wad of contracts for the winner. Down at the end of the line, the Farmer had the biggest gallery. His caddy was far out on the green slope beyond the end of the practice fairway—seventy-five yards beyond. The crowd liked a long hitter; they liked the Farmer. He was a brown youngster, big of wrist, and as broad as a barn door. He could hit a ball into the next town.

Tom Farrar found room to work. The good people—the gallery—drifted up to watch. Tom Farrar answered questions; he autographed programs—

and he wished they'd all go breathe on someone else's neck. He kept that thought to himself. The good people and their money made the wheels go around. A lot of them had come out the day before the tournament to see Tom Farrar hit practice balls, to see if he really was the Mr. Machine of golf. They'd paid for the right to ask questions.

A woman asked, "What club are you using?"

"Eight iron," Tom Farrar said.

The eight was the best club in his bag. The four iron, now—but he'd worry about that later. The eight iron was flashy; he could drop pitch shots in a bucket with the eight. The caddy could stand flat-footed and pick the balls out of the air on the first bounce. The gallery enjoyed that. They



Tom's putt rimmed the cup. The Farmer knocked the ball away, and crouched to read the green. Only Tom could hear the Farmer's drawl. "I'm sinking this," he said. "My old man got himself a ranch this way"

ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

made small pleased sounds every time he hit a ball. "Just like a machine. . . ."

The pitch shots climbed the sky. The gallery thickened. Farrar was a small man, whipcord and leather, gray temples, and a jutting crag of a nose. He weighed one forty-five, soaking wet. He had small hands, small wrists, and he had to be completely right to win. Split the fairway with every wood, irons tight to the pin, and putt like an angel. Accuracy instead of distance. Years of work and a million practice balls had made a machine of him. But machines wore out. He needed new wrists and a new shoulder. Still, the eight iron was all right. He could please this gallery. He could coast.

He decided he'd had enough and waved his caddy

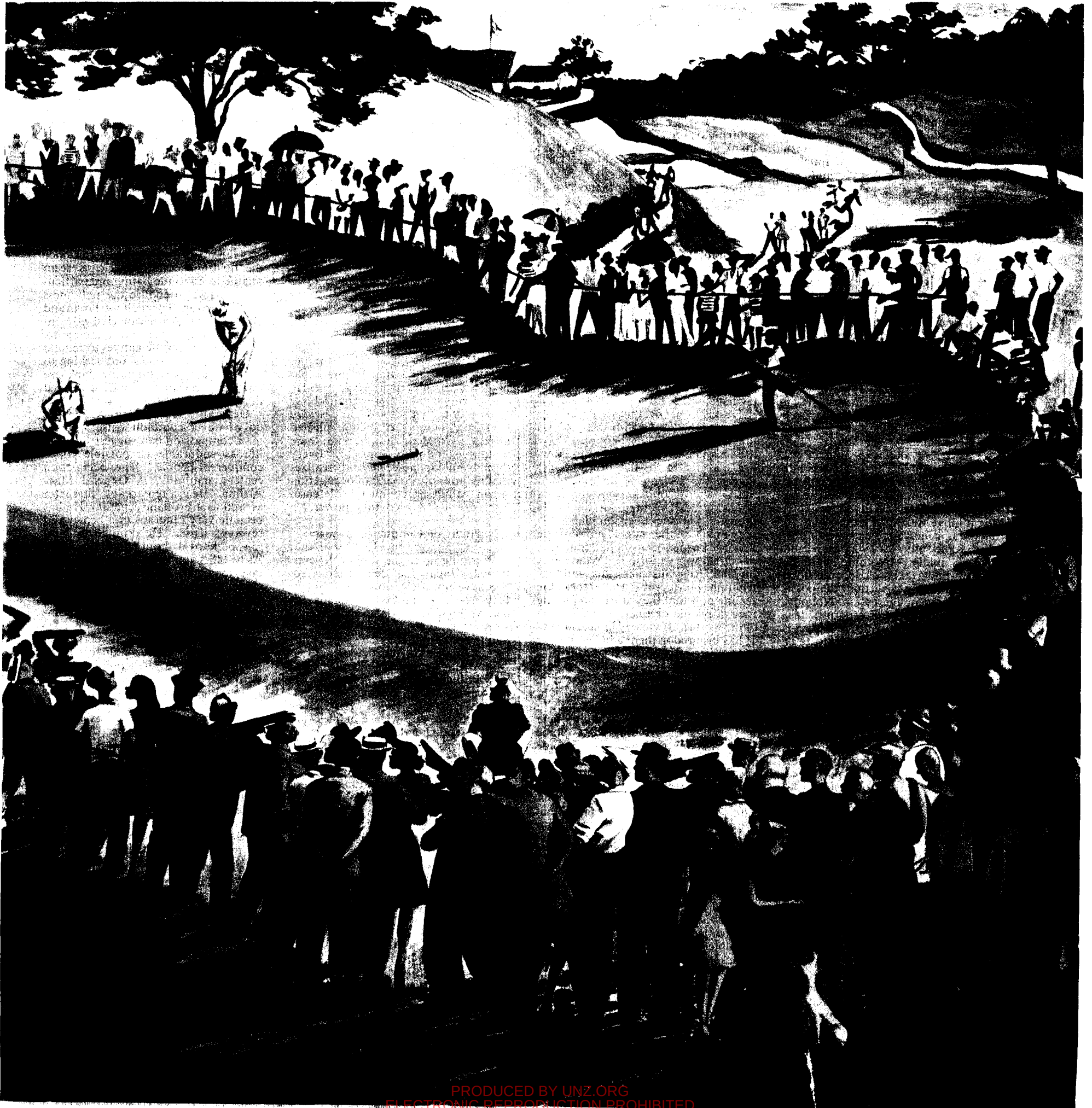
in. Then he remembered the four iron and changed his mind. He'd hit a few more, just for the hell of it, just to see. The caddy went back up the fairway. Farrar started working the four iron, using a full swing and all the club. The balls went out low and fast. Five of them went out as though on rails; the sixth took a wicked dive to the left. He got eight more down the middle, then hooked again. The gallery didn't notice, but Tom Farrar felt as though each hook was slugging him at the belt.

Pete Muntz said, "Try hitting 'em left-handed." Farrar said, "It wouldn't help. The big trouble is I wake up a day older every morning."

"It's a way we have," said Pete soberly. . . . Sundown. Molly Farrar pointed the car toward

the city. Tom put his head against the back of the seat and watched the beer signs go by. There was time to think. How long ago? Three years—no, almost four—since he'd drawn a thick pencil line through the boy's name on the entry sheet, at Wonderly. Four years, and he had only to look into his mind to see again, the fury in the eyes that were so like Molly's eyes. White and shaking, the boy had flung a hoarse, "You'll make no farmer out of me!" across the room, and a reporter had put it on the wires.

Michael Farrar, the stocky Montana ranch boy, had become the Farmer then. Syndicated columns picked it up, drove a wedge of anger into a gulf already wide: MR. MACHINE (Continued on page 83)



RED SHADOW OVER THE PACIFIC

As U.S. officers begin to rebuild Japan's industry and food supply, every action taken is influenced by the knowledge of Russian aims in the Far East, according to both military and civilian officials

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

SOMEWHERE in the international domain there suddenly Monday morning back into Sunday the impression to form in your mind. I had so much a thought as a feeling to begin to see new looks in men's grimness, a sadness, a resolution in the lines of their faces. Men who had won, who saw comrades die and die sometimes under the same circumstances, who finally a tremendous effort seemed to have achieved a magnificent victory, were disillusioned and anxious.

Regardless of the future appears to be a struggle that will call for strength, of will, that they and all of them, freedom and justice, the next great emergence, conscious of a major impersonal threat, sinister than the rest, any mere military there is a zeal and a Communist Russian threat in the East that is all but religious in its intensity.

That consciousness of danger, of inescapable threat increases as you move westward from island to island. It saturates every issue and every problem. Nothing can be planned, undertaken or accomplished without taking into account the possibility of Russian aggression. Nobody, high or low, victor or vanquished, is unaffected. Nobody outside Russia is conscious of any power to mitigate or to restrain in any fashion the Russian will to convert or to conquer. Nobody, that is, outside the United States.

This is a report not of something dreamed, but of my observations during a visit of inspection I made as one of a group of editors and publishers invited by Robert P. Patterson, then Secretary of War, to look at the American occupation of Japan and Korea.

We were given the opportunity to talk to Americans and natives on most of our island installations in the Pacific north of the equator. We talked to military men, to civilians. We asked questions that might have embarrassed both military men and natives. Nobody, least of all Judge Patterson, suggested any particular line of inquiry or of observation, yet without exception we heard much the same story from Japanese, Koreans and American military men and civilians. Here is that story:

I did not see one American, one Japanese, one Korean, one Chinese, civilian or military, who wanted war with Russia. I did not meet one mili-

tary man who did not think that Russia would be a supreme power in America and in mankind. I met, though, conservative military men who feared that Americans and the world would be left except war or surrender.

They believe that the world will be attacked by Russia when Russia has completed its construction of atomic-bomb plants. They believe that Russia is waging a campaign against us in Korea and in China, and that only the use of an exploding atomic bomb is needed to translate an ambiguous peace into an admitted war.

I do not say that these conclusions are sound or unsound. I do report that this is the prevailing opinion of military men and thoughtful

men. I do not say that these conclusions are sound or unsound. I do report that this is the prevailing opinion of military men and thoughtful men. I do not say that these conclusions are sound or unsound. I do report that this is the prevailing opinion of military men and thoughtful men. I do not say that these conclusions are sound or unsound. I do report that this is the prevailing opinion of military men and thoughtful men.

On the other hand if the Russians are not driven by a determination to impose their will upon mankind, there is a chance of avoiding war. Some think that the decision will be made when Marshal Stalin surrenders office by death or otherwise. Some think that the decision awaits only the completion of Russian war preparations. Some of the military leaders say that Russia already has amassed an air force that outnumbers ours nine to one. They do not say that Russian planes are superior to ours or even equal to ours in quality. Whatever Russian intentions, everything that is done in Japan, in Korea, in China and in the island bases we hold in the Pacific, is carried on in the light of a possible unprovoked and sudden attack from Russia.

If you look at the behavior of the Russians in Korea or China the assertion is understandable. I hope that events prove these fears and expecta-

tions false. I hope that the Japanese and benevolent anthropologists in the world will be able to be. I can see a few of the men who believe in the occupation and in the belief. The occupation of Japan and of Korea is a completely different. I can describe what is going on in this article. Korea is a story.

What has happened in Japan is understood in part from the Japanese statesman, a former official in the Imperial Navy, who is able to reach because of his slight acquaintance with the occupation of the Japanese people. He points out the minor points of the Japanese were being pushed back, but he said, these were pinpricks. Every Japanese, he said, realizes that without the American occupation Japan would be completely defenseless against any predatory power.

Plight of Conquered Japan

Warming up to the subject, he continued, "Japan has been conquered. We have no army, no navy. Not in fifty years, a hundred years maybe, can we build the arms to defend ourselves. Meantime, if we are to live and to recover, the United States must be responsible for our defense. General MacArthur's campaign against us was very brilliant and very successful. He overcame larger forces. His victory was complete and we are helpless unless the United States accepts responsibility for us."

The old man spoke, I thought, with complete sincerity. Before Pearl Harbor he was counted an honest, friendly man by the American government, and his sincerity is still accepted by responsible Americans. His views as to the necessity of the occupation are, moreover, shared by all of the Japanese we encountered.

The Japanese reporters and editors we met in Osaka, for example, were a diverse group, representing many varieties of Japanese opinion. All who spoke were certain that the occupation was acceptable because it was essential to Japanese defense and recovery. That program is something new in this world. Americans are strange conquerors.

In this last world war, American

science and industry devised and made weapons of destruction in quantities almost beyond understanding. Billions of dollars' worth of every conceivable weapon of destruction were sent westward to fight the Japanese. Acres, sometimes miles, of crates and boxes of weapons and engines, trucks, tanks and endless other items fill up storage depots on Guam, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and many other places. Destruction was fantastically complete. But once the fighting ceases, Americans seem unable to continue hating and particularly unable to endure the untidiness of destruction. Throughout Japan and Okinawa the American civil government is busily engaged in cleaning up, making plans for the natives to rebuild their destroyed homes and seeking to devise ways of aiding the Japanese especially, because their need to feed themselves is so great.

Generally, occupation authorities do whatever common sense and human compassion can suggest to make life as endurable as possible for a conquered people. The occupation centers, naturally, in General MacArthur. He is a remarkable character as well as a brilliant general. He has become very religious in a broad and reverent sense. He dramatizes himself, perhaps without conscious effort. As he talks you think both of the military man and of the orator who is eloquently projecting his own point of view. You are reminded both of an austere John Barrymore and a compassionate Oliver Cromwell.

General MacArthur is persuaded that the Japanese have undergone a real revolution in their opinions. He thinks their defeat marked their realization that their militaristic policies were a complete failure and that hope lies in the democratic Christian philosophy expressed, after its own fashion by the United States.

Whatever the fact as to Japanese conversion, there is no doubt of the popularity of the general. I came out of the Dai Ichi building with another general and we moved out a side entrance so that the waiting Japanese might not be confused or disappointed or my own companion embarrassed by applause intended for another.

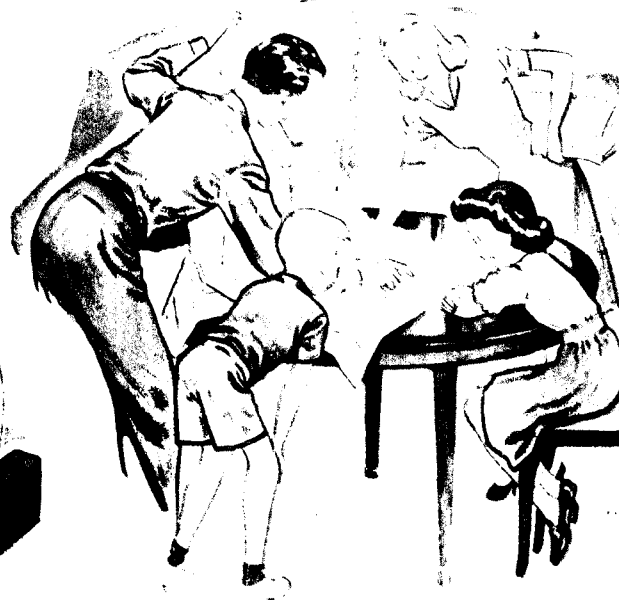
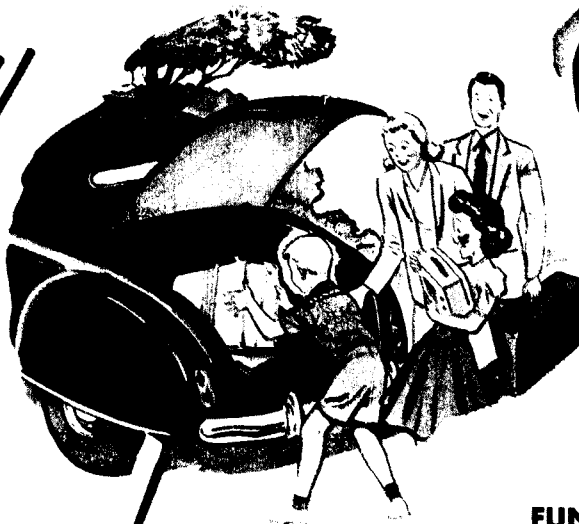
General MacArthur is sixty-seven years old. He takes care of his physical health although he works seven days a week. He is generally in his office from 10 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. and from 5 P.M. until 8 or 9 at night. When you see him at the office he is unhurried and relaxed. General MacArthur's place in the occupation is like that of the Emperor, except the general both rules

(Continued on page 41)

Collier's for September 13, 1947

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CONCLUDING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOD

MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON

28

The Story:

One night in London, EVE GILL encounters JONATHAN PENROSE fleeing from the house of wealthy JOSEPH INWOOD. Inwood lies murdered in his library. Jonathan has been at the scene of the crime covering up the traces left by Inwood's wanton wife, CHARLOTTE, with whom he has been having an affair. Her dress covered with blood, Charlotte had rushed to Jonathan's house and told him that she and her husband quarreled and that she struck him with a candlestick.

The police, however, are on Jonathan's trail and Eve sympathetically takes him to her father's country place in Kessingland and hides him. After hearing his story, Eve rightly suspects that Charlotte is using the infatuated Jonathan quite ruthlessly. Disguising herself as "Dorothy Simpson," a near-sighted, colorless servant, Eve goes to London and manages to get a job as lady's maid to the supposedly grief-stricken widow. Soon Eve learns that the real murderer, and Charlotte's real lover, is a brutally sadistic playboy named FREDDY WILLIAMS.

The police do not suspect that Charlotte and Jonathan even know each other, and the search for the love-smitten martyr continues. Quitting her job as lady's maid, Eve telephones Charlotte, tells her she knows about Jonathan, and starts blackmail proceedings. Then Eve drops into Freddy Williams' apartment "by mistake." This time she poses as an aspiring actress, "Felicity Cunningham."

That night she learns that the two plotters, nervous at the thought of blackmail, have decided to do away with both "Dorothy Simpson" and Jonathan. Charlotte is to place a notice in the personal column of a newspaper asking Jonathan to meet her on Tuesday; Freddy Williams will be waiting to kill him.

Realizing her time to save Jonathan is growing short, Eve invites a number of people to a party at Kessingland. Among the prospective guests is DETECTIVE SMITH, who is extremely fond of Eve and is working on the Inwood murder case. Meanwhile, the unsuspecting Jonathan prepares to risk arrest for murder and go to meet his treacherous ladylove.

Conclusion

WHEN I got home, Charlie and Father agreed that I had done a reasonably sensible thing, although the Commodore did not seem to consider I had been in any particular danger, or if he did, he saw no objection to it.

It was nearly seven o'clock when I reached my room again and could take stock of myself, which I did in a hot bath designed to ease the nervous exhaustion I was feeling. This was Monday, and soon I would be taking an irrevocable step about Jonathan unless a miracle happened.

And one of my last good nightgowns was bedraggled and ruined. . . .

I had just finished breakfast. Before Charlie spoke I knew that Jonathan was going to keep his tryst with Charlotte. Charlie said, "He's catching the nine fifty-four at Halesworth, Eve. Sure you don't want me to stop him?"

"I want you to, but you mustn't." It was nine o'clock by my wrist watch. "How is he getting to Halesworth?"

"He had proposed to walk to the main road and pick up the bus at the corner, but I didn't like the sound of it. I pointed out that if he were recognized so near home it might be awkward for us. He saw that, and I thought I would take him to Halesworth in the Austin—not to the station. I'd let him out in a quiet spot near by. He gave me all sorts of things to keep for him. I told him," Charlie concluded, "that if he wanted to come back to us, he could. Provided, of course, he was sure he hadn't been spotted. You wanted that?"

"Yes," I said, and he went to fetch the Austin. Presently I heard them drive off.

I waited half an hour, the most miserable half hour I think I have ever known, and then went to Halesworth myself in the Daimler.

It was ten minutes past ten when I parked the car in a turning off the main street and went to the post office. One of the telephone boxes was empty.

I kept my back to the counter and the other people in the place while I telephoned to the East Suffolk police.

I did not ask for my friend Billy Bull. He might be a shade too quick in the uptake and although realizing instantly that (Continued on page 59)

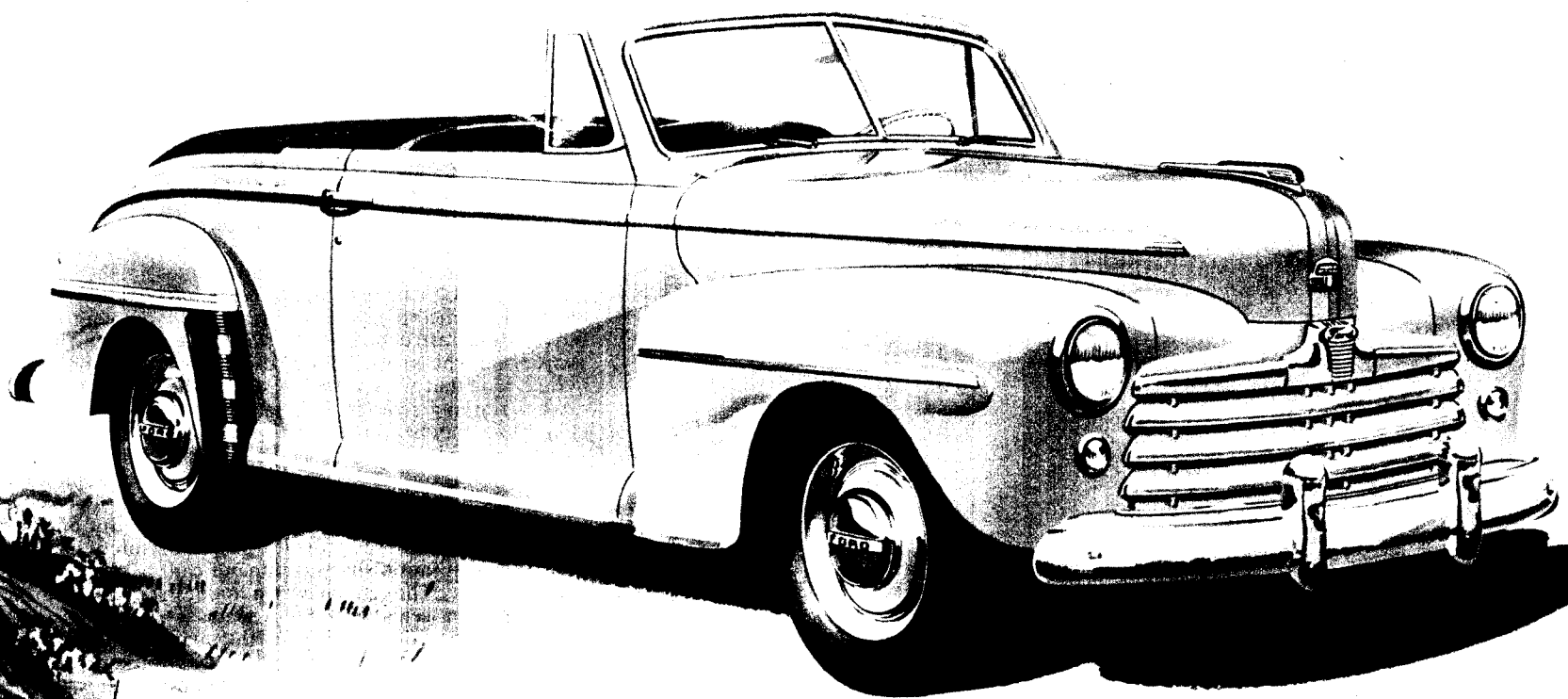
I thrust the dress into the soft mud at his command and then reached for the pistol in my stocking

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



"Ford's out Front," says the Wise Old Owl

(AN INTERVIEW)

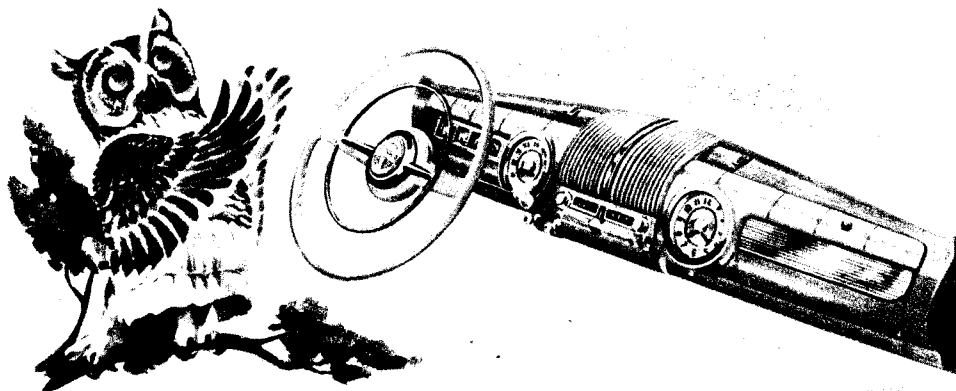


"I DON'T give a hoot for gimcracks," the Owl said, blinking, "I'm a practical man, I am, and I want a car that I can depend on. Now you take the 1947 Ford line—there are cars that suit me perfect and I'll tell you why.

"First, you get your choice of engines," and here he raised his eyebrows, "no other car in Ford's class lets you take your choice of either a V-8 or a Six.

"Then there's the matter of brakes," he went on. "They call 'em 'King-size' and that's what they be—with more braking area than any other car in Ford's class. The hydraulic feature makes 'em easy to apply, too!

"And, as to economy—well, I have a Scotch Grouse friend who tells me it's Ford's 4-ring aluminum pistons and balanced carburetion



"I never saw a more beautiful instrument panel," said Mrs. Owl.

that save a pretty penny on both gas and oil."

"But what about Ford BEAUTY," we asked. "Don't you have an eye for BEAUTY or are you too practical for that?"

"That's the wife's department," he replied solemnly, "but I can tell you she keeps me up days raving about Ford's longer, lower look, about the glamorous interiors and such. It's enough to drive a practical man mad."

"What are your views on safety?" we asked.

"If you are referring to Ford's 'Lifeguard' body I can tell you it's sound—really sound. But that's what you'd expect from the Ford people—thoroughly practical people. That's why Ford's out Front—and if you'd ask me I'd say they're out Front to stay!"

And with that, the Wise Old Owl blinked wisely and flew away!



"For savin' gas and oil ye canna beat 4-ring aluminum pistons," said the Scotch Grouse!



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THE PREXY PLAN OF GENERAL IKE

Continued from page 11

to deans, every man should learn to value the thing he does.

In this connection, the general is all for raising the pay and prestige of teachers. "In order to have a truly educated America, we must have a top-flight educational staff. One that can take pride in its work and be assured of its proper place in the world," he says.

Eisenhower is counting heavily on the staff at Columbia for assistance in administering the university's affairs. "I need you to help me," he told Dr. Frank D. Fackenthal, acting president. Fackenthal, who as provost carried most of the burden in the latter years of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's administration, was elected a Life Trustee the same day Eisenhower was, and will be appointed Chairman of the Committee on Education.

Views on Technical Education

The general's approach to the technical side of education is that of a common-sense man who has had some difficult problems to meet and has learned something from them. He thinks that instruction in the vocational schools might profit by the use of the visual aids that were so successful in the Army training schools; and he suggests that there may be something useful in the Army method of teaching languages in a hurry.

A front for Columbia University, without ideas of his own? No one who has seen the general's eyes grow icy or heard his voice rasp out a sharp command can believe that. Though he has a modest manner and a genial grin, there is a case-hardened core of integrity in the man with which it is wiser not to trifle.

There are those who feel that Columbia might be a stepping-stone for Eisenhower to the Presidency of the United States. This is not the general's purpose in accepting the office.

After all, the avenues of politics are wide open to him. But he believes that his public utterances would lose their effectiveness if he had a political ax to grind.

He will not connive with the "Eisenhower for President" movement. As to the question of a genuine draft, he summed up his position when he told a reporter at Vicksburg: "No man could have the effrontery to say he would refuse. I have not been asked."

Some people have criticized the general for "deserting the Army" at a critical time. This is completely untrue. In a recent press conference he said, "I shall belong to the Army as long as I am above ground."

His understanding with the trustees of Columbia provides that the President and the Army shall have first call on his services, and that he will spend as much time in Washington, or anywhere else, as is necessary to fulfill his obligation to them.

The trustees came to the general at a propitious time. The Chief of Staff normally serves four years. If Eisenhower goes to Columbia next spring, he will have served almost three quarters of his term. There is no other job for him in the Army at this time. He wants to clear the way for younger men, and he is convinced that there are at least half a dozen generals who can fill the post as well as he.

Thus he faced the logical conclusion of the career he had begun thirty-six years before; but at fifty-six he had no desire to lapse into the desuetude of retirement: "I don't feel that I am about to stumble over my beard."

So he asked himself, "What can I do now?"

There were plenty of offers. Great industrial concerns offered him four or

five times the salary Columbia could pay; but he felt it would not be fitting to lend his name to private interests.

In the confusion of conflicting pressures, the offer from Columbia seemed to open up a vista of future usefulness. It answered the question of how he could find a new career and still hold himself at the disposal of the President. It promised to give him direct contact with thousands of young men and women who will play an important role in the future of the nation. Most cogent of all, it was a place above the suspicion of selfish interest, from which he could continue to preach the things he believes.

At the same time there were obvious drawbacks. The situation at Columbia is more complicated than that of an ordinary university. Though not municipally owned, it is an essential part of New York City; and many of its problems are the problems of that great complex of races and religions in miniature.

Eisenhower would have preferred a smaller, more secluded school, where he might have had more time to think and perhaps to find out if he could write well enough to meet his own exacting standards. The prospect of stepping from one position of enormous responsibility into another, almost equally demanding, gave him pause. The fact that he was untrained in the field of civilian education was a major objection. Then there was the possibility that educators might resent an outsider being placed above them.

But once the general had made up his mind, he no longer looked back. He was acutely conscious that he was putting everything on the line. But he did that in Africa (at which time he had never commanded troops in the field). He did it again on D-Day.

"It is part of life," he says.

Conferring with the Trustees

When the trustees of Columbia came to him with their offer, General Ike grinned and said, "Go to see the Eisenhower with brains. You don't want me." (He was referring to his brother, Milton, who is president of Kansas State College.)

However, it seemed the trustees did want the general. The date was June 2, 1947. The scene was the superintendent's house at West Point, a few yards from the parade ground where Ike Eisenhower of Kansas began his military career.

Columbia's Board of Trustees had sent their two supersalesmen to put their proposition before the general. One was Thomas J. Watson, of International Business Machines, who is an ardent admirer of General Ike; the other was Thomas Parkinson, President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. They put their utmost powers of persuasion into the discussion with Eisenhower, for their hearts were in it.

More seriously General Eisenhower said, "The president of Columbia should be a scholar of renown, one who knows his way around the academic world."

"We have many fine scholars on the campus," they answered him. "We are seeking a leader."

They had been engaged in that quest ever since President Butler retired in the spring of 1945. At the first meeting of the committee of trustees, appointed to select a successor to Butler, in June, 1945, the name of Eisenhower had spontaneously suggested itself. At that time Ike was still in Germany, and Japan was yet unconquered. The idea seemed like wishful thinking.

But it kept popping up. In the winter of 1946, the trustees made a round-about approach to the general through a friend in the War Department. Word came back that General Eisenhower had a job

Collier's for September 13, 1947



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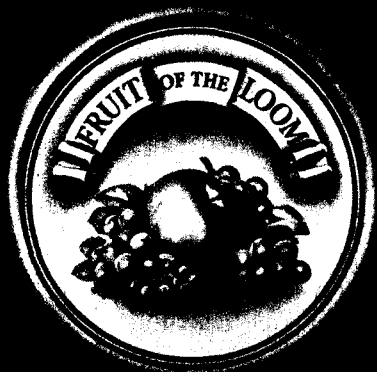


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to finish as Chief of Staff and was not thinking about any change.

That seemed to settle it.

On May 24, 1947, most of the committee were riding down Central Park West in Tom Watson's big limousine after a meeting that had considered—and rejected—another candidate. Out of a clear sky one of them said, "If we could get Ike now, would you still be for him?" They shouted, "Yes!"

It happened as suddenly as that. The meeting at West Point was arranged; and the salesmen sold the general. At least he agreed to consider their proposition, providing that President Truman and the Secretary of War consented; that the trustees understood that his first duty was to the Army, in peace as in war; and that Mrs. Eisenhower was agreeable.

"Mamie never had any say about our previous moves—orders came from above," the general explained. "This time she must be consulted."

President Truman and Secretary of War Patterson not only consented, they were enthusiastic. Mamie was willing.

On June 21, General and Mrs. Eisenhower met in New York with the full committee. They thrashed the whole thing out and the general finally accepted. Then he was whisked uptown to the university to meet the deans and top administrators, including Dr. Fackenthal. As the general came into the formal magnificence of the trustees' room, wearing his familiar battle jacket with the single bright line of ribbons on his breast and the circles of stars on his shoulders, the silence was like the last second before H-Hour. It was not a hostile silence, but it was charged with tension.

Tom Parkinson, his usually jovial face grave, made a brief, formal introduction.

The Speech of Acceptance

There was a scatter of applause. Then the general began to speak:

"If, on December 16, 1944, I had called one of you gentlemen to my headquarters in France and told you that the Germans had just broken through east of Luxembourg, and said that I was assigning you, with full power and responsibility, to deal with the situation, you could not have been more surprised than I was when your trustees told me that they wanted me to take over the presidency of Columbia University."

A ripple of delighted laughter ran through the small audience. The warmth of Eisenhower's personality was like sunshine in the room.

"But after all," he continued seriously, "if I had given you that assignment and you were a reasonably competent person, as I know all of you are, the Battle of the Bulge would have turned out exactly as it did, because I would have given you the personnel, the organization and the equipment to do the job."

"I know that here at Columbia you are going to give me the personnel, the organization and the equipment to do the job."

In that brief speech was all the art of understanding the other fellow's feelings. It was completely effective because it was utterly sincere.

Five minutes later Ike was sitting on the edge of the massive table, with everyone crowding around him talking at full speed. General Eisenhower had won the First Battle of Columbia.

General Eisenhower is not quite a tyro in his new field. He spent all of World War I instructing men, and he never got to France at all because he was too good at teaching. After serving as instructor in various officers' training camps and at Fort Leavenworth, he was made Commander of the Tank Training Center at Gettysburg. Though only a captain, he had 20,000 men to train, and one small French tank for practice demonstrations. (American tanks didn't come off the production lines until that war was over.) He had to improvise a method of training

troops in tank warfare without any tools, and at the same time maintain the morale of thousands of disappointed officers and men. It was like trying to coach a football team without any footballs.

It is a matter of record that young Captain Eisenhower solved the riddle brilliantly. His system of theoretical instruction enabled American crews to handle French and British tanks in battle after only a few weeks' advanced training under Lieutenant Colonel George S. Patton, Jr. in France.

Again, in the 1930s, Eisenhower, who was assistant to the Secretary of War, played an important part in developing the Army Industrial College.

Though Eisenhower was instructing in the art of war, he loathed the thing itself. The roots of this feeling ran deep.

As a little girl his mother had lived in Virginia at the time of the Civil War. The tides of battle washed around her house; soldiers of both armies ransacked it. Through childish eyes she saw misery and terror that she could never forget.

"War makes men like cruel animals," she said to her son. "They seem to forget our Lord and His teaching of love."

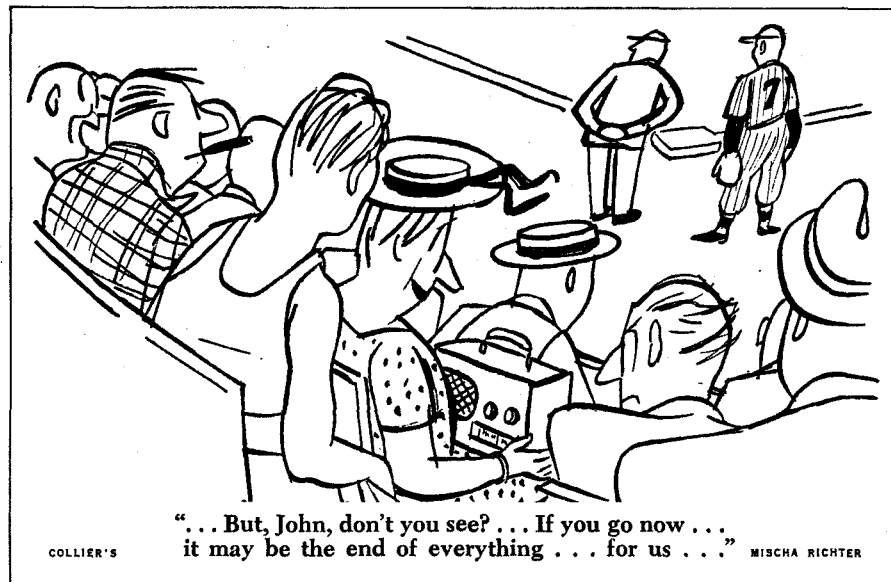
Eisenhower always remembered the urgency of his mother's words as she told him about those unhappy days. So he thought a great deal about peace while

there is a stern realism in the general's approach. Should good intentions fail, Eisenhower has an alternative plan—his defense in depth is prepared. In short, he is a very sophisticated sort of idealist; an American Citizen of the World.

But emotionally, General Ike is a typical Kansan—individualistic, homely, humorous and naïve. He still feels like the boy who rose at dawn to do the chores on the farm before he went to school, and studied his homework at night in the engine room of the Belle Springs Creamery at Abilene, Kansas, where he worked as night fireman.

His ways of having fun are just like those of the boy. He likes to fish and hunt, play bridge or poker. He also is a pretty fancy cook—at home the Eisenhower boys cooked dinner every Sunday to give Mother a day off—but, rumor to the contrary notwithstanding, he does not wash the dishes. His favorite way of spending an evening at home is to lie on a sofa in the sun porch of his quarters at Fort Myer and watch a 16-mm. Western film. If it turns out to be a problem drama, he simply goes to sleep.

The reason General Eisenhower presently attaches less importance to his purely military function than to getting his ideas before the American people is that he believes "unless we achieve world



teaching men to fight. Throughout his years in the Army, he read widely on subjects far afield from his profession. His vital interests were in history and government; his preoccupation was with people, not cannon fodder, and his passion was for freedom and democracy.

On his tours of inspection during the war, he often invited an enlisted man to walk alone with him. Off they would tramp through the muddy fields, talking of trivialities until the commander's casual friendliness had melted the constraint of awe. Then he would ask, "What's bothering you, son?"

Almost always the boy would pour out his troubles, military and personal. It was Eisenhower's way of taking his own Gallup Poll of his armies; and through it he learned much of the needs and potentialities of youth.

To understand General Eisenhower you have to take him apart; for there are two opposite sides of him, that together make the whole man.

Intellectually he is the brilliant soldier, diplomat and statesman who led the greatest Army ever to be under a single command. He was successful in welding that vast polyglot organization of men into a fighting team, because he had the background knowledge to comprehend their national aspirations, virtues and faults, the wisdom to make allowances for them and the quality of leadership to inspire them to heights of nobility beyond the human norm. Eisenhower's thinking is on a world-wide scale. His hopes for mankind are extremely idealistic, yet

order we face an awful cataclysm." He is concerned primarily with the task of making a free and peaceful world. He feels a compelling obligation to the multitudes of men who were so loyal to him—an obligation to remove the threat of war from their lives and from the lives of all the people of America.

Eisenhower contends that "there is no security in the absolute sense for any nation unless it is enjoyed by all; armed security is only relative."

He is convinced that one of the greatest pillars of the structure of world peace is "a strong United States—and I don't mean strong only in a military sense, I mean strong economically and strong morally, and strong in every way there is to be strong."

As far as the danger of immediate war is concerned, he told reporters, "In my opinion no great nation in the world today would deliberately provoke a war. The world is uneasy; the world is bewildered and walks in fear. ... We must walk in our path of moral rectitude, with strength to stand by our purpose."

In private conversation, he has added, "I want to go ahead realistically in full recognition of the dangers, but with the object of peace foremost in our minds." He considers that the best way to obtain our great objective is "to win friends abroad, and so to live here at home that the whole world will see that is the best way."

Columbia sought a leader, and Columbia found one.

THE END

Collier's for September 13, 1947

"Happiest Haul of the Day!"



Copy. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER



"EX-TRA! Read-about-secretary-marries-her-boss! EXTRA!"



ANN: BILL! It's about us.—our wedding! Read what it says about me!

BILL: Sure, honey! Where is it—oh yes: "Guests and well-wishers sighed with admiration as the distinguished-looking groom in his stunning Arrow Shirt with its incomparable collar came down—"

ANN: BILL! Look! Darling! Nobody cares about the old groom in weddings! I'm the Main Squeeze. Read about me!

BILL: Oh—sorry, my sweet! I'll look again. Hmmm... "One feature of this Arrow Shirt, noted by Style Scouts, is the Arrow 'Mitoga' trade-mark meaning: 'shaped-to-your-shape.' Or, rather, to my—"

ANN: BILL! WAIT! STOP! This is no way to start the glide into Married Life

with ME! Now you read about me or I'll—

BILL: Darling, I grovel! I kiss your hem! I shall do your bidding at once! The bride... the bride—ah yes: "The bride, like every smart woman, knows all about the Sanforized label, in every Arrow Shirt. Knows it means: fabric shrinkage held to 1%! HEY! GIVE ME THAT PAPER!"

ANN: Hah! Just as I thought—you're barely mentioned! What makes you so mean, you big lug?



BILL: Aw, I dunno. You look so pretty when you're mad. Besides, a bride really should know about the Sanforized label—and—

ANN: Honest, honey, men are so quaint! I've been gifting my brothers with Arrow Shirts since I was twelve years old! Oh, darling...

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

\$325 • \$395 • \$475

HEARTLESS HARVEST

Continued from page 23

But what kind of a day is it for the people?

A sad day, Monsignor John O'Grady, of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, tells us. Monsignor O'Grady, together with the Reverend Hermann N. Morse of the Home Missions Council and Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein of the Synagogue Council of America, has made an inter-faith study of migrants and jointly condemned the "lack of decent housing," the "absence of health and educational facilities" in migrant camps.

"Migrant workers are the most depressed labor group in the United States," these religious leaders asserted, and they asked, "Can the people of the United States continue to maintain an agricultural economy that takes such a toll, that demands so much in human health and human life?"

In a migrant camp near Smyrna, New York, Harvey Clayton and his wife, Mary, were eating a dinner of scrambled eggs and beans when I came by.

"Hi, yo!" he called.

"Any work yet?"

"Boss says next week."

Clayton's "home," in the rich beanery of New York State, was a cubicle partitioned off in a cowshed. It was seven feet high at one end and sloped down to five feet at the other. The heavy timbers made it look like a cave. Harvey Clayton and his wife had a board platform to sleep on, covered with loose hay. There was another board platform in the dark back of the room where the Clayton children, Melanie, 14, Joe, 11, Jerome, 6 and Elizabeth, 3, had to sleep.

The Claytons were one of 26 Florida families in the camp. And they were fortunate because the cubicles in the cowshed were a good deal more commodious than what the others had. The stable, for instance. That had been boarded up into tiny cells. The floor was dirt, with some hay in one corner and some more hay on the rough wood sleeping platform.

Nobody in this camp had a bed. From nine-month-old Rebecca Dewitt to 74-year-old Corliss Jones they all slept on the raw planks and some brushed the hay aside and preferred the rough wood because the hay was full of lice and fleas.

The smell of dung filled the stable, though it was much milder in the cowshed and after you stayed in the Clayton family's room for ten minutes you got used to it. Some of the other families lived in tiny hen houses. When Abel Thompson crawled into his house, doubling over to get through the door, there was just room for him to take three steps alongside the plank platform where he and his wife, Jessica, slept. If he took another step he'd be treading on their

daughter, Grace, or tipping over the orange crate which was a crib for their new baby.

A preacher, the Reverend David Williams, engaged in welfare work among the migrants at near-by Poolville, New York, had come to this camp the day before the migrants arrived. He found a foreman shoveling dung out of the stable.

"You're not going to put human beings in there, are you?" the preacher asked.

"Who says we're not?"

"Why, man, your whole camp is nothing but animal houses. Not one of them is fit for human habitation!"

"Well, they come here, don't they? It must be good enough for them!"

The Reverend Mr. Williams, who had formerly worked among African natives, said to me, "I thought I left poverty behind in Africa. But here I find families living in stables and subsisting on corn bread. People do not live and eat like that even in Africa."

Two Families in a Boxcar

Out in Minnesota, the Hernandez family had come to work in the peas and the beets. I found them living on a farm near the town of Blue Earth—in a boxcar, partitioned in the middle, and another family lived in the other end. It was a beaten-up boxcar, had a leaky roof, peeling, splintery walls and it sagged to one side on the cross-ties beneath it.

Cesareo Hernandez, his wife and five children lived in the front end, and in the back end, which was so cluttered with cots and bunks in two layers that you could hardly walk through it, lived another couple with a grandmother and ten children, making twenty people in all in the boxcar.

It was raining when I pulled into an asparagus camp near Rochelle, Illinois, and I welcomed the shelter of an old clapboard house not far from the highway. As I approached the sagging porch, I had to sidestep quickly. A young woman giggled from a second-story window. "I'm sorry," she said. "I did not mean to throw the garbage on you!"

It wasn't really garbage. It was slop water and all the women threw it out of windows. When you have eleven families in a ten-room house the niceties of waste disposal are often overlooked.

It seemed the house bulged a little when I stepped inside. It already had 58 people, and they slithered in and out of the doorways, the stairways and the landings like worms in a chunk of wood.

Mrs. Maria Herrera was baking *torillas* on a wood-burning stove.

"Your stove is smoking."

"Ha, ha. You call that smoking," she

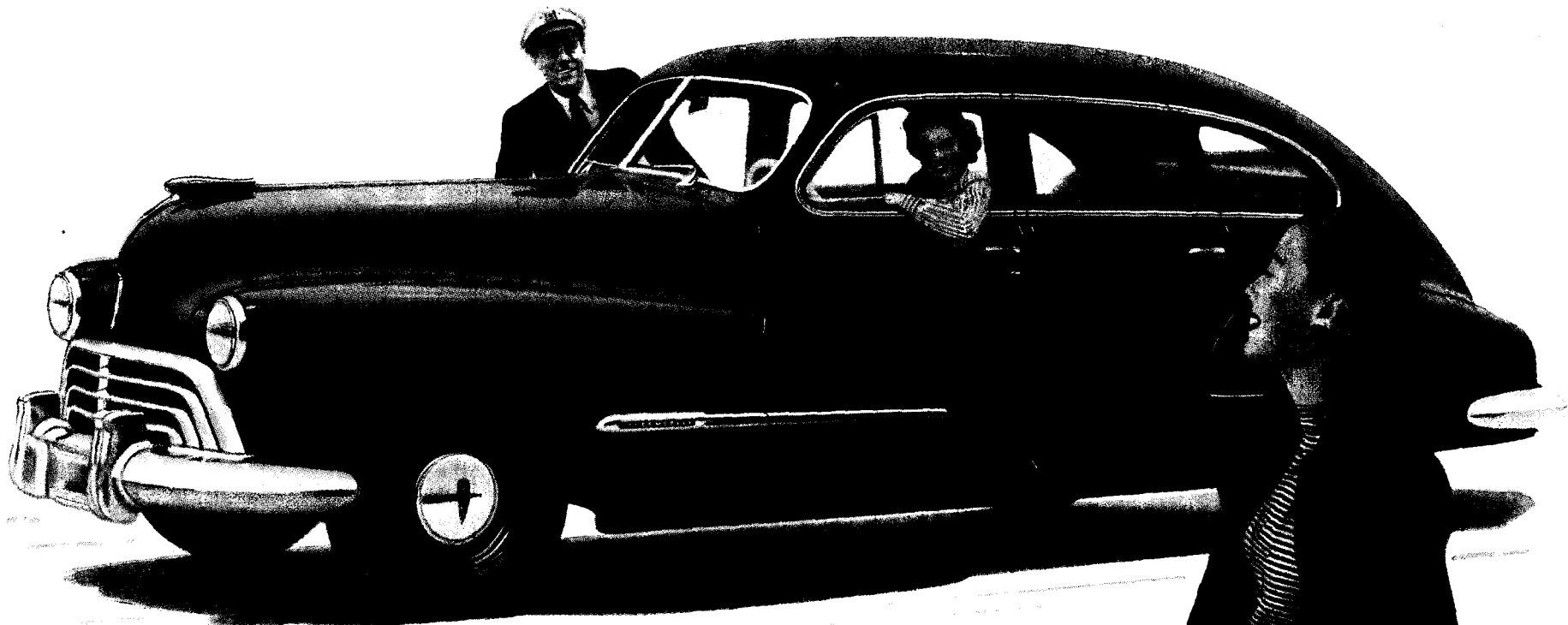


COLLIER'S

"She's a sweet old thing, isn't she?"

PERRY BARLOW

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Smart
to own
an Olds



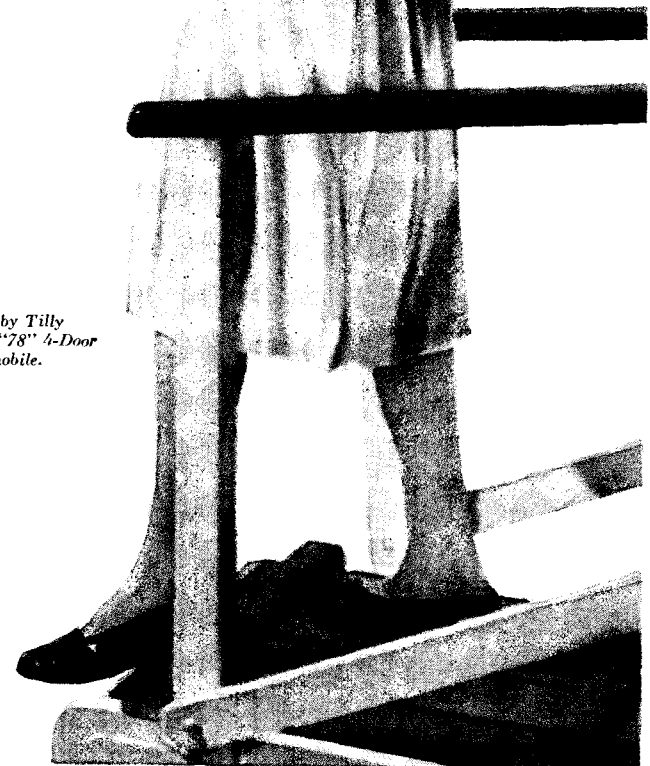
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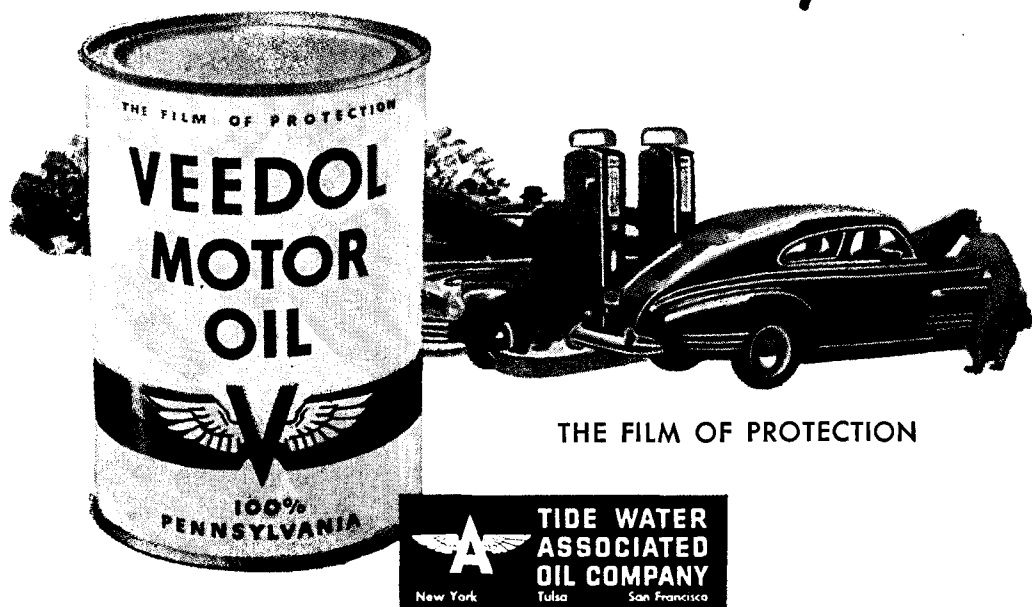




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That adds up to a high standard of protection against costly bearing and piston trouble, against ring sticking and excessive wear. When your motor runs **CLEANER**, why it's bound to run **SMOOTHER**!

So drive in where you see the Veedol sign and get the motor oil that gives you *both*: a "fighting film of protection" from Bradford, Pennsylvania, crude . . . and the new, new "CLEAN-SMOOTH" treatment for your motor.

replied. "You should see when comes suppertime and everybody is cooking at once."

Yes, at suppertime it was worse. Eleven stoves belched into two chimneys and the whole house poured out odors and smoke. What a pyre in case a spark got loose! Luis Perez worried more about that than the others did because his family was in a corner on the top floor. He and his wife, Lupe, took turns staying up at night when the children slept. With no fire escapes, no running water, and only the slop buckets to quench a flame—as Luis Perez pointed out, "Someone is wise to stand guard."

At a big cannery camp outside of Hoopston, Illinois, I found 26 families living in a warehouse, an immense warehouse with a tar-paper roof.

"Nice big house, eh?" laughed Pedro Rodriquez. He was one of several hundred asparagus cutters in the camp. We walked inside. The Rodriquez family, like the other 25 families, had a cubicle 15 feet square fenced in with wire mesh like a chicken coop. Blankets and burlap were slung over the wire mesh to give each family privacy, though the partitions stood only eight feet high. If you were that sort of person, you wouldn't have much trouble looking down into your neighbor's house.

Pedro Rodriquez peered down the aisle toward the door.

"A lil hazy, huh?" he grinned. Yes, it was. I could just about see the light coming in at the other end, even though it was mid-afternoon. There was no floor and in the aisle and in the cubicles where the families lived there was only gravel and dirt, so that when anyone stirred his foot a dust cloud rose up. With 26 families, there was a good deal of stirring of feet, which made a great swirl of dust. At night the dust settled after a few hours, but some of it settled into the lungs of the sleeping people.

"What makes it bad for sleeping is the children," Pedro commented. "You cannot keep them quiet. They are coughing all night long."

With 26 families in the place there wasn't a single window.

Such living conditions are duplicated in the houses made of tree limbs and gunny sacks in the Imperial Valley of California, the crumbling adobe hovels of the Arkansas Valley in Colorado, the houses in Minnesota with roofs so leaky that families must flee to their jalopies when it rains, or with such noisy rats that boys like José Alvarez cannot sleep.

Look at the families in Illinois living in the cramped backs of two-and-a-half-ton

trucks, the floorless tents in Michigan, the barns and the stables of New York, the corrugated metal shacks in Florida, which blaze like ovens in the sun.

Some migrants have their own jalopies. Some even have pretty good cars, bought with gravy from the \$150-a-week era of the war plants or with discharge money from the Army. A few make their own deals with the farmers and work free lance. Some are recruited by agents of the canneries. But the great bulk of American migrants work for crew leaders like Joe the Boss, sometimes called "row bosses" or "padrones."

The Ways of the Crew Leader

The Reverend Ellis Marshburn, Middle West supervisor for the Home Missions Council and one of the nation's keenest students of the migrant problem, says, "The crew leader's business is done in his hat, so nobody knows just what angles he is playing. It is common for him to make the migrant work out his transportation, and then make the farmer pay for it, too. Of course, neither knows that the other is paying."

"A crew leader lives off cuts. The slick operator will take a double cut on transportation, a cut per head for every worker he brings, a cut for the use of his trucks on the farm, and a cut out of the hourly pay or the piece work of his crew."

"He usually runs a grocery store or commissary, and sells to the migrants on credit. Many of these people can't even read the slips they have to sign. They just put their 'X' at the bottom."

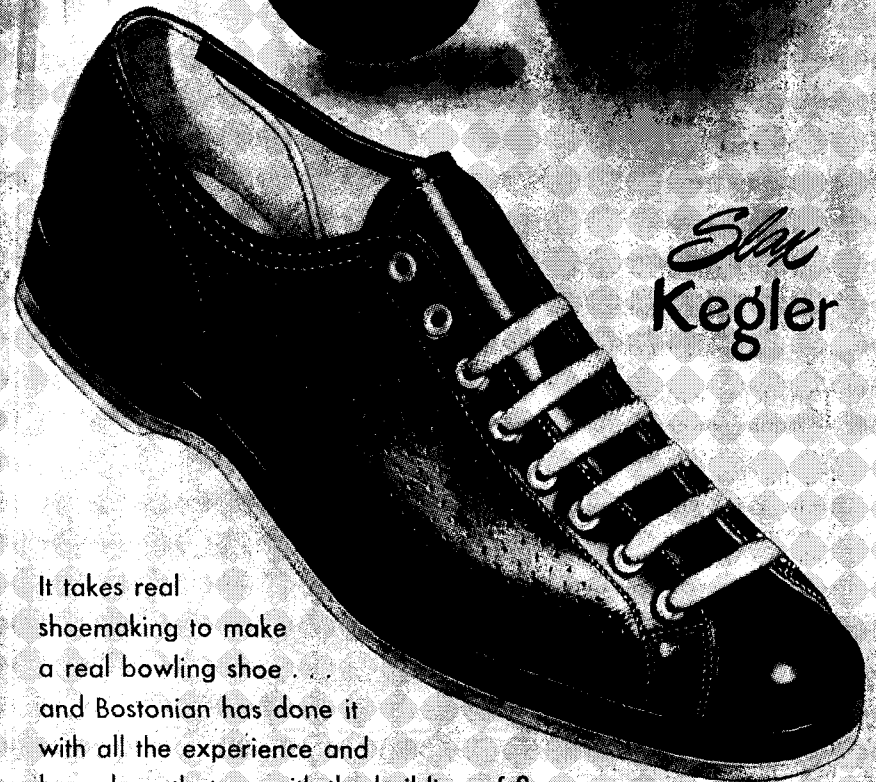
There are, of course, legitimate crew leaders in the business. Some have led the same crews year after year and some migrants are quite attached to "the boss." But, as the Reverend Marshburn pointed out, "The system is basically rotten. For every 'good' crew leader I have found, I've found dozens who take advantage of the migrant—and of the farmer, too."

It is a good paying business, though. In Chenango County, New York, where migrants were getting 60 cents a bushel for harvesting snap beans, I found the crew leaders taking 10 cents for every bushel their workers brought in. With a crew of 200, as many of them had, their personal earnings in one day equaled the earnings of 40 migrants.

Former State Senator John G. Sholl, who heads New Jersey's migrant labor program, told me, "The crew leader has still another angle—sometimes he will swing a card game on pay day and clean out his entire crew." The Consumers League of New York went into this angle

in shoemaking
as in bowling

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does it!*



*Slax
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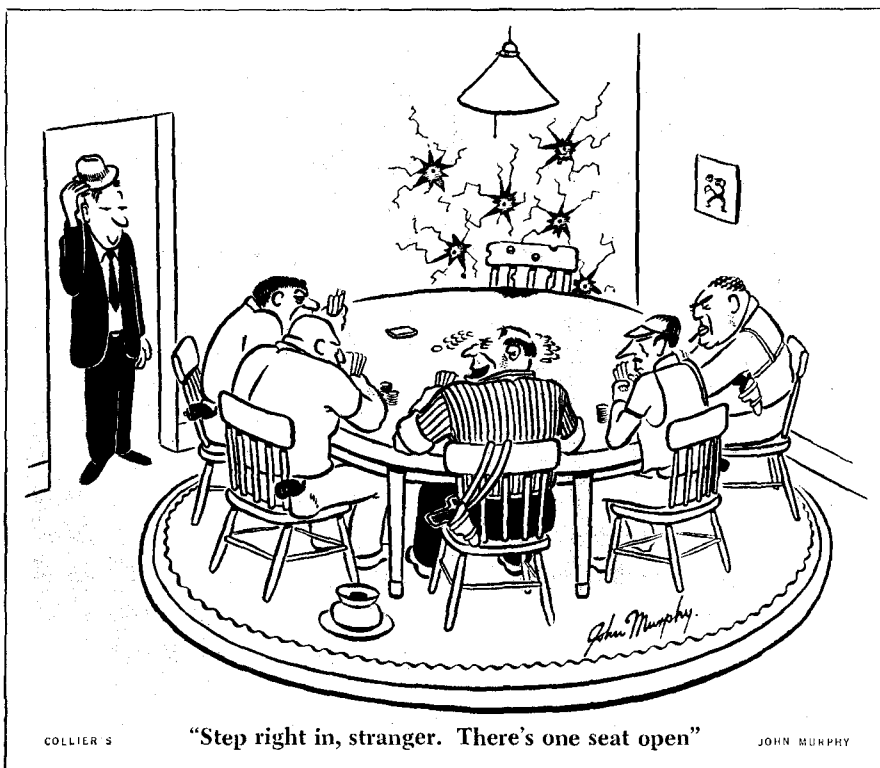
It takes real shoemaking to make a real bowling shoe . . . and Bostonian has done it with all the experience and know-how that go with the building of fine Bostonians. Do they fit? Mister, these shoes come in a full range of sizes and widths. Do you want comfort? They're made of pliant leathers and regulation spring wedge heels. Stamina? They're built for punishment and plenty of it. That's a bowling shoe as it should be made . . . and Bostonian has it. \$8.95

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"Step right in, stranger. There's one seat open"

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in a recent survey, reporting "a particularly vicious contractor system" in which "the padrone makes a substantial income from gambling, authorizes the running of a 'house game' and commands a high percentage of 'the take.'"

In Berrien County, Michigan, the crew leaders ran such flagrant dens a few seasons back that the Berrien County Council of Churches stepped in and got the county sheriff to close them. After taking advantage of the migrants every which way, this was the crew leader's last resort. With gambling, liquor—and women, sometimes—he'd try to drain off the last penny the migrants might have saved. This way he could keep them continually 'mortgaged' so they didn't dare leave the crew.

Some crew leaders, called "contractors," make a deal with a big grower to round up so many migrants and deliver them to the fields at so much a head. In the Mississippi Valley I met contractors who collected \$20 a head for every worker they brought to the truck farms. A contractor might submit to a little hijacking, too, if the price was right. On his way up from Alabama, if a farmer stopped his truck and had a fistful of money the contractor might let him look over his crew and pick out half a dozen head that looked good. The trouble is that if he picked out a strong-looking father and didn't take his wife and kids the contractor would have hell to pay, because the wife and kids would be whimpering all the rest of the journey.

Waiting Causes Many Hardships

Fenton Hurley, with his wife, Naomi, and their six children, came up the east coast with a crew leader and there were many things he could not understand.

"We're always early birds," he said. "But we don't get no worm."

They had gone to the potato fields in North Carolina but they were three weeks ahead of the harvest, so they sat on their hands and used up their money until, when the work came, they made just enough to pay back the crew leader for their credit at the commissary and they were broke again when he loaded them up for New York.

"Now we been in New York two weeks and nothin' doin'," Fenton Hurley continued. "The boss said we would find all the beans we can pick. We would get half a dollar for a bushel and make 10 or 15 dollars a day, he said. I don't see anything like that."

So the Hurley family was in debt at the

commissary again, maybe \$30 or \$40. And after the crew boss deducted for transportation it was going to take plenty of bean picking to square things up.

Some of the younger men in the crew, including some veterans, took even a dimmer view. One said angrily, "I been wantin' to get out of here since the first day we hit North Carolina."

"Now take it easy," said Fenton Hurley. "The work's a-comin'."

"Yeah, it's a-comin'," the younger man continued. "But I don't see no sense to pilin' up your debts and then workin' your head off to get out from under."

"Man, I'd get out of here right now if I could," said another. "Trouble is the boss has already got me on the hook for \$20 and I ain't got a cent."

The crew leader was in his commissary smoking a cigar. We had a discussion and he put it this way, "I try to take good care of my people. The way I see it is this: Who's going to feed them if I don't feed them on credit? I get them the jobs. I bring them up here on credit when they're broke. Who's going to give them credit if I don't?"

He said in a lower voice, "Too much money isn't good for these people. Some of them would go out and get drunk on it. This way, I give them credit and they stick with the crew."

Why do the crew leaders bring migrants in ahead of the crops? Why do they keep them waiting around idle, going broke?

"It's this way," a crew leader at King Ferry, New York, told me. "Crops depend on the weather, and the weather comes and goes as it pleases. If I get a crew lined up and tell 'em we leave on a certain day, I got to leave on that day. If bad weather stalls the crop off for a couple of weeks, that don't make no matter to me. 'Less I leave on the day I say I'm leavin', my crew is goin' to up and shove north with somebody else."

Farmers agree there's a good reason for having the harvest help in the fields early. They come from long distances and you can't cut the time margin too thin or your crop may ripen before the hands arrive and you may lose your shirt.

It was with this in mind that the Mexican, Jamaican and Bahamian governments insisted that their 250,000 nationals imported by the United States for farm work during the war be paid for a minimum of three fourths of their working time, rain or shine, good crop or bad. No such provision ever has been made for our American migrants.

(The concluding article of this series will appear next week.)

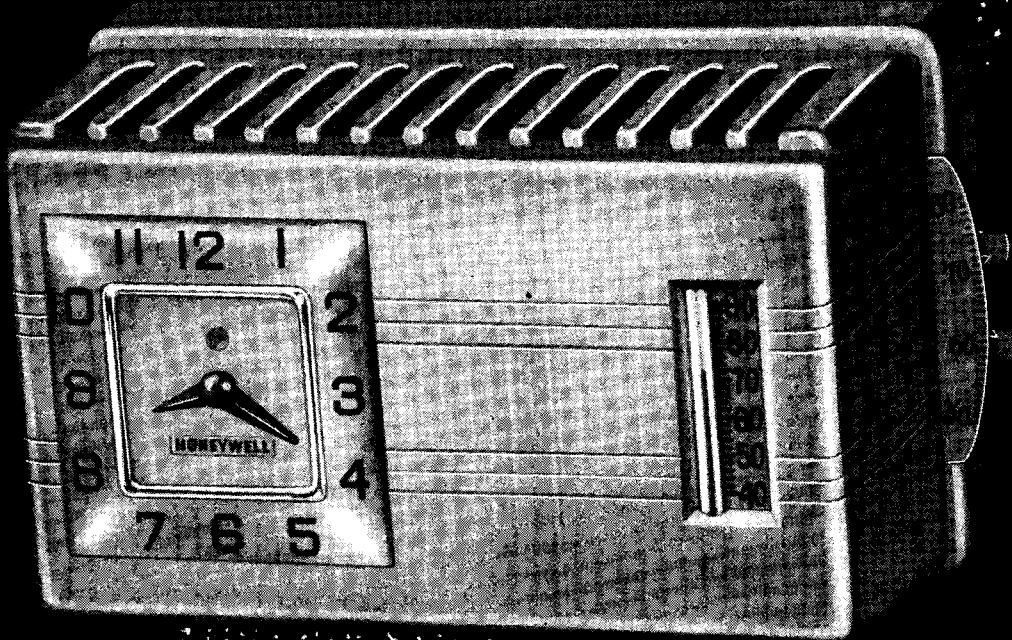


"Yes, she does stand out—but I hadn't thought of her as a sore thumb!"

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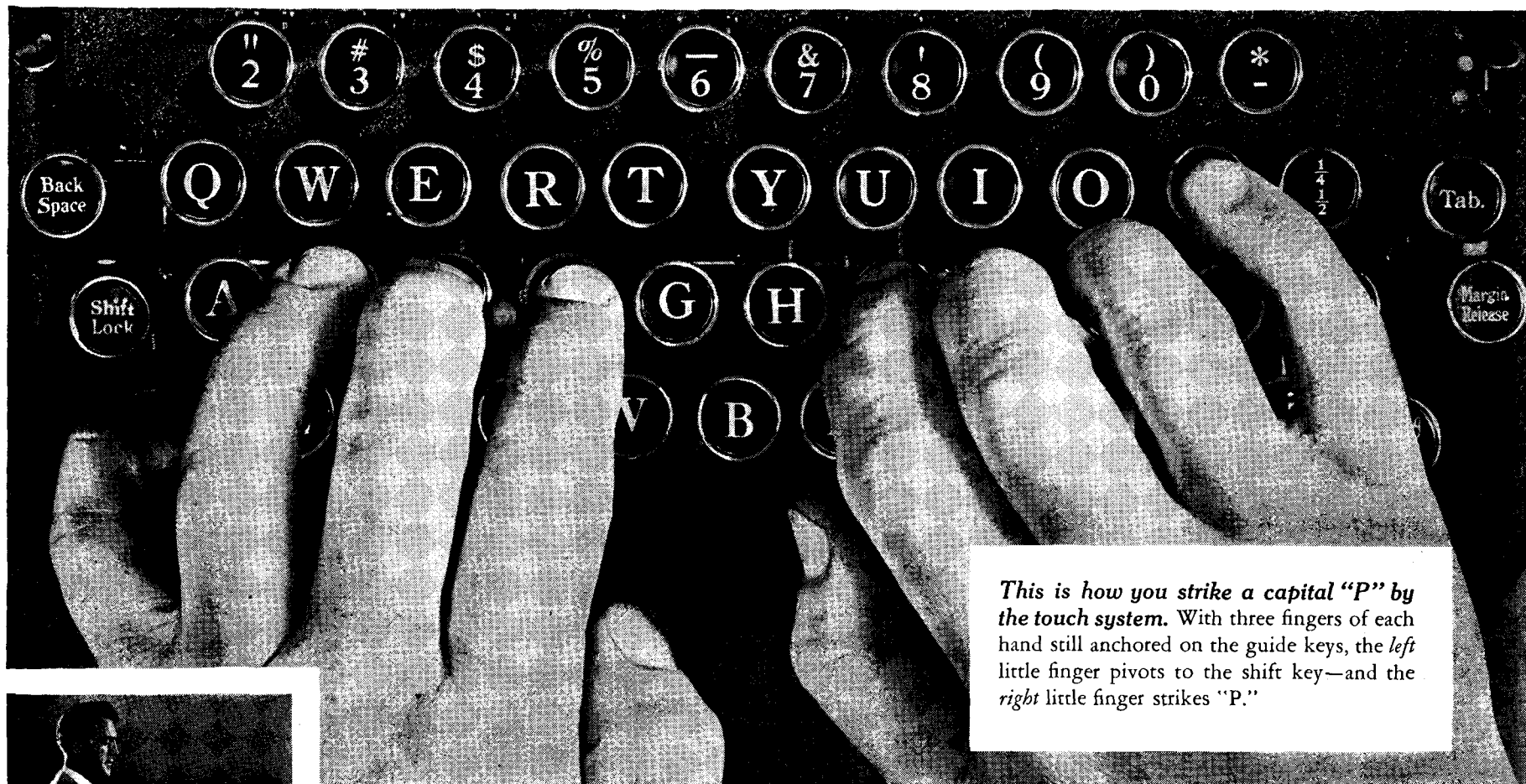
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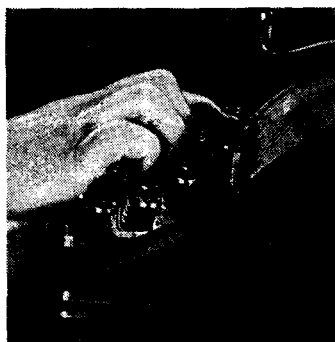
This is how you strike a capital "P" by the touch system. With three fingers of each hand still anchored on the guide keys, the left little finger pivots to the shift key—and the right little finger strikes "P."



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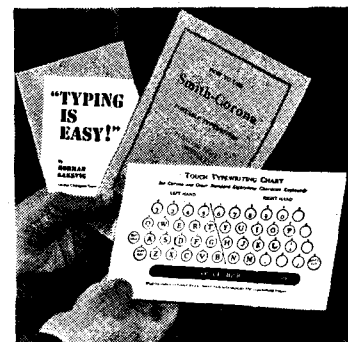
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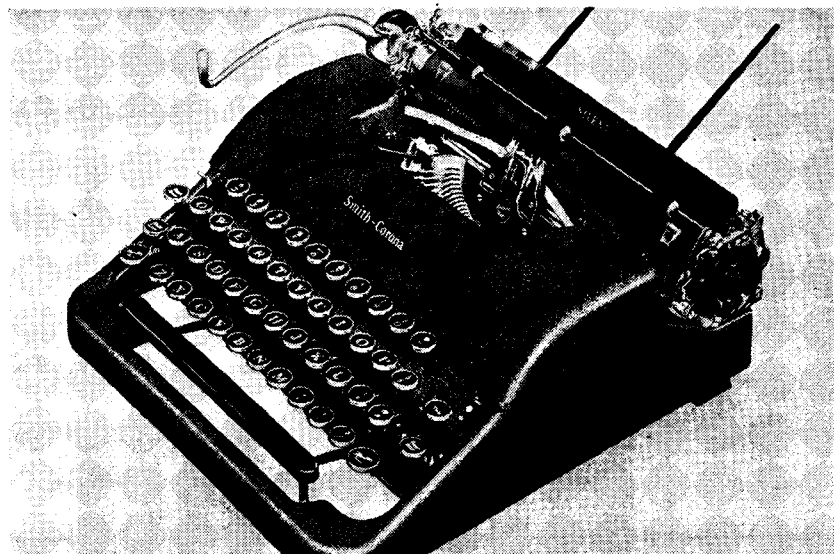
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RED SHADOW OVER THE PACIFIC

Continued from page 26

and reigns. His is the final word although naturally both the American government and the Far Eastern Commission could overrule his decisions. Up to this writing he has had great success in dealing with the Tokyo representatives of the conquering nations, largely because he has had both force and brains.

Difficulties have arisen not only with the Russians, who maintain a strict party line of opposition on all issues, but also with the Australians who fear Japanese recovery. Nobody, however, sees any more clearly than General MacArthur the necessity for Japanese recovery.

In the four main islands only 16 per cent of the land can be tilled. The rest is mountainous or sterile. Even so, until the war lords got in command, this 16 per cent of the land supplied 85 per cent of the food consumed by Japanese. Remember also that Japan is about the size of California. Korea, Formosa and Manchuria formerly supplied the necessary imported food—about 3,000,000 metric tons a year. This fed a population guessed to be 70,000,000. With the repatriated Japanese from various lands, the population is now estimated at 78,000,000. Thus, less food has to keep alive more people.

Minimum Subsistence Standards

The Japanese are smaller than Americans. So the doctors figure that on size and weight they can get along with about 82.5 per cent of the food an American needs. The food requirement just to keep alive for Japanese women is 1,285 calories and for men, 1,470 calories. For a Japanese to do light work 2,150 calories are needed. You can't make a man work on an empty stomach, so, for the most material of all motives, food has to be found for the Japanese.

Not all of our allies agree with General MacArthur on this. Some have indicated a willingness to risk mass starvation. The Japanese work incredibly long hours to grow food. I have seen men and women working straight through the daylight hours in the rice paddies, during constant heavy rainfall.

The Japanese government, advised in every department by the occupation, has plowed up all but 10 of the 90 golf courses in the empire. Fields have been terraced even higher on the mountainsides. Whatever human effort can do is being done to increase food production.

One handicap is the lack of fertilizer. Night soil—human manure—is what they use most at present. That is the reason the vegetables eaten by Americans are raised at a hydroponics farm near the ancient city of Kyoto. American doctors thought the soil too thoroughly infected to risk allowing Americans to eat fresh

vegetables. The Japanese mill about 95 per cent of the grain raised. This contrasts with the American practice of using 75 to 80 per cent of the whole grain. Consequently there is no white flour in Japan. Fish is a great part of the Japanese diet and fish is scarce because of the shortage of fuel for the fishing boats. So the occupation is trying to find ways of increasing the fish harvest. That is why General MacArthur had trouble with the Australians over a Japanese whaling expedition.

Farmers and fishermen and everybody else concerned with the food supply are regulated and controlled to the utmost to assure a fair division of what food there is. Farmers are allowed to retain 1,962 calories per adult from their own crops to feed their families. This is a smaller ration than has been found practicable in Germany or anywhere else. By a system of incentives—giving the farmer some scarce item he needs for his rice—remarkable success has been obtained.

Naturally a black market in food exists. Last year about a quarter of the rice went through the black market. This was chiefly private barter between farmers and people from the cities who had something to trade. A city family might trade a kimono for rice. I saw in Kyoto, women from the tenements with heavy sacks of potatoes on their backs. My interpreter told me that they were probably returning from the country with food they had gotten from farmers by direct barter. The black market happily has not affected the honor of the American Army up to now. Last summer 700,000 tons of food were imported and only 49 tons were lost by stealing.

This summer the farmers were delivering 104 per cent of the quotas of grain assigned to them. The system of rewards was evidently working. Nevertheless nearly every Japanese is hungry. I was told that anybody would work for food alone if full meals were promised.

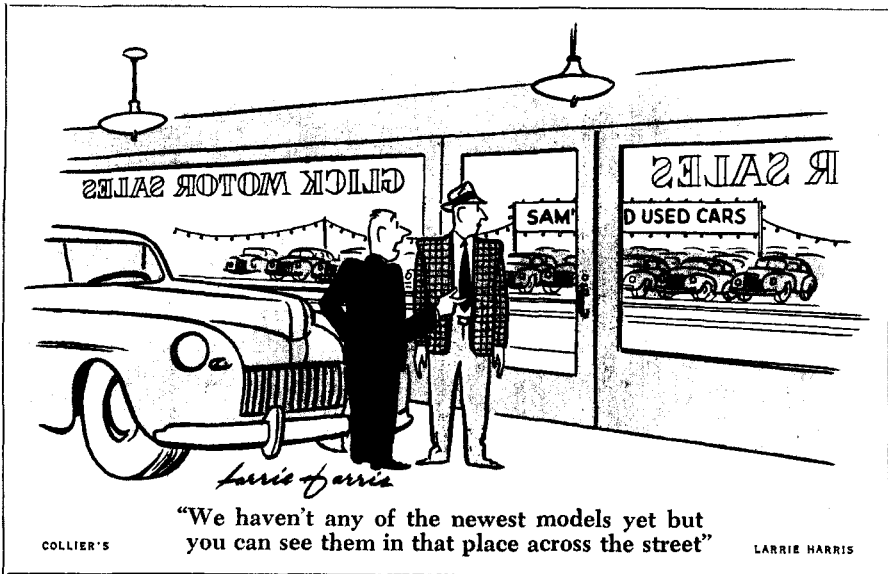
In Japan no food is unrationed. The staple foods—rice, wheat and barley—make up 1,240 calories; fish, soybeans and other occasional foods add another 110 calories to make a theoretical 1,350 calories. This is less than half of what an average American eats. Even so, about five days a month, in the cities no ration at all is issued. In July, this year, the accumulated deficit of rations was 10 days in Kyoto, I was told.

This food shortage is basic to everything else. General MacArthur has approved schemes to provide more food for such groups as miners who do heavy labor. Scarcity of coal is responsible for many of the other deficiencies in Japanese life. One trouble is that the Japanese war machine recklessly exhausted the



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nation's coal deposits, which were rather poor at best. Moreover, during the war the Japanese used Koreans and war prisoners including, I was told, some Americans, to dig most of their coal. Now when ill-fed Japanese miners come back to somewhat impoverished coal veins the pickings are none too good and the supply is very short.

The problem that General MacArthur and his occupation face is to find ways of increasing Japanese production so that they can pay for their own food and not have to rely upon American or any other charity to fend off slow starvation. That is a hard nut to crack. The destruction of Japanese cities was thorough.

In Tokyo 65 per cent of the residences were burned or otherwise destroyed. There was no building during the war. The best houses and the few surviving hotels were requisitioned for the occupation. Even the Emperor's principal palace was burned down in one of the great fires that swept Tokyo. It was not deliberately bombed. Neither was the old capital and holy city, Kyoto, which is not far from Osaka, the manufacturing center, and Kobe, the great port. Rumor in Japan is that Kyoto was on the list of cities to be destroyed by the atomic bomb but that President Truman struck it from the list because of its historic and religious character.

Not much criticism of the occupation is heard. The chief criticism centers around some of the theoretic economists termed by their critics as fugitives from the OPA. There is a slight aroma of the Washington gang of economists and sociologists about their conversations.

Businessmen Blame Red Tape

The generals don't appear to object, but some businessmen think that Japan could come back more quickly if the occupation red tape that controls foreign trade were removed. It is only fair to remember that foreign trade waits on the peace treaty, the making of which is definitely not the responsibility of the economists from Harvard and Columbia.

You cannot travel about Japan without finding mounting evidence that Japan's defeat was complete. Hiroshima, where perhaps 100,000 people were killed, is a horrible example, but only an example. Weeds and an occasional garden patch grow now in the very center of bomb destruction. I observed and photographed squash and tomatoes flowering and fruiting on the ground where two years ago the dreadful experiment in atomic fission was undertaken.

As we walked around observing the destruction which superficially now resembles what was done to Essen and the Rhine Valley cities, Major General Clovis E. Byers, Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger's chief of staff, remarked that the bridge of the river had survived. Fantastic things were done to

the bridges but 10 seconds after the bomb fell it would have been physically possible for the bridges to sustain the weight of a train of military trucks and tractors. The machinery might have been affected by radioactivity, but the bridges stood ready for traffic. They still stand, showing weird shadows on stone, the queer displacement and oddly illogical survival here and destruction there. So with the people.

A few of those who were injured and survived—ten, I was told—have the keloid scars from their atomic injuries. Otherwise Hiroshima is just another destroyed city populated by people who are trying to build something from nothing and who are strangely friendly to Americans who were the agents in the colossal catastrophe that befell them.

South of Hiroshima in the buildings of the old Imperial Japanese Naval Academy is the headquarters of Lieutenant General H. C. H. Robertson, the Australian commander of the British Empire Forces and General MacArthur's deputy in the occupation. A big, red-headed athlete who wears decorations for the highest valor, General Robertson stands with General MacArthur on guard over an empire irretrievably fallen. So far as it is possible to discern, there is no will in the Japanese people to revolt, to rise, to seek revenge for their defeat.

If they were persuaded they could successfully rise against their conquerors, possibly they might try, but they know they cannot—certainly not within the lifetime of any who might attempt to lead such an adventure. So they wait for the decisions of those conquerors who are to make the peace.

The occupation headed by General MacArthur parallels their own government and acts as adviser to it in all its relevant branches. The Japanese copy our institutions even to having labor organizations in general similar to our A.F. of L. and C.I.O. So great is the Japanese zeal to democratize industry after the American pattern that one of the reporters at Osaka asked us if we thought Japanese labor policy would be modified in the light of the Taft-Hartley Bill.

But overshadowing the occupation is the cloud of Russian intentions and Russian ambitions. Russian behavior in Japan is not conciliatory. Russian behavior in Korea falls just short of aggressive war. What we do, what we can do about Japan with safety to our own country depends upon whether or not Russia is determined to fight the United States and so, if victorious, master the world. The best military judgment is that Russia is not yet ready to perpetrate its own Pearl Harbor. Some say ten, maybe fifteen, years will elapse before Russia is ready. Meantime life must go on. The occupation would like to wind up in Japan. But for fear of Russian intentions the occupation could wind up in Japan very soon.

THE END



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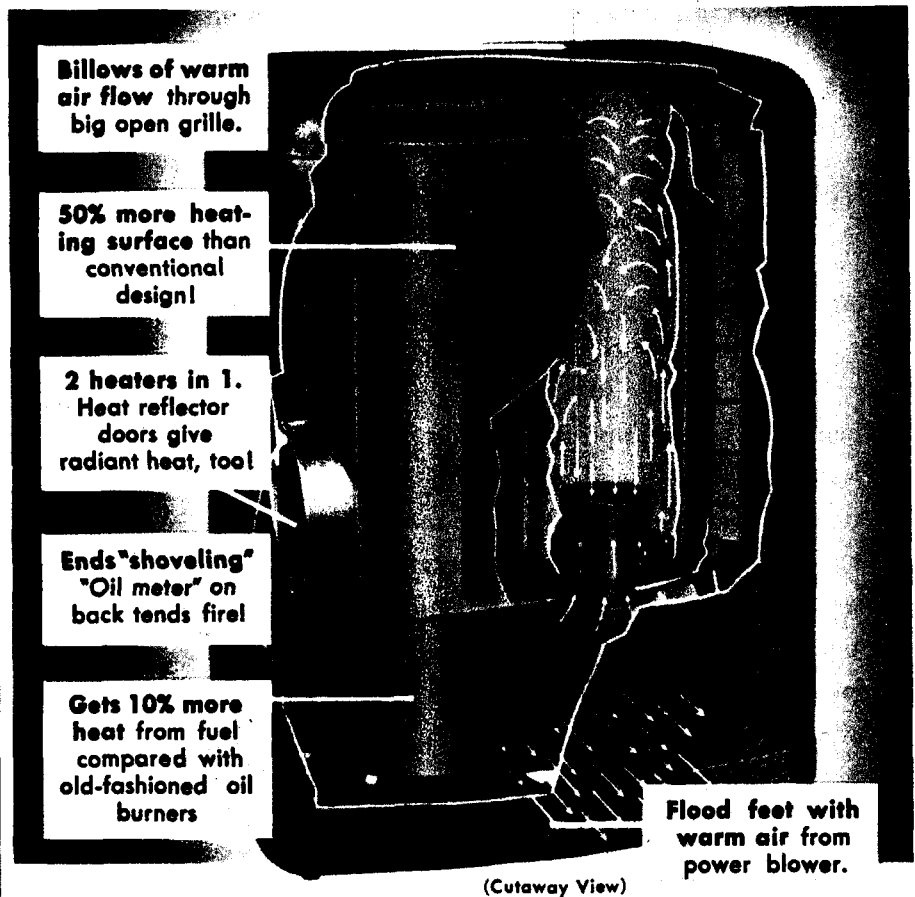
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GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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The sausage with the
Just-right  *Seasoning!*



PUNCH LINES BY SULLENS

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

The story of Fred Sullens, the fighting Mississippi editor, who for 50 years has slugged it out with words and fists

EVERY evening in Jackson, Mississippi, a bushy-browed graying man with a rotund shape and a sharp face sits down before a typewriter and pecks out a column for the Jackson Daily News, of which he is editor and part owner. The column is called The Low-down on the Higher-ups, by Frederick Sullens.

Aside from the fact that he begins work by taking off his shirt, and generally ends up stark naked, probably the most remarkable thing about this man Sullens is that he is still alive.

There are two things Mississippians do when they pick up the News, the state's most influential paper. First, they take a quick gander at the price of cotton; then they plunge into Sullens' front-page column. After which they are likely to laugh themselves sick or set out to get Sullens with a gun.

Sullens' column items are a combination of the humorous and the defiant insult of a man whose boiling point is lower than Westbrook Pegler's. Sometimes they will be solely humorous, like the one complaining that the man who sold his wife for \$500 was violating the price ceiling. But the perfect Sullens item is a combination of wit and deadly personal insult.

The following item published years

ago probably best exemplifies the tenor of his column:

"Jim So-and-So (naming a prominent state official) came to my office today. I beat hell out of him, his son, and his dog. If anybody else is looking for trouble, he'll find a well-preserved man in his middle fifties well able to take care of himself."

He meant it too. For years a session of the Mississippi legislature was not considered officially open until Fred Sullens had had a fist fight with one of its members, preferably on the floor. To quote Sullens: "I counted the day lost when I didn't have a fist fight or at least the threat of one."

He is scarred from head to toe from his many battles. The count on the number of times he has been threatened with shooting has been lost. Only seven years ago he and Governor Paul B. Johnson rolled all over the lobby of a downtown Jackson hotel using each other as punching bags.

His ability to survive ruckuses has given rise to the legend among his enemies, who include Mississippi's two ranting legislators, Senator Theodore G. Bilbo and Congressman John Rankin, that "nothing will kill the old buzzard." When Bilbo was elected governor for the first time, Sullens, who had bitterly op-

posed him, observed: "It's time to take the eagle off the capitol dome and put up a buzzard."

Because his column is devoted almost exclusively to Mississippi affairs, the average American outside the state has never heard of him. (Inside, the complaint goes, nothing can be heard but him.) But Sullens, now seventy, is probably one of the last of America's old-fashioned, rip-roaring, personal, fighting editors, ready to back up his words with his fists.

Though his columns have become noticeably gentler in the last year, for nearly fifty years Sullens has been the yeast in the half-baked political bread of a state beset by sectionalism, a one-crop economy, demagogues, Populism, an enormous racial problem, slow industrialization, widespread poverty, illiteracy, a rich cotton "aristocracy," and a crop of comic-opera politicians that can hardly be equaled anywhere.

His First Look at Jackson

Yet Sullens' presence in Ole Miss is almost accidental. In fact, after he got a look at it, he tried to escape. He was a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, when he got an offer to work for the Jackson Clarion-Ledger. He accepted though he knew nothing more about Jackson than that it was the state capital.

Consequently, he was amazed to find a straggling little country town of 5,000 with no paved streets, no sewage system, and apparently completely dominated by mule teams. Its few buildings, including the state capitol itself, were shabby. After a quick, shocked walk around the town Sullens started running for the train back to St. Louis. He missed it, and he and Mississippi have been married ever since.

Sullens landed, he says, "fighting." For one thing, "news was suppressed at every turn. Anybody who was the least bit prominent could have a story suppressed and that simply didn't go down with me." For another, he was regarded as "a dam-yankee"—for while he had been born in Missouri, he was the son of a Union soldier. Worse yet, he was named Frederick in honor of General U. S. Grant's son, whom his father had cared for during the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Sullens and another young reporter were the entire editorial staff of the Clarion-Ledger and wrote everything from editorials and dramatic criticism to want ads. To supplement their meager \$15-a-week salaries, they were correspondents for papers in New Orleans, Memphis, Chicago and New York. Sullens was also correspondent of the then new Associated Press.

For three successive years, 1897-8-9, a yellow fever epidemic threatened Jackson, and the doctors ordered the city evacuated. Sullens refused to desert his post. "I remember," he says, "standing by the old state capitol and watching them go, first by the hundreds, then by the thousands, fleeing into the countryside. They were on foot, in buggies, surreys, wagons, on horseback and on mules. Finally the city was empty of everyone except me and a few stray dogs."

The third time this happened some people refused to leave the city and that

(Continued on page 81)



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WAR BRIDE

Continued from page 13

thinking of them; she was thinking of Oberst Erik Stalman, who had given them to her.

In many ways he was the greatest man she had ever known. Where she had beauty, he had power. Where she had talent he had genius. It was he who had perfected the humane method of eliminating undesirables by means of the Stalman *Gasverteiler*, which looked like nothing but an ordinary shower bath. Instead of water the shower spouted forth chlorine gas. Erik was a very great chemist, and Anna always had a profound respect for his mind. He had first installed the Stalman *Gasverteiler* at Auschwitz. Other forms of so-called gas chambers immediately became obsolete. In one day the gas showers at Auschwitz had eliminated ten thousand undesirables and, as Stalman pointed out to Anna, it took very little manpower to operate the *Verteiler*, which had been given his name. Because she admired Erik so much, she became interested in the process which had earned him such high acclaim and high decorations. She once asked him why he used chlorine instead of some other gas.

"Look in your English dictionary," he had said, with a laugh.

She looked up the word "chlorine," and read that it was an agent which "had an immediate and disastrous effect on all forms of low organic life."

"These undesirables whom we are forced to eliminate," Erik had told her, smiling, "are most certainly the lowest of all forms of organic life. So—chlorine."

She picked up the earrings. Erik had sent them to her from Auschwitz. It was seldom, he wrote, that the undesirables brought anything to the camp but their own miserable bodies, but he had found these earrings hidden on the body of one of the undesirables, one of a group which had come from Budapest. The craftsmanship was exquisite, he thought; he wasn't sure, but an expert who had appraised them for him suggested that they might have been made by Cellini or one of his pupils, and the creature from whom they had been removed had been a woman of some means and—he admitted generously—culture, of a sort. Reluctantly she rewrapped the earrings and dropped the package into the bag. They

would make a nice gift for her future mother-in-law.

She stood up and sighed. Hans Trenker was dead and the General was dead and Erik had been hanged. All dead but the American colonel, and she never expected to see him again. Her heart gave a quick leap when she thought of Colonel Ralph Furey. He was a dark, lean man with cynical eyes and unruly black hair. Anna had fled from Berlin long before the end. She had left her real name, Anna Dietrich, there in the rubble of Berlin, and she had left her dark, sleek personality there too. She actually did have a distant relative, an elderly married cousin, in Bavaria, and it was at his farm that she sought refuge. She had dyed her hair and had assumed the looks and character of blond Anna Gerhart. Colonel Ralph Furey had been put in charge of the district. All civilians were required to register at his headquarters. Colonel Furey watched her while she was being interrogated by one of his aides.

"Perhaps you can be useful," he had speculated, looking at her narrowly. "I need an interpreter. Report this evening at six o'clock."

ANNA had become useful to the Colonel. He had requisitioned a fine estate as his personal headquarters, and Anna found servants for him; she found which wealthy landowners in the district had fine cellars, and then it was merely a matter of sending a truck to these homes and requisitioning the old champagnes and brandy that the cellars held. Sometimes after dinner the Colonel would sit drinking the brandy of Napoleon or the champagne of Rheims, and talking while Anna listened.

"You must get over your hatred for Americans, Anna," he said once to her. "It is absurd, like your loyalty to Germany. After all, Germany let you down rather badly. Don't feel, Anna. Just think. Always think and you will survive."

She sat on the arm of his chair and ran her fingers through his dark hair. "I don't hate all Americans," she said caressingly. "You know me very well, don't you?"

"Yes, little blond girl, I know you," he smiled. "You should study Goethe a lit-

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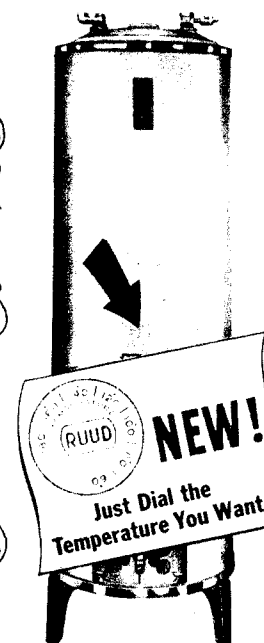
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tle, *liebchen*. He was very great, almost as great as Shakespeare. I am sure your esteemed father, the pastor, often spoke of Goethe?" He looked at her with mocking eyes.

Anna smiled and slid from the arm of the chair into his lap.

"Tell me about Goethe," she said, her lips brushing his ear.

"Goethe once said, '*Menschlich ist es bloss zu strafen, aber göttlich zu verzeihen*.' A nice sentiment, Anna. 'It is manlike to punish but godlike to forgive.'"

"You don't believe that for a moment," she laughed.

"Quite true." He leaned forward to refill his glass. "But remember the phrase. It is an attitude you would do well to develop. Might come in useful someday."

Anna nodded. The Colonel seldom talked idly. She never forgot anything he said. He reminded her more than a little of dear, dead Erik. The earrings she had kept were the only reminder she had of poor Erik.

"Anna," the Colonel had said to her another night, "you should go to my country. Germany will always be a country where men rule. In America women rule. You are very beautiful. Men will look at you and be drawn to you despite themselves. It will be as though they are looking into a clear pool and see something so irresistible there that they will have to pursue it, even if that means drowning in the pool. You have that quality—but it is wasted in Germany. Go to America, Anna."

"How?" she asked simply.

"Find a desirable G.I. and marry him. These young men of ours are very gullible, Anna. But be sure and pick a wealthy one."

"But marriages are forbidden now," Anna had reminded him.

"The rule is going to be relaxed soon. Perhaps the easiest way would be to get yourself engaged to a G.I. When he goes back to America he can send for you."

"But whom?" Anna asked simply. "How can I be sure to pick the right one?"

The Colonel picked up a batch of papers from his desk.

"I am returning home next week," he said to her.

"I hate to see you go," she said, quite honestly.

"I know that, Anna," he told her gravely. "I dislike leaving you, too, but I have a family at home and I am very fond of my family. You—well, you have your future to look out for. The colonel who is replacing me is a very dull, stupid

chap. I have recommended that he retain you as a civilian assistant. But I wouldn't bother with him, Anna. He is bringing a staff of men with him. I have their names and records here. As a matter of fact, I trained these men myself. There is one worthy of your attention. He is only a corporal, but don't be misled by that. He comes from a very wealthy American family. Here you are, Anna."

He tossed a paper over to her. It showed a picture of the corporal and gave his record. She winced a little as she read, and then caught the Colonel's cynical smile.

"I think you will be able to handle him, Anna," he said smilingly. "Look at that record—college graduate—Phi Beta Kappa—two years of combat—good decorations. But be careful. He is young and idealistic. He is smart. Phi Beta Kappa is an intellectual fraternity. You must use—what shall I say?—restraint."

"You mean I—"

"It is easier to say in German," the Colonel had smiled. "'*Gib nicht zu schnell nach*.' In English we would say, 'Play hard to get.' Be an innocent, sweet little Bavarian girl. It is a part you will have no trouble in playing. And now, Anna, let us forget the future and think of the present. There is, I think, another bottle of champagne on the ice."

COLONEL FUREY had finally left, and the young corporal arrived with the new Colonel. He took little notice of Anna at first, but one could no more ignore Anna than one could ignore the warm Bavarian sun or the soft spring nights.

Each man of the Colonel's staff had done his best to fraternize wholeheartedly with Anna, but she had proved unexpectedly invulnerable. The Colonel, a decent man who was religious himself, was delighted with Anna.

"She's a fine little girl," he told his staff. "Leave her alone. Colonel Furey told me her story before he left. Her father was a minister who was killed by the Nazis. She doesn't go around protesting loudly that she was never a Nazi, like the others do. She just does her work well and minds her own business. I won't have anyone bothering her."

Happily, the corporal's German wasn't too good, and Anna was able to help him out quite often. She suggested timidly that she would be glad to give him some German lessons, and he eagerly accepted. They became casual, then rather close friends. Soon they were "Anna" and "Ernest," but even Anna's imaginary ecclesiastical father would have found

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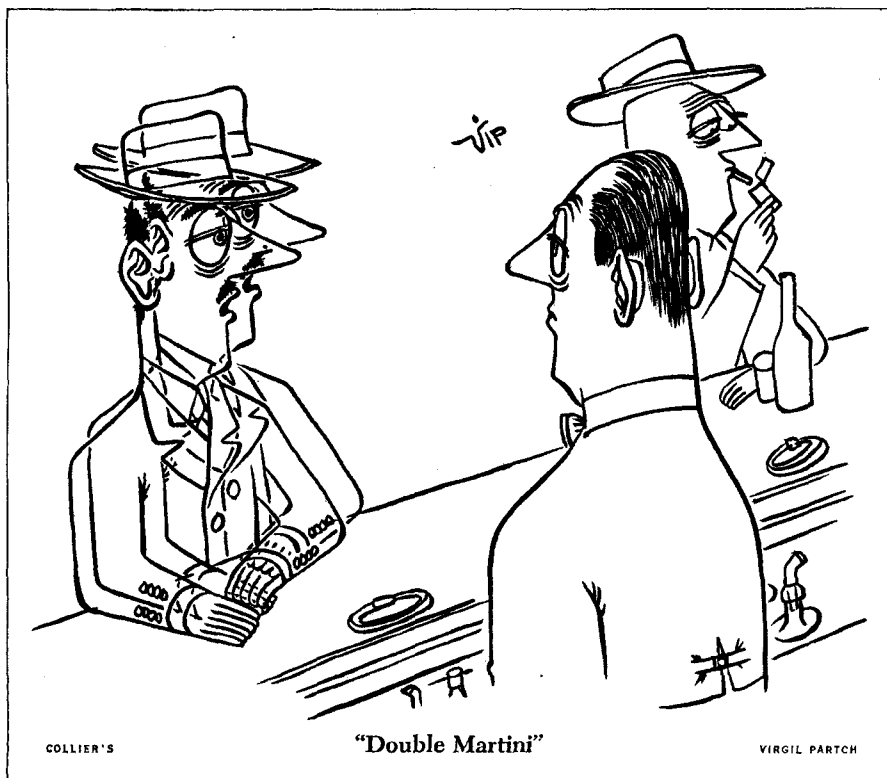
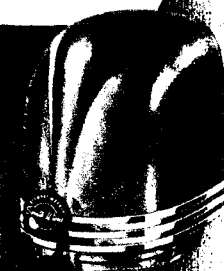
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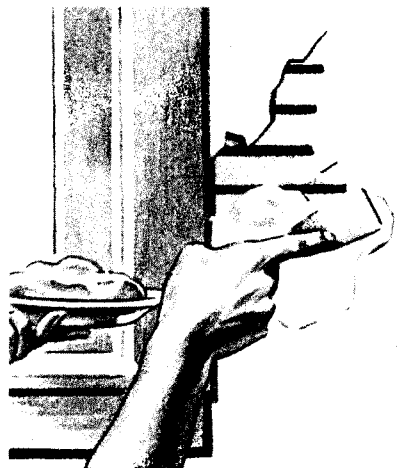
90

A luxury car heater that warms you up in 90 seconds. It's the only heater that warms you evenly. It's the only heater that keeps you warm. It's the only heater that's fresh air. It's the only heater that's easy to install. It's the only heater that's easy to use. It's the only heater that's easy to maintain. It's the only heater that's easy to buy. It's the only heater that's easy to love.



Collier's for September 13, 1947

Make these HOME REPAIRS before Winter



CRACKED WALLS

Cast an eagle eye over all walls and ceilings, and fill any cracks or holes with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water and apply with knife or trowel. Because Rutland is slower drying, it is much easier to use. Makes a smooth, firm patch that does not shrink, crack or fall out.



BROKEN CONCRETE

Holes in cement floors, walks, etc. are difficult to repair, as usual cement mixtures do not stick to the old surface. To make the job simple and sure, use Rutland Concrete Patcher. This is a scientific mixture that anyone can use. It is ready mixed. Just add water and apply with trowel.



HOLES IN ROOF

These frequently develop around chimneys, flashings, etc. Or they may occur anywhere. It's easy to stop such leaks with Rutland No. 4 Roof Cement. This is a heavy mixture of asphalt and asbestos which can be pushed into small crevices or applied as thick coat with putty knife or trowel.



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Old roofs can be made as good as new, for years to come, with Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating. Easily applied with stiff brush. Forms long-lasting, heavy, tough film of asphalt and asbestos that doesn't crawl, crack or peel. Ideal for all roofs except shingles. Costs only about 2¢ a square foot.

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nothing in their relationship to censor. Ernest took Anna for what she appeared to be—a lovely, rather sad-eyed Bavarian girl who had been too young to know what the war was all about. They took long walks through the green country beyond the city, and they found a swimming hole and splashed happily and innocently in its cool water. Ernest was a quiet lad, only twenty-three, but he had a fervent hatred of Germans, Anna found out. This was hardly an unsurmountable barrier to Anna. She, too, hated Germans, she told him. Hadn't they killed her father and, indirectly, her mother?

"But," she added thoughtfully, "my father always taught me the doctrine of forgiveness. He was a great admirer of Goethe. Goethe once wrote, '*Menschlich ist es bloss zu strafen, aber göttlich zu verzeihen.*'"

"It is manlike to punish, but it is godlike to forgive," the corporal translated.

"You don't need any more German lessons from me." She had looked at him slyly.

"I think perhaps I need more than German lessons from you, Anna," he had said simply.

she used to feel on first nights when she was Anna Dietrich.

"Claim your baggage," a loud-speaker droned, and she walked to where trunks were piled under the letter G. And then the moment came. She was well prepared for it; her sudden confused blush and her look of timid uncertainty must have seemed very convincing to the three who had been waiting on the dock. Then Ernest's arms were around her, and he was whispering confused, happy phrases, and then he let her go as his father's strong voice said firmly, "Come now, we want to meet our new daughter."

He seemed small standing next to his tall son, and he took her hands in his and said softly, "You are even lovelier than our son had said. I hope you will be happy with us. Tell her, Mama."

Anna felt herself being engulfed in a huge embrace. Mama was so much like Mrs. Marsh, and Mama's eyes were filled with tears.

"Welcome, my darling girl," she said to Anna. "We always wanted a daughter. Now we have one."

Anna bit her lower lip and then looked helplessly at Ernest.

"You are so kind," she said brokenly.

The next half hour was a magic one for Anna. She settled back in a huge black car and held Ernest's hand tightly. Ernest's mother sat on the other side of her, and his father sat up with the chauffeur. Ernest's father did most of the talking. The car slid quietly across town.

"We have lunch ordered, Anna," he said. "Just the four of us, we thought. We have a suite for you at the Waldorf. And, Anna, we managed to pull a few strings. The wedding will be tomorrow, if that's all right with you."

Anna swayed closer to Ernest and looked up at him with limpid eyes.

"Whatever—whatever Ernest says," she said shyly.

They were at the hotel and an elevator sped them up, up, and it was as though Anna's spirit was soaring, too. And then they were in the suite which Ernest's father had engaged for her. Anna's startled cry of delight was genuine. The living room was filled with flowers. Anna ran to the window. New York, far below, looked like a toy city that was hers to play with. She turned and her eyes danced around the room. Why, that suite at the Ritz in Paris, which the General had been so proud of, had been nothing—she plugged up the channel into which her thoughts had flown. Paris? The General? That was a part of someone else's life—a dark, sleek, sophisticated girl named Anna Dietrich.

"Look into your bedroom, Anna," Ernest's mother said, with pleasant but mystifying urgency. "Go on, Anna, look."

ANNA flew into the bedroom. It was enormous. The bed was huge, and on it lay a pale blue chiffon nightgown and a matching negligee. Anna turned bewildered eyes to Ernest's mother.

"The closet," Ernest's mother said. "Look in there."

Anna ran to the big closet. She opened the door and a light clicked on. Her hands flew to her throat and a cry of sheer, exquisite pleasure came from her lips. The closet was filled with clothes. Her hands ruffled through them and her practiced eye noted the labels. There were satin and velvet dinner suits; there were exquisite street dresses, silk and lamé evening dresses; a dozen pairs of shoes, and—wonder of wonders—a long ermine coat.

"You see," Ernest's father said, his eyes a little misty, "You didn't need that old suitcase, did you?"

Impulsively—well, almost impulsively—she threw her arms around his neck.

"See, you've lost your girl to me already, son," he said, and his voice trembled with happiness.

"You shouldn't have," Anna said, shaking her head. "Those clothes are so expensive. No one can afford such clothes. No, we must send them back."

Ernest looked at his father, and there was a fierce pride in his eyes.

"I told you she didn't know, Father," he said, and there was exultation in his voice.

"Didn't know what?" Anna raised bewildered eyes.

"About Father's—money. Or about his big heart."

"Our son never told you that his father was a rich man," Ernest's mother said, smiling. "And one day it will all be—"

"He never told me," Anna faltered. "I would have been frightened."

"You will never have to be frightened again," Ernest's father said. "This is all yours, Anna."

"Until tomorrow," Ernest reminded her. "Then you'll have to share it."

"Ernest!" his mother reproved, but then she laughed and put her arms around Anna's shoulders. "He is an impatient bridegroom, little Anna."

A table was already set up in the living room. There were bowls of caviar glistening darkly in molded ice forms, and there were silver buckets from which

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"I didn't forget your birthday, Daisy. I even went to th' jeweler's—but he was still open"

It was quite easy after that. A month later he was sent home, but before he left he told Anna that he loved her; and shyly, with tears brimming in her soft eyes, she confessed her love for him. He would send for her as soon as the rules relaxed. Meanwhile, he would leave money with her so she wouldn't have to work.

"No," she had protested, blushing. "I couldn't take money from you. Not until we're married. Besides, I know how much a corporal makes."

"I have a little more than my corporal's pay." He had smiled mysteriously. "I think I can send for you very soon, Anna. You'll like America. You'll like my parents, and once they know you they'll like you."

Anna snapped the handbag closed. She walked out of the stateroom. The big ship was finally tied to the dock, and Anna went down the gangplank. Her heart was beating a little faster now, and she felt the excitement that she always felt when confronted with a challenge. Not fear, just the pleasant tingle of expectancy

"I can't believe that I am really here."

"You are really here, sweetheart," he said. "Forever and forever you are really here. Now, which is your trunk?"

Anna pointed to a very old battered suitcase. It looked very forlorn among the magnificent luggage and glossy wardrobe trunks that surrounded it. Ernest's father looked at it and said gently, "It's a very small suitcase."

"But I didn't have much to bring with me," Anna faltered. "Only a few old dresses and—another pair of shoes—"

"There is nothing in the suitcase you value?" Ernest's father asked. Anna shook her head, a little bewildered.

"Leave the suitcase," Ernest's father said, taking her arm. "We'll just walk away from it. And, Anna, as we walk away from it tell yourself that you are walking away from your past." Anna looked at him sharply, but was reassured by his friendly smile. "You have lived with tragedy too long, Anna. From now on you will learn to laugh and to live. We will help you to forget the unhappiness. Come, my dear—"



Fraser River and the old Trail, British Columbia. Gateway through which stage-coach caravans once rolled laden with gold from the Cariboo country. This famous canyon is one of nature's treasures of all time in the Dominion of Canada, home of HARWOOD'S BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

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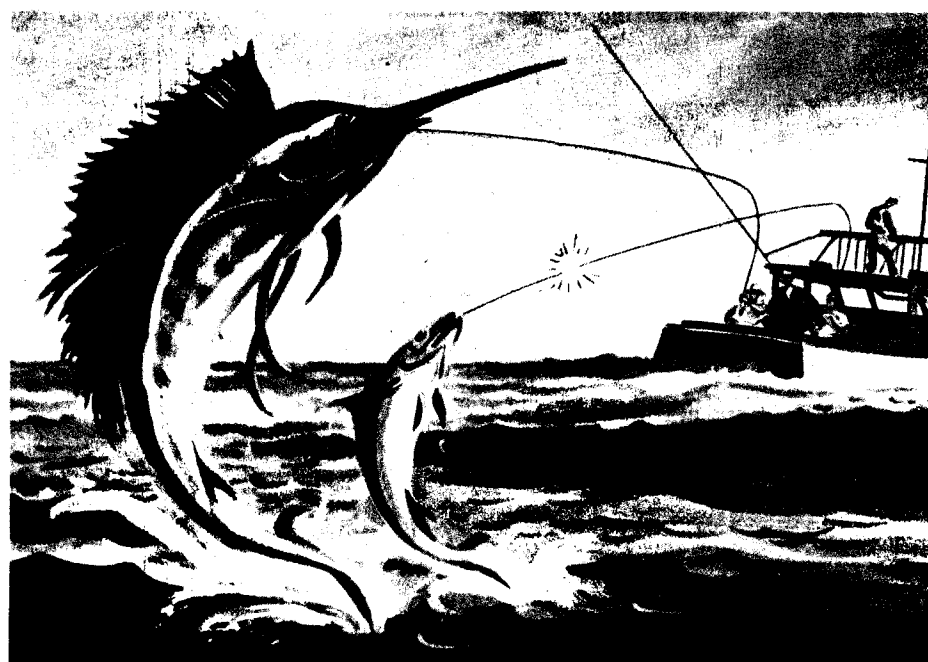
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The new Goodyear De Luxe averaged 34% more mileage than the famous Goodyear tire it replaces. Yes, 34% more mileage!

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THE NEW GOOD

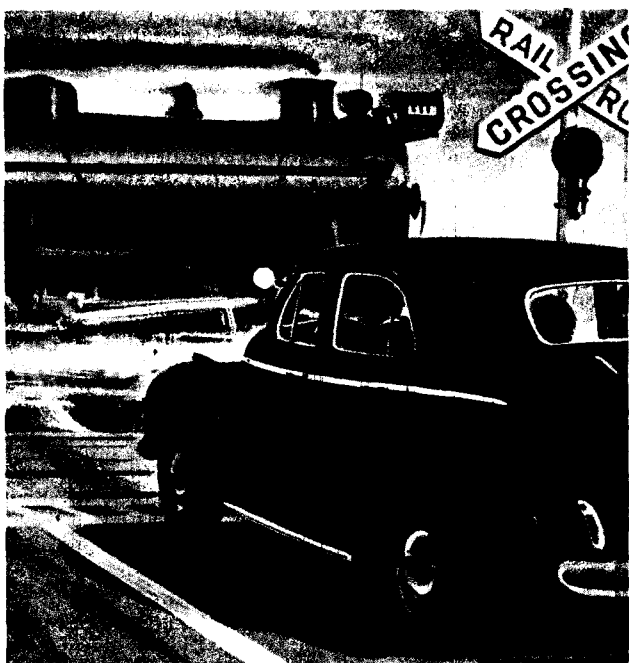
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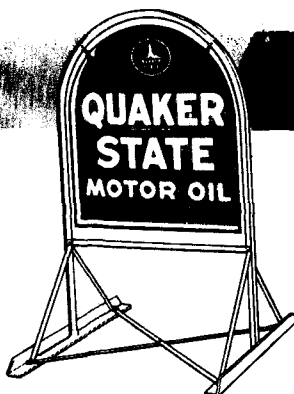
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MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

emerged the necks of champagne bottles. They sat down. Anna was watching intently now.

"Will you give the blessing, Papa?" Ernest's mother said gently.

He bowed his head. So did Anna, and then she heard Ernest's father intone solemnly, "*Baruch Ata Adonai elohanu melech holem. . .*" And then in English he said, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who bringeth food forth from the earth. . . ." As he spoke he took a piece of bread and broke it in his hand.

"Maybe some of our old Jewish customs will seem strange to you at first," Ernest's father said.

Anna shook her head. "No. My father always said grace before meals at home. Our Lutheran prayer before meals was much like the one you just said."

"Ernest is not a very good Jew," his father said, "though he's a very good boy. Not many young American Jews follow the customs of their old parents who learned those customs in Hungary."

"That reminds me," Anna turned to Ernest's mother. "I have something for you."

SHE got up and went to the chair on which she had put her handbag. She opened it and took out the little package. She handed it shyly to Ernest's mother. They all exclaimed happily as they saw the golden earrings. Ernest's mother uttered little cries of pleasure and insisted upon getting up and hurrying to a mirror.

"Lucky my ears were pierced. Yes, as a little girl in Hungary I sneaked out one day and had them pierced. Look, Papa—how lovely—how lovely they are. They remind me so much of a pair of earrings my mother once had. She gave them to my sister. I cried because she didn't give them to me."

"Is your sister still in Hungary?" Anna asked, smiling.

There was a sudden silence. "My sister stayed in Hungary. We have not heard from her. I'm afraid she—"

"Your sister is dead, Mama," Ernest's father said gently. He turned to Anna. "It was not good to be a Jew in Budapest once the Germans took over. Mama's sister was sent to Auschwitz."

"We will not spoil your first day with us by talking about our own little family tragedies," Ernest's mother said firmly. "And I will always treasure these earrings. You couldn't have given me anything I would have loved as much. It is almost—almost as though my darling sister had sent these to me through you." Ernest's mother leaned over impulsively and kissed Anna on the cheek.

Anna reached out and grasped the plump hand of Ernest's mother. Tears came almost unbidden to her eyes.

"Come now, little daughter," Ernest's father said gently. "Please don't cry."

"I know I'm silly," Anna said, dabbing her eyes with her tiny handkerchief, "but you're all so kind to me. And I'm—I'm not used to kindness. And those earrings look so lovely on you. They were my mother's. And now every time I see you wear them I'll think of my mother."

"Enough of this," Ernest, young, masterful, reached for the champagne bottle. His strong hands twisted the cork and then let it pop. The wine rushed forth, cascading down the side of the bottle. Ernest laughed and filled four glasses.

"To Anna and our future," he said gaily, lifting his glass.

They all drank; Anna choked a little and Ernest laughed.

"The bubbles," Anna gasped. "They tickle me."

"We'll have to teach you to drink champagne, Anna," Ernest said.

"I'll finish this," Anna smiled up at him. "To you, Ernest, to you and the future. . . ."

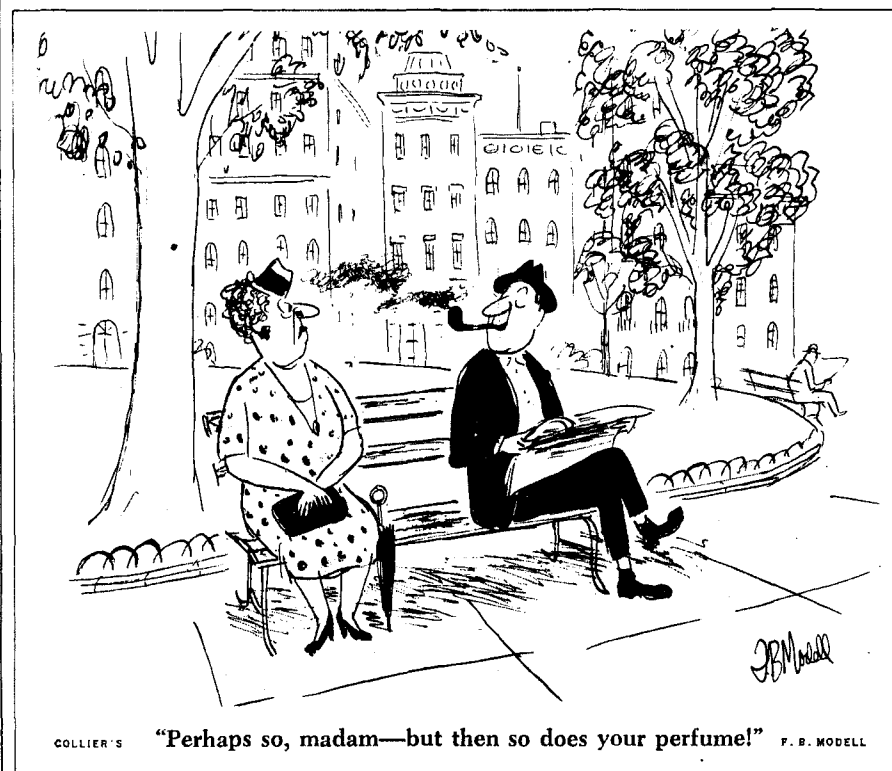
She lifted the glass to her lips, and over the rim she looked at the beaming face of Ernest and at the happy smile his father wore, and then the heavy golden earrings drew her eyes and held them, and tears, real tears this time, sprang to her eyes, and through the tears the two earrings seemed to stare at her almost accusingly—and the laughing face of Erik Stalmann somehow took the place of the earrings, and she could see his lips move and she knew he was saying, "I'll always be with you, Anna," and she knew then that he would indeed always be with her and that always she would have to be on her guard lest he take possession of her mind and soul and even, she thought with a quick surge of panic, of her tongue, so that one day she would speak of the things he had done and of things he had told her, and of how he had found the earrings and to whom they had belonged.

The thought made Anna close her eyes tightly, as though to shut Erik out of her consciousness. And then, as though from a great distance, she heard the mocking voice of her dark 'American Colonel—

"Don't feel, Anna. Just think. Always think and you will survive." And then Anna put down her glass.

She opened her eyes and looked into the now anxious face of Ernest's mother, smiled faintly and said softly, "I'm sorry. I almost fainted. It's because I'm so happy. . . ."

THE END



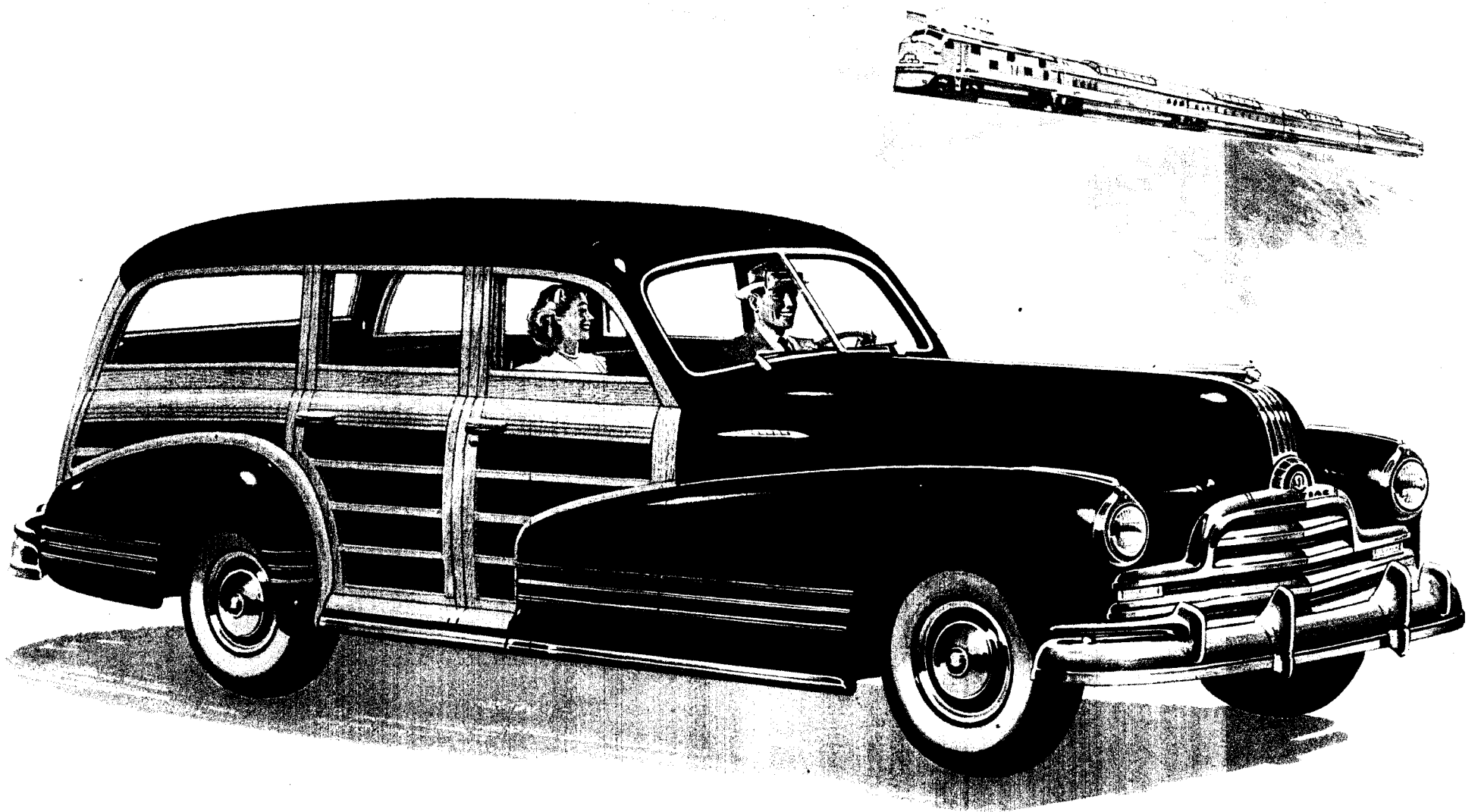
COLLIER'S "Perhaps so, madam—but then so does your perfume!" F. B. MODELL

Collier's for September 13, 1947

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**HERE'S TO AMERICA'S
NO. 1 QUALITY ALE**



ACE IN THE HOLE

Continued from page 15

Pasquel had his eye on Musial, Terry Moore and Enos Slaughter. Jorge offered Stan a bonus of \$75,000 and a five-year contract at \$30,000 a season. That would seem to mean a total deal for \$225,000, but in view of what has happened to American players since in Mexico, it probably meant only a certain grab of \$105,000.

By staying a year below the border Stan would have had no United States income tax to pay and he would have possibly netted as much from the deal as he will save from twenty years playing here, but he turned it down. Without being too cloying about it, Musial put his refusal on the grounds of loyalty, both to the Cards and the good old U.S.A.

"I wouldn't like Mexico," he said. "The Mexicans wouldn't like Donora. We have two kids and they love it here. Why get ourselves all balled up?"

Stanley's Stance at Bat

Like all great hitters Musial has a style of his own and it is about as unorthodox as they come. As the pitcher winds up he curls himself back like a corkscrew. His bat is far back on his shoulder and the crouch of his body and the twist of his frame give him the appearance of a coil about to unwind. As the ball comes toward him he taps the toes of his front (right) foot three times on the ground, like a dancer pirouetting in a ballet. Then he either lets the pitch go by or takes a whack at it. How he sees it all from a cockeyed stance like that is one of baseball's mysteries. But Al Simmons broke all rules by hitting with his "foot in the bucket," Frankie Frisch was once a cross-handed hitter, Heinie Groh stood facing the pitcher and Mel Ott hit like a penguin, on one leg.

Musial thinks he has been lucky all along. "If I hadn't been dumb and fallen on that shoulder, I'd have been a pitcher and never got past the Three-I league." He considers it fortunate that he ever got back his arm at all and thinks being with the Cards was a break for him. Billy Southworth had a reputation for handling young ballplayers but as he says himself there was never any doubt about Musial.

"He wouldn't give up on himself,"

says Southworth. "How could I give up on him? Coming in with a bang like that couldn't be good for anybody. Everybody asked about him, everybody watched him and he thought for a while he had to hit a home run every time. It's a miracle he *ever* came through it."

In an era when big-name ballplayers have personal managers, personal attorneys and fiscal advisers, it is not to be wondered that Musial's fame has gone somewhat to his head, but it is hardly possible that the blight will settle on him permanently. He is a great ballplayer but unfortunately he has little color and draws very few kopecks at the gate on his own performance. Ted Williams is a draw; Bob Feller is a draw; Brooklyn is a draw and the New York Yankees are a draw (for some peculiar reason), but Stanley is merely a wonderful hitter with what was a great team.

When he returned after the appendicitis scare he managed to get two hits in twenty-two times at bat, which gave him a percentage of something slightly north of nothing, but there were experts who insisted it would be illegal for Musial to hit less than .300. The proposition looked hopeless for a long time, but in late July and early August he started hitting with such demoniacal fury that it took two small men with an abacus to keep up with his average.

In view of the world situation, it was agreed that this recrudescence of a great man was the happy tonic required for our national morale.

Whatever finally happens to Stanley and the Cardinals, this year of struggle will undoubtedly help in their regeneration. By the time 1948 rolls around, he will be chasing kids in the streets to give them autographs and will be so happy up at the plate he will consider a base on balls an affront.

We met a character in St. Louis recently who laid the blame for the season's troubles on Sam Breadon.

"Look at him," he said disgustedly. "He has the team so crazy about playing ball they'd buy their way into the park and then Sam goes and gives them money! All this about Sam being a skinflint . . . Why, Sam has just hog-riched and ruined a bunch of poor country boys."

THE END



COLLIER'S

BILL KING

Collier's for September 13, 1947



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A New Serial by
DICK PEARCE

SWEET WATER

A SAGA OF THE MEN WHO TAMED THE WEST

From the start there was tension between Thomason and Lineer, but they were building a railroad together, building it through bone-dry, strife-ridden country. Between them, like a challenge, stood a bold and lovely woman who thought she wanted both of them

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 28

this information was the real thing, he might also recognize my voice despite whatever I did to disguise it. But I had seen his station inspector once and he had had a bright look about the nose, a proper ferrety nose for a policeman. So it was to him that I asked to talk.

He came on the line. I began breathing quickly, as if I had been running, and gave it to him in short, urgent bursts.

"Penrose!" I said. "That man Penrose! The Inwood murderer!"

"What's that?" I knew by his alertness that the name meant something.

"Penrose!" I repeated. "Halesworth—Halesworth station. I saw him! He's just got on the nine fifty-four! For London! Don't ask how I know it was him! Didn't I work on the same floor, the same corridor as his office in Bush House, and saw him every day for months? So now you can arrest him!"

"You say you've seen him before? Who is speaking, please?"

"For God's sake, young man, if you can't understand plain English, let me speak to someone who can!"

"How was he dressed?"

I gave him a quick and unfaltering description of Jonathan's clothes and general appearance, ending with "—Why, I even recognized the little brown spot on the side of his nose, no bigger than a pin-head. I was right behind him when he got his ticket. I heard him say, 'Third single, Liverpool Street,' just the same way I've heard him say, 'Third floor, please' to the liftman."

I stopped for breath. The inspector was convinced. His excitement was ill-concealed when he asked me to repeat the description to make sure he had got it right. Then he asked again who I was.

"Annie Harris, Station Road, Ipswich—I've been spending the week end with my mother. And now I've gone and lost the train all through trying to do the right thing, though heaven knows people like that deserve all they get. My goodness, if I don't hurry I shall miss the bus too! Sure you've got everything you want to know? Goodbye then, and mind you catch him!" I put down the receiver before he could ask me the only question I did not want to answer, which was at what number in Station Road I lived.

However, by the time they had checked up on the *bona fides* of Annie Harris,

they would have arrested Jonathan. Yes, they would get him all right, and Charlotte would not, which meant that Freddy Williams would not either.

But I was paying a price for his safety, and unless I was very careful and very lucky it might be too high.

Keeping my head down I left the post office and returned to the car. I felt as bad as I had known I would feel, but forewarned was not forearmed. My eyes were gritty and smarting because I could have done with a good hearty cry and dared not take one if I wanted to stay tough long enough to see the thing through to the end.

WHEN I saw Charlie at home I judged by his noncommittal air that he had no reason to doubt that Jonathan had caught the nine fifty-four. I realized that however terrible I was feeling, it would not help to continue bottling up everything even until after lunch, and that now was the time to put my head metaphorically on Charlie's shoulder.

"Let's talk," I said.

"It's due," he remarked. "You look frightful."

I led the way to the old hayloft over the tithe barn, climbing the rickety ladder into the sweet-smelling half darkness which was among my earliest memories. Perhaps three times before Charlie had been up there with me, and always on occasions of importance.

I lay on my stomach in last year's hay while he sat with his back to the end wall where I could not see his face.

Thus, for a full half hour, I spoke without pause, without a question from him, telling him all that had happened in London while he had been away in the Peacock. At moments, hearing myself as if I were someone else speaking, I wished I could have told Jonathan like this, quietly and without emotional uprushes. He might have believed me.

I stopped at that point, where I had failed with Jonathan, to give Charlie time to digest the main premise of my case against Charlotte and Freddy Williams. He knocked out his dead pipe, refilled it from his battered silver tobacco box, and then said, "I see."

"You agree, don't you," I asked him, "that he wouldn't have a chance once those two got their hands on him?"



If there's
discord like this

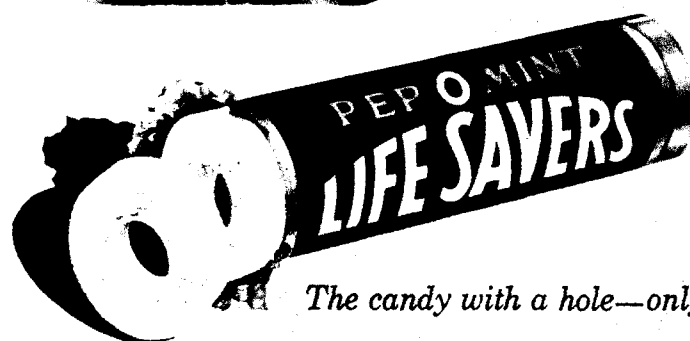


Instead of
close harmony like this



TRY THIS

MORAL: Sweeten up for close-ups! Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking. Always good taste!



The candy with a hole—only 5¢

JUST RELEASED for SALE!
From the great COLGATE LABORATORIES
comes this amazing
NEW TYPE denture cleanser!

COLEO

Gets False Teeth really clean



Hollywood, Calif. Perfect teeth are a "must" before the camera! Nowhere else in the world will you find so many costly plates and bridges—as among the actors and actresses. That's why Colgate-Palmolive-Peet selected Hollywood to test its great new denture cleanser—Coleo! And what a hit!

8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser! After scores and scores of actors and actresses tried new Coleo, they exclaimed, "Coleo gets false teeth *really* clean!"

Coleo doesn't miss a thing! Dingy mucin (film), removable stains, and food particles all fizz away in a matter of minutes! A special ingredient

does the job thoroughly! No tiresome brushing! False teeth sparkle with cleanliness! And dentures cleaned with Coleo have a pleasant, fresh taste! Try this remarkable cleanser on your false teeth today!

**WATCH FILM
AND STAINS
FIZZ AWAY
NO BRUSHING**



NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

"He would keep his faith in her while this Williams was strangling him. Of course he hasn't a chance. You ought to have let me stop him. I thought it was merely the danger of his being picked up if he walked about London. Dammit, they are as dangerous as a brace of black mambas."

Then I told him what I had done in Halesworth an hour ago, and his judicial calm, already ruffled, broke.

"Eve! My God! He'll never forgive you—"

"He isn't going to know that I did it."

"Now, presumably," he said, "we come to the point. How are you to tell the police all this and not burn your own fingers?"

"Was looking after Jonathan a crime, if he is proved innocent?"

"And who is going to do that?"

"Charlotte and Freddy Williams."

"They'll have to undergo a considerable moral revolution, and in a remarkably short time. You realize that Jonathan will have to be produced by the police in a magistrate's court tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, and they'll remand him for a week at least. I thought of that. Tomorrow is Wednesday, and tomorrow week the police will certainly present enough evidence to justify the magistrate sending him for trial. But I think we can prevent even that happening."

"I gather you're coming to the point at last," he complained. "You know, I'm not the Commodore. I don't have to be spoon-fed the indigestible bits."

So I went on from where I had left off, and told him about the coming week end, about my purchases at Harrods, and generally filled in as many of the details of the idea as I could imagine at the moment. He needed no help from me to realize how tricky it would be to put into effect. He held the pipe tight in his teeth and said nothing for what seemed an age, while I became secretly more and more anxious. I could not do it without him. Apart from technicalities, he was for one thing the only person who could keep Father quiet during the critical stages of the proceedings, when his every instinct would urge him to violent and ruinous action.

I waited and waited, and kept my teeth clamped on my tongue to prevent myself saying, "You will do it, won't you?" or even "Well?"

Finally he said, "Has the screened cable twin or single core?"

I knew then that he was with me.

"I don't know," I said, trying to keep gratitude out of my voice.

"I'll take a look presently. There is

one other thing, Eve. The Commodore."

"Yes," I said. "The Commodore."

"You know, I think I would tell him."

"But he would want to run everything, tell Billy Bull and Ordinary Smith how to do this and that! He'd spoil it! I'm sure, absolutely sure, we must give it to them without warning, before they can think what it means except sort of automatically without time to ask questions and so muddle things. Billy Bull, I know, would think it was a trick of some kind. He's so suspicious."

"You mean he'd refuse and the Commodore would refuse and this ordinary inspector chap would refuse—and suppose I refuse—to let you run the risk you will be running all the time? The very serious, dangerous risk?"

I said softly, "You realize, even if none of the others would, that I must do it this way, myself."

"Because of Jonathan?"

"Because of Jonathan. I can't deliberately put him in danger as I have done, and avoid my share of it."

He nodded slowly.

"And if it goes wrong?"

"Jonathan would not be tried until the autumn assizes. We would have a few weeks to break down the case against him by building up one against the real murderer. But they would still be able to jail him for years as an accessory after the fact, wouldn't they? Why should that woman extract any price from him for the glorious privilege of loving her?"

"Steady," Charlie said.

I steadied, and he wound up the conversation then and there. "Show me this screened cable."

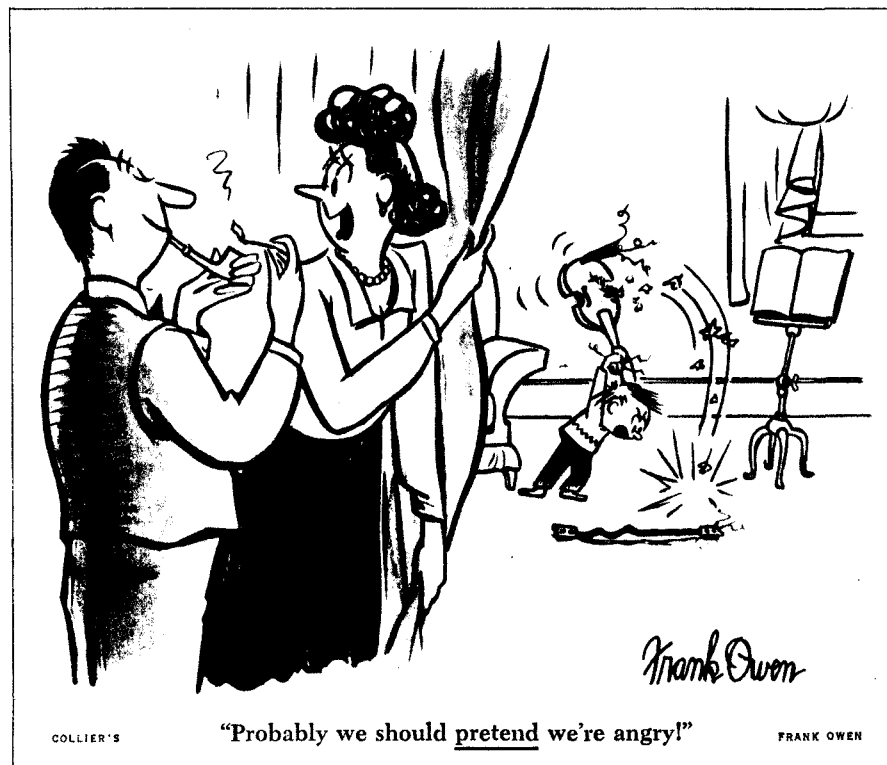
BECAUSE, confessed, I was able at last to sleep soundly from half past two that afternoon until nearly six, I could listen to Father's radio without visible tremor when the announcement of Jonathan's arrest was made during the six-o'clock news bulletin.

They had not detained him. They had arrested him. The headlines next morning were bigger than those which had blazoned Joseph Inwood's murder.

"On information received, officers of Scotland Yard at midday yesterday arrested Penrose at Liverpool Street station. He will appear this morning at West London Police Court in connection with the murder, etc., etc.," followed by a rehash of the original story.

Arrested. They were sure, weren't they?

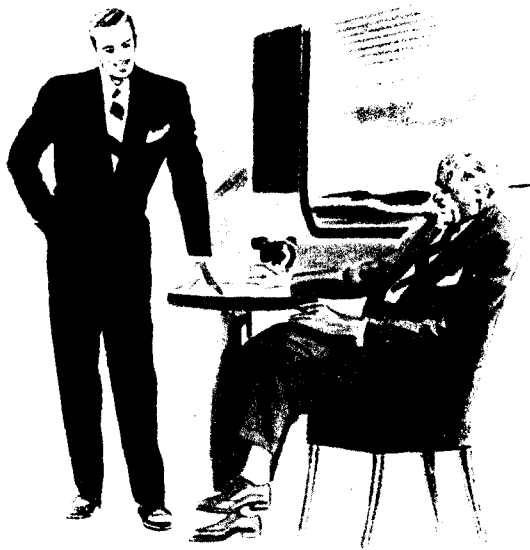
I had not realized before that the Rembrandt story would reach the public at the same time, and there it was, occupying



COLLIER'S

"Probably we should pretend we're angry!"

FRANK OWEN



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HIGH QUALITY AT FAIR PRICES

These distinguished shoes are typical of the complete W. L. Douglas selection for Fall. Every pair is superbly made of fine leathers . . . every pair is authentically styled . . . every pair is today's best-buy!

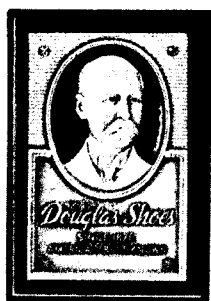
*... AND EVERY PAIR
at a fair price!*



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The CORONADO
Also in Scotch Grain
Style 6643

Style 6628
The CRUISER
Also in Scotch Grain
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Style 6607
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Also in Scotch Grain
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The hand of a
Master Craftsman
is behind
this trusted trademark

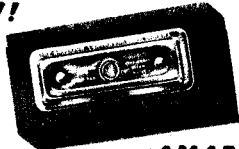


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ANCO⁺ SPEED PAD⁺ gives you a TRULY CLEAN WINDSHIELD at the gas pump

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AMAZING!

Removes... swiftly and gently... from your windshield... all stubborn film, bug smear and other obstructions to safe driving vision. Uses only water... no chemicals. Leaves glass film-free... and crystal clear. Eye strain... FILM FATIGUE... a serious driving hazard. GONE!

DON'T BLAME YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

Sure... he knows how your nerves jangle... while your eyes strain through that ghost-like film that grows on your windshield. He knows how that film blurs dangerously under your windshield wiper in the next storm. He has tried hard to clear it... to please you... using the best he has had... up to now... to work with. Maybe your gas man is discouraged... hasn't seen ANCO Speed Pad... thinks FILM can't be whipped... quickly and completely. You can't blame him for that.

WHO tells HIM?

After all, YOU have a lot to gain... in safety and in restful driving comfort. So why not YOU tell HIM... about this amazing new ANCO year-round device? Show him this ad. He'll win friends... with Speed Pad. Yes... he can get... from his ANCO distributor... an extra ANCO Speed Pad... for your own convenient use... in cleaning your windshield... or your windows and mirrors at home. And he can equip your windshield... quickly... NOW... with keen new ANCO Wiper Blades and Arms... to KEEP that windshield CLEAN... in storms ahead. Get yours today!

May save you a costly smashup!
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 ANCO Patented Products—Patents Make Jobs

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
 Established 1918
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I'm not up to sniff!

Haven't felt much like tracking scents lately—worms have done an inside job on me. But I'd be willing to pick up the trail that leads to Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They kill worms fast, and are safe and easy on my system.

Sergeant's Puppy Capsules were specially made for worming puppies, and small dogs weighing less than ten pounds. Sergeant's thorough clinical research and kennel-testing have developed 19 dependable dog care products, each of which helps you to give your pet the care he deserves.

• You'll get a lot more fun out of training and caring for your dog after reading Sergeant's new Dog Book. Pick up a FREE copy at your drug or pet store, or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.



Sergeant's
 DOG CARE PRODUCTS

second place on the front page; I wondered a little ruefully where they would have been without me this morning.

"GANG WARFARE IN ESSEX" said the Daily Picture, "MYSTERY CAR IN STOLEN REMBRANDT DRAMA," and all the papers, even the Times, let themselves go in happy speculation about what might have happened on the lonely road beyond Colchester. Interviewed last night, Mrs. Harvey Gill had been delighted to hear that her priceless masterpiece had been recovered. I was glad to see that she had not offered any theory of her own as to the possible truth behind the gang warfare in Essex. Blood was still thicker than water in Pakenhurst, whatever private views she had so libelously communicated to the chief constable of East Suffolk. In the meantime the Essex police were pursuing their investigations. Presumably K. Zimmer was doing the same.

I TOOK the papers in to Father, who gleefully reached for his pen and wrote to the Times:

"Sir, I do not wish to question Mrs. Harvey Gill's good faith in believing the Rembrandt painting, now happily recovered and about to be restored to her, to be a genuine example of the great painter's work, but I feel in fairness to the public in general and art lovers in particular I should make known my late brother's serious doubts about the authenticity of The Old Woman in a Shawl. When he purchased it from the Pilkin Estate in 1923, he had it examined by the late Josiah Crabtree Jones, who pronounced it to be a Rembrandt but who, it will be recalled, was himself exposed as fraudulent in the celebrated lawsuit concerning the Vermeer fakes. It would be interesting, therefore, to have the picture considered by a panel of present-day experts. . . ."

I was not in the mood to speculate with him about the possible repercussions the publication of this letter would produce; I had a letter of my own to write. I borrowed Mary's writing block, ink bottle and pen from the kitchen drawer where she keeps them, retired to my room and wrote to Charlotte in a round council-school hand, marred by one word misspelled. More than one would have been too many.

Ship Cottage,
 Nr. Kessingland,
 Suffolk.

Dear Madam:

I am so glad to see in the papers this morning the police have caught that wicked man and he will surely hang don't you think and not so good I think for some people as well unless they are lucky which reminds me could you please make it convenient to call here next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock and not a minute before as my Sister Mary will be going out at 2:30 until close on midnight on account of being able to see Harold only once a week. We will not be bothered by nosy Parkers as this cottage is 4 miles from the nearest house except of course the big house which is saying the same thing as the old man as lives there is bedridden and does not go about. If you come by car or taxi from Saxmundham this road is the first turning on the right on the main road to Lowestoft 2 miles after the Southwold turning you cannot miss it because of the three white posts in the hedge at the corner it's only a small road and goes into the marsh. This cottage is 3 miles to the yard along the small road and you see it pretty soon as the only building in sight. Bring that package you know which and we will have a nice talk and fix up everything satisfactory. If you don't come I will know my duty and do it first thing Monday but I expect you know as well as me

how the news this morning makes it so urgent in fact more so to fix up everything. Bring this letter with you.

Yours respectfully

D. SIMPSON (Miss)

P. S. I will be able to give you a cup of tea and some of Mary's homemades as I expect you will be quite ready for a little something.

I showed it to Charlie who read it three times before commenting. "Where's the blot?"

"Blot?"

"There ought to be a blot, or the remains of one after you have tried to remove it with a penknife."

I walked over and posted it in Kessingland so that she would receive it by the country post in the morning.

I helped Charlie with the cable in the afternoon. It had to be laid so that it could not be seen from anywhere in or near the cottage; a dry ditch helped considerably to bridge most of the distance between the cottage garden and the Marsh House wood, where of course it was easy to loop it from branch to branch to the house itself. A row of runner beans in the cottage garden was useful, with their thick leaves; after that it had to go underground, a few inches below the surface, in sections of old water pipe, and it was no fun threading the stuff through them.

While Charlie made a hole through the wall of his kitchen-living room, I held spare cold chisels for him and continued to be grateful for something to do, even if it did not occupy my mind as much as I would have liked.

Things got better, however, when we came to the placing of the omnidirectional microphone.

For some time we suggested and countersuggested ways and means of concealing the microphone without interfering with its idiosyncrasies. Charlie didn't think it would work properly if there were anything between it and the voice. "And there's no way you can make the speaker stay in one spot."

"In the air over our heads?" I suggested.

Charlie said we'd work out something tomorrow.

DURING the night I realized why the microphone question was so difficult. Charlie's living room was altogether too austere. One earthenware pot and a pipe rack on the mantelpiece, a reproduction of a Van Gogh as the only picture, a calendar from a sheep-dip firm, and that was about all.

Once I began thinking like this, it did not take long to arrive at what I thought he would agree was the answer, and I could scarcely wait for daylight.

I labored all that Thursday, the day Jonathan was remanded for a week on the charge of murder, and found the physical exertion a great boon.

I ransacked the Marsh House attics, robbed Mary's collection of copper pots, and trundled loads of this loot to the cottage where I spent hours on a stepladder with hammer, nails and hooks.

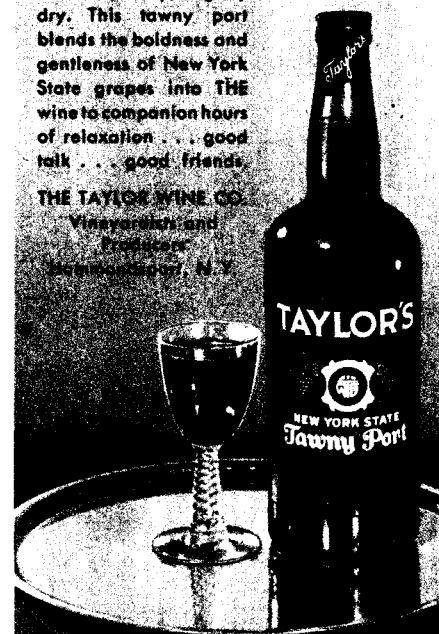
By the time I had finished, the room and particularly the ceiling looked as if it had come about through the crossing of an early English kitchen (which, after all, was what it once had been) with a Montmartre bistro; but more than that, it was now quite like the cottage Dorothy Simpson's late mother had lived in all her life, obstinately refusing to part with the useless treasures of the centuries.

I made four muslin bags, and in three of them there were herbs picked by my own hand. They looked natural enough among the other oddities dangling from the beam and ceiling. The fourth hung between a stuffed Brazilian monkey (a pet of the Commodore's youth) and an Elizabethan pewter wine jug, and you could not see the outlines in it of the omnidirectional microphone which

CAPTURED FLAVOR from NEW YORK STATE

Candles flicker and the port goes round! That first slow sip... well-rounded, fruity, slightly dry. This tawny port blends the boldness and gentleness of New York State grapes into the wine to companion hours of relaxation... good talk... good friends.

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EYES TIRED? Feel like you can't wait 'til the day is over? You don't have to wait. Put two drops of Murine in each eye. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Feel that restful, soothing sensation that comes instantly. Murine's 7 ingredients were designed to bring quick relief from the discomfort of tired eyes. Try Murine today!

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Collier's for September 13, 1947

would cook Charlotte's goose unflavored by any herbs. I hoped.

Charlie approved. That evening the Commodore went fishing for Sunday's salmon trout and we were able to test. It worked. . . .

I was in my morning bath when I heard the scutter of misused tires which announced the first arrival for the week end, Sophie of Inderswick. She sat on the edge of the bath in a corn-yellow silk jumper suit and I had no difficulty in starting the story. Her eyes were large in any case, but they grew larger and remained so. I was still talking at the end of breakfast. When I came to last night's successful test of the microphone, she held up her hands.

"It's too much all at once. It's too much! Why don't things like this happen to me?"

"Perhaps because you're respectable."

"But I'm not! I'm a disgrace to the neighborhood and the Earl is in despair! Tell me, darling, will you marry this Jonathan man?"

"I didn't say so. Besides, I shall have a long way to go before he'll let himself breathe the same air with me again. If he ever does—"

"Nonsense. When he realizes what you've done for him, he'll be the most grateful man on earth!" She paused and added, "Grateful men are hell. Never mind, darling. You'll soon forget him. There's the policeman, isn't there? I'm dying to see him."

"Don't forget he's *not* a policeman when you do see him."

"What do I do tomorrow?"

I told her. Luckily she was thrilled to the core. . . .

I had to go to Saxmundham to meet Ordinary Smith's train. He wore a well-cut Lovat tweed suit, a silk shirt and a nice tie. He looked a pet of a man, and so pleased to see me. He would have noticed if I had not mentioned the Inwood case.

"I thought you might not turn up," I said, "being busy on account of having found Penrose."

"That was Scotland Yard's work, not mine, and the case is now with the public prosecutor."

"What did you think of him? I mean as a murderer? I suppose I was quite wrong about him?"

"Oddly enough you weren't," he said. "He's more like an architect than most, as a creative type. He tells the usual story—it's so usual it almost shook me."

"In what sense usual—and why?"

"Accidental discovery of Inwood's body, panic, followed by loss of memory until they picked him up. He can't remember a thing after finding the Inwood front door open, he says. He acts dazed and the doctors are watching him. It's so unlikely—"

"That it may be true?"

"No. I wouldn't say that. I'm sure he's lying. I can't explain." He shrugged his shoulders free of the problem and grinned at me to say that he was looking forward to his short holiday from the sordid policeman's life.

But I did not want to pursue his uncertainty. It was enough for me that he had one, however instinctive and undefined. It would help, tomorrow.

THE Commodore seemed to find nothing immediately objectionable in him, and almost at once treated him to a discourse on the history of the Barbary pirates without doubting that he would enjoy it, just as though he was a friend of long standing. But of course he did not yet know how Mr. Smith earned his living.

I took him for a longish walk through the marshes before supper, where presumably overcome by the romantic eeriness of the ruined Dutchman's mill silhouetted against the glowing western sky he kissed me without warning, and at once, terrified, apologized.

I forgave him and he ate a good supper with slightly goggling eyes. I felt, however, that coming events would bring him rudely back to earth. . . .

The spell of fine weather held, and that Sunday was one of those golden days. There was a bathing party before breakfast, which even the Commodore graced in a dulcet mood for so early in the day.

At eleven, when Sophie and the Commodore were reading the Sunday papers, I betook myself to Mary and the kitchen, followed a little wistfully by Ordinary Smith, who seemed not to care to be alone.

The veal stock was the right basis for an asparagus cream soup.

The Commodore's salmon trout were



COLLIER'S

"You're going to hate me when I tell you this, but—" BARNEY TOBEY

Collier's for September 13, 1947

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East, West, North, South
...every Pendleton owner
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LUCKY IS THE MAN who owns a Pendleton shirt. Luckier still, the man who owns several! There's a thrill and pride of possession . . . a keen joy in the wearing that only Pendleton owners seem to know. These splendid virgin wool shirts are so comfortable . . . so action-free . . . so perfectly tailored. The fabrics are soft, rich and rugged . . . all Pendleton-woven out here in the West. You'll find many patterns for fall, all distinctive and exclusively Pendleton. Slacks also by Pendleton. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 4, Ore.

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Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple... and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland.

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plump and fresh but rather small, and would be best grilled, one for each person.

The gigot of lamb was one of our own, marsh-fed and so tender it would melt in the mouth. Rubbed with garlic after all the fat had been taken off before roasting in butter rather quickly, it would be light eating. One would not want anything too solid after the salmon trout. I should have liked to give them the vegetables, the baby beans and young boiled potatoes, as a separate following course as the French do, but Billy Bull does not really approve of the custom, so they would come with the lamb. I did not want him to be irritated by even the littlest thing today.

Raspberry ice with a sprinkling of whole raspberries seemed the right conclusion.

Mary baked long, slender white Viennese breads, the kind with the eggshell-thin, crackly crust.

I took Ordinary Smith down to the wine cellar to carry the lamp, and we brought up two flagons of Steinwein, which tastes to me like white flowers distilled in sunshine; also two bottles of the Commodore's favorite claret, the 1933 Haut-Brion. It was now half past twelve. Lunch would begin at about one o'clock in the Long Room at the big table with all the French windows open.

Charlie appeared and was introduced to Mr. Smith. He seemed to like him. A few minutes later Billy Bull (without, thank goodness, the dog Fido) arrived. I introduced the two policemen without using their ranks; although Mr. Smith knew who Billy was, because I had told him.

Crime therefore would not be brought up as a subject unless Billy Bull did so on his own impulse in some other context than their mutual interest. In this respect, however, he got me to himself for a moment just before lunch, long enough to say, "I don't see why you had to be so dramatic about getting that damned picture back to your aunt. I hope there weren't any bodies after so much gun-play?"

"Not in that connection," I assured him. "Don't be ungrateful. You East Suffolk people weren't involved, were you?"

"No," he agreed hastily. "Thank you for that. But *his* letter to the Times! It's a bit thick, you know."

"You wouldn't like his sister-in-law to impose a false masterpiece on her friends and the public at large?"

We had coffee at the table. When my watch said two-fifteen, and I dared not wait another minute longer, I added up the general mood of the six people who in a short time were to be precipitated into drama and decided that it was about right. Sophie was a trifle giggly, but I knew she would not be any the less on her elegant toes when the moment came. Billy Bull was beaming at the Commodore, who was beaming at everybody. Charlie was soberly aware that he must be ready to take control, while Ordinary Smith was just happy and a little replete.

In a pause in the conversation I said, "Has Father ever told you, Billy, about the Cristobel ingot and how he lost his leg?"

"I must have," said Father, "surely."

"There's a love interest in it, too," I said, with a glance at Sophie, who took the cue with alacrity.

"Oh, Commodore, *do*, please!"

"Two hundred and fifty-one ounces, eight pennyweights," remarked the Commodore, contemplating the rampageous past in the smoke of his cigar.

"Who got it?" inquired Billy Bull unnecessarily.

"In the end," said Father, "I did, in a manner of speaking." And he was off. I knew he would be good for at least three quarters of an hour.

AFTER a few moments I left the table as unobtrusively as possible, only Ordinary Smith showing interest. I smiled at him reassuringly as a hostess who unfortunately has "things to do" and he dutifully returned his attention to the Commodore.

I went quietly out, paused in the gun room to equip myself for emergencies, and spent five minutes upstairs taking off lipstick and fixing the Dorothy Simpson hair-do.

I found a pair of field glasses and reached the cottage a little after half past two, and after making sure that the living-room stage was set, with the seating arranged to make it as easy as possible for the microphone, I put a .32 pistol down the right-hand side of the cushion of the chair I would sit in, and went up to the attic bedroom where a small window at the back gave me a clear view of at least a mile of the road over the heath along which Charlotte must come. Resting my elbows on the sill, I focused the field glasses.

It was a deserted world of gorse and bracken shimmering in the sun. The land breeze was light but enough to have

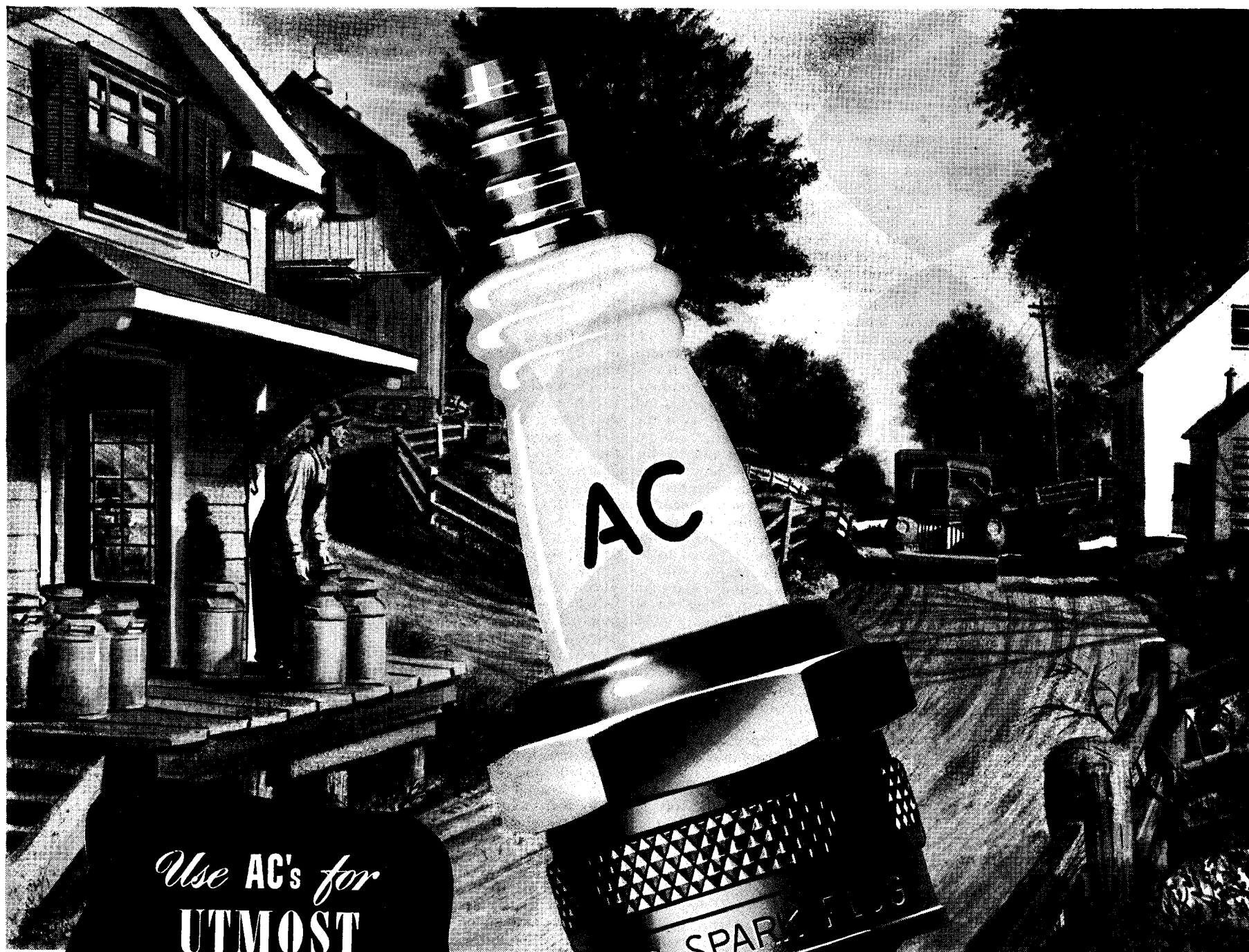


"You have my consent, young man, although we hate to lose her... Been with the family such a long time, you know"

COLLIER'S

IRWIN CAPLAN

Collier's for September 13, 1947



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**UTMOST
RELIABILITY**

Dairies and milk producers use factory-recommended AC Spark Plugs to assure utmost reliability in milk delivery. Your AC dealer can supply you with factory-recommended AC's for your car, truck or tractor, designed for today's fuels and driving conditions.

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Remarkable crystal filters really cut down nicotine and irritants



Protect your nose and throat, *your health!* Use a Denicotea cigarette holder. Many doctors use and recommend Denicotea; it *definitely* reduces nicotine and throat irritants... Lustrous aluminum ejector model with 10 filters, \$2. At all dealers.

HERE'S POSITIVE PROOF
You can see it happen!



Before use, crystal filter is white



After use, filter turns dark as it absorbs nicotine and tars

dunhill

DE-NICOTEA

Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder

Write for booklet "A"

Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Ave., New York 19

cleared the air of any morning mist which might have lingered.

Naturally, of course, I began to wonder whether she would really come, and hitherto unguessed possibilities started to worry me. After all, I had not heard a word from her. Freddy Williams might have changed their plans for some reason I could not know. The story Jonathan had told the police had not been made public. But they could be in no doubt about the danger from D. Simpson. The letter from D. Simpson could not have been more threatening. Or should I have been less ominously polite in favor of more downright, straightforward wording? Never had I had so many eggs in one basket.

Something flashed briefly at the extreme limit of visibility, then again, and I recognized it as the sun on a windshield. A moment later the car itself came into the circle of the field glasses' view. It was a big car, gray and shiny with chromium.

It did not, however, become larger, and I realized that it had stopped, as if the driver had seen the cottage. But before it started again, someone got out by the driver's door, opened the door of the back on the same side and climbed in. Both doors closed almost simultaneously and the car came on steadily. That meant what I hoped and expected: She was not alone, although she would appear to be so when the car came within ordinary seeing distance of the cottage; the man in the back would be crouching out of sight behind the front seat having given over the wheel to Charlotte.

I left the field glasses in the attic and went down to the living room where I put on Aunt Florence's spectacles and, with a Sunday paper in my hand, waited until I heard the car.

On my way to the open door I spoke aloud under the microphone, "Charlie. Stand by."

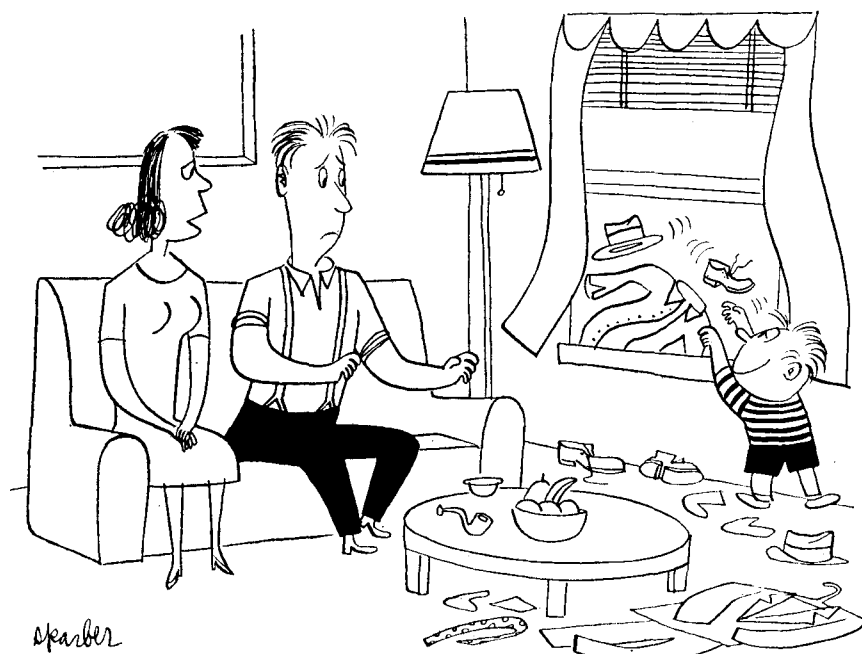
THE car stopped short of the cottage, turned around on the grass to face the way it had come, and as I reached the open front door, Charlotte was just getting out. Even without the spectacles I could not have seen anyone kneeling on the floor at the back.

She was wearing a small white hat. As she came nearer I saw she was carrying a brown paper package in addition to a white handbag. Her blue linen suit looked cool and matched her self-possessed air.

But her eyes were haggard, her lips tight, holding in the nervous tension quivering beneath that outward calm.

TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER



"I think we should ignore it—he's doing it just to get your attention"

COLLIER'S

"Good afternoon," I said. "Won't you please step inside, Mrs. Inwood?"

It was the first time she had heard my natural voice, and the difference puzzled her. She looked at me, frowning...

Later, Charlie told me how things went in the Long Room. It must have been quite a scene.

It was at seven minutes to three by the grandfather clock, and in the middle of the Commodore's explanation of why Chiquita Gonzalez did not really mean to throw the knife at him, that the radio set behind him gave tongue in a loud voice—my voice, although not immediately recognized as such. But the words were crystal clear. "Charlie. Stand by."

Father turned and glared at it, sharing the startled surprise of the rest of the table. It was the more unexpected since, when Charlie before lunch had plugged in the microphone lead, he had also removed the small bulb of the signal light which would have shown the set was switched on. "What the hell?" said Father, preparing to rage.

Two people moved. Charlie went to the radio to be able to control the volume, and Sophie reached down for her handbag by her chair; taking a notebook from it and three sharp pencils, she moved aside her coffee cup to make room.

Except for Father's one outburst, only Charlie spoke:

"Will everybody sit where they are, please? It is most important that Sophie should hear every word." To the Commodore he added, "Eve will explain afterward, sir."

When Charlie calls him "sir," it is an occasion. It implies the formal approach of a junior to a senior officer, and with it now was a note in Charlie's voice which clearly conveyed a warning that for good policy reasons the senior officer would be wise not to argue. The Commodore grunted—and held his peace. Billy Bull said, "Eve! That was Eve!"

In the moment's silence which followed, Sophie decided she would hear better if she were closer, and settled herself in one of the armchairs by the radio with the notebook on her knee.

Then came my invitation to Charlotte to come into the cottage. When Ordinary Smith heard the name "Mrs. Inwood" he looked about him a little wildly, as if searching for a visible explanation of my invisible presence.

Charlie watched Billy Bull's reactions as closely as Sophie watched Ordinary Smith's. He said Billy looked "as if the snake might be dangerous but it was better not to show alarm." He lighted a sec-



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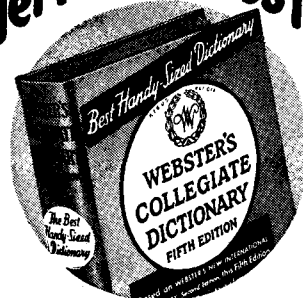
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and cigar and glanced thoughtfully at Ordinary Smith.

After that, Charlie kept his fingers on the volume control switch and began worrying about me, thus missing much of the gradual understanding which came upon at least two of the three men. But when Ordinary Smith's own name came up he revealed himself to Billy Bull, indicating himself by tapping his chest with his thumb, and Billy Bull nodded.

Sophie applied herself to her shorthand like a good girl, allowing neither excitement nor Steinwein to spoil her accuracy.

CHARLOTTE stood for a moment on the threshold, looking about her, at the stairs in the far corner and at the closed door of the back room.

"Don't be nervous," I said. "You're quite safe here, like I said you'd be."

I sat down in my chair and waited for her to make up her mind. I did not think she was seriously suspecting a trap. Why should she? Apart from the difference in my voice, was there anything she had not expected to find?

"I won't sit down," she said. "There's no need for this to take very long." She made a gesture with the package.

"Put it on the table," I told her, and she did so, moving to the table and standing there, so that she was about five feet from the fourth bag of herbs. If Charlie was at the volume control, which he ought to be by now, that was not too bad.

"Aren't you going to open it—make sure it's all there?" she asked with a bite of sarcasm.

"Time enough. Have you brought my letter?"

She took it from her handbag and gave it to me. I slipped it in my pocket.

"If you will now give me mine," she said, "that will conclude the matter."

I shook my head and took off the spectacles.

"I said we had to have a talk."

"I can be certain of one thing"—she looked at me as at a cockroach—"you will try to cheat. What is it now?"

"I've found out something which makes a big difference. I was quite wrong when I thought it was only a matter of you wanting to keep a secret about you know who. You see, I thought like everybody else that this man Penrose had murdered your husband. Now it seems he didn't do anything of the sort. The police haven't got on to that either. See what I mean?"

"I'm afraid I don't." But she was frightened, then reassured herself. It did not really matter how much I knew. Not now. But it mattered to me that it should be discussed and recorded; there might not be much time left. So I went on quickly, hoping Sophie would manage.

"It was a nice bit of luck, that poor Penrose coming along just then and getting himself labeled as the murderer, wasn't it, Mrs. Inwood?"

"Are you trying to say I killed my own husband?"

"Some people might think so—" I began now to drop the Dorothy Simpson idiom, "they might quite easily think so if they were to read the letters in your bureau drawer, the locked one. The police—Inspector Smith, for instance—would cease to think of you as a sorrowing widow but as a wife who was finding her husband an encumbrance. Particularly in recent weeks, when you have had a more than usually engrossing experience with a new kind of lover. You remember I was there when Inspector Smith and the Scotland Yard man interviewed you? I saw you after they had gone—gone sooner than they might have because I came in at your signal to say an imaginary doctor was waiting. Remember how anxious you were they shouldn't pursue a certain direction in their questions? And how you tried to telephone to a flat in North Audley Street, to warn your lover? Sorrowing widow! You weren't faithful to your

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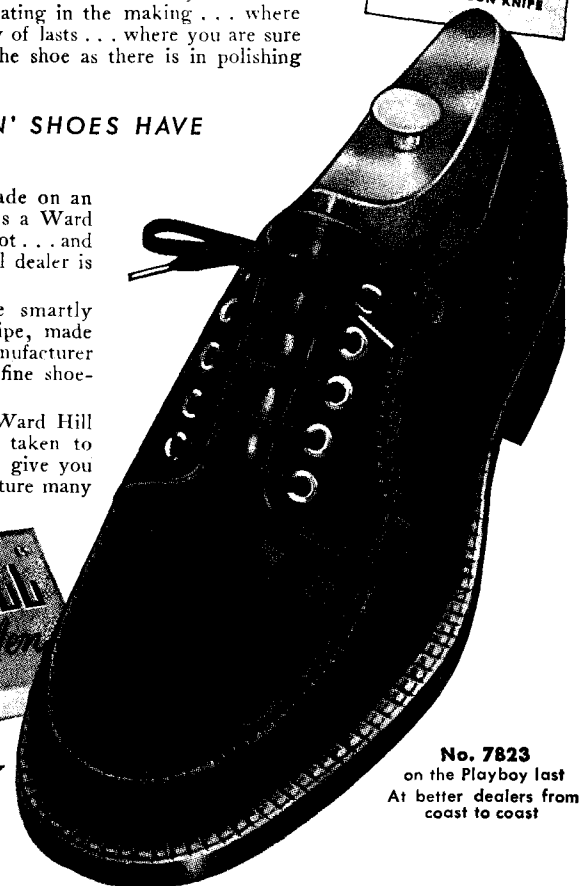
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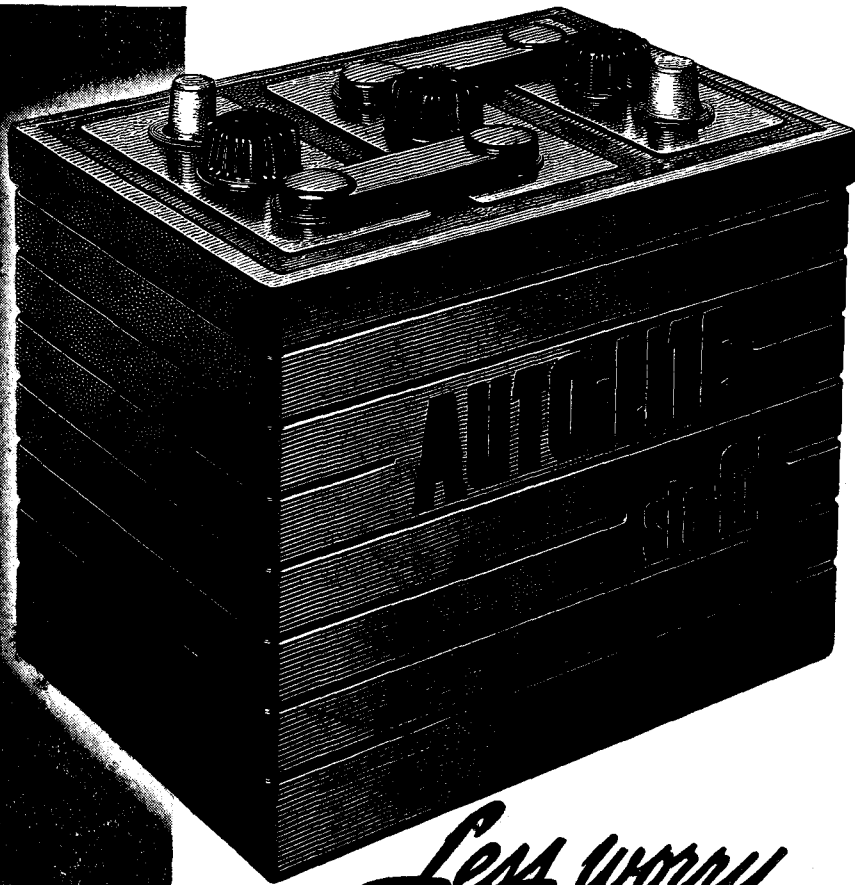


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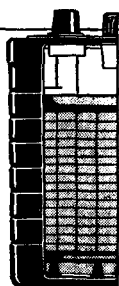
* in normal car use

Less worry . . . less bother for you. Plates in this new battery stay fully covered and active longer because there is more than 3 times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries. Helps eliminate one major cause of battery failure and expense. Extra plates for extra power. Lasts longer, too, than batteries without the "Sta-ful" features.

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*Money cannot
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Here's
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Plates at left are kept fully covered because of the big liquid reserve in the AUTO-LITE "Sta-ful" Battery.

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Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation.

husband for two weeks together from the day he married you."

"How dare you!"

"I dare."

"You spied on me!"

"You let your lover kill your husband. You came no nearer to killing him than that. There was no need for him to die, was there? He was tight-fisted but he let you go your own way. He didn't worry about your men. He knew he could handle them if they came too close to his marriage and his good name. But he should have worried about this new one. He was different. What happened that night when your poor husband tried to straighten things out before they went too wrong?"

"My God, he was right!" Her voice was a passion of angry fear.

The Long Room would not know what she meant, but I did; she meant Freddy Williams was right that I must be put out of the way.

"Yes, he was not quite in the usual run, your new man. He was much cleverer with you than the others had been. He knew how to use your exhibitionism, how to hold you, how to demand and demand so that you never came to the end of giving. And did not want to. Did your husband notice? I think he did. I think he was not expected to be home that night when you brought your lover to the house after the theater. What did your husband say that made this man lose his temper? And that candlestick so handy—"

"Stop! Oh, for God's sake!"

She was breaking. I thrust hard and without mercy.

"Did you try to save him? Did you cry out to warn him, your devoted Joseph? Or did you stand there and watch the sharp silver smash through the bones of his head to put out his life? Was it good to know that now you were more than ever in your lover's delicious power, held to him forever by the sharing of his guilt, to be hurt and frightened and hurt again because that's really the only answer that warms your cold heart?"

She made a movement to cover her eyes. I battered steadily on:

"Don't forget I was with you every moment of those few days after he was killed. I did not take my eyes off you. Why, I even knew about your all-night

visits to the North Audley Street flat when you were supposed to be so ill that you could not stir from your bed. Three visits. And the secret telephone conversations. I heard them, you know, on the switchboard downstairs."

"I don't believe it!"

"Mayfair 5413, or have I the wrong number? He was out the first time. Nearly all day. He didn't want to see you. It was an unnecessary risk, but you could not wait. And when you came to him in spite of his refusal to see you, it was quite awkward for him. He had another woman with him. I spoke to her when she left. You took a taxi there, remember? The driver will. Number ADP 995. But of course you did not need to note his number, as I did."

She glowered, her hands moving in futile gestures of repudiation and disbelief. I paused a moment.

THE straight line of the doorway's shadow in the shaft of sunlight on the stone floor had a bulge in it, such as a man's shoulder might make if he stood on the threshold out of sight. He had not been there a moment ago.

This was it. I needed thirty seconds to shatter the last of her defenses; I was nearly sure he would wait where he was to hear the rest of it.

"But there's no evidence," I said quickly, "to show you did not kill your husband against positive evidence which says you did. If you will lift that newspaper off the middle of the table you'll see something under it which you will probably recognize—go on, look, Mrs. Inwood. It's something you thought you would never see again, the sort of evidence the police would love to have—one of your several white evening frocks with a square foot of bloodstain on it."

She stretched out her hand and pulled away the newspaper, her horror-stricken eyes on the folded, crumpled satin. "The frock you wore that night. You did not expect to see it again, but there it is, yours and no one else's. It can be identified. Your husband's blood, Mrs. Inwood. The man who killed him thought of everything, didn't he? But has he thought how easily he could let you take the blame if he knew about that frock, if it should come into his hands?"

"No! No! No!" she said. "He wouldn't



"Can't your wife be doing something besides mixing you a batch of Martinis?"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE



Give him a name!

\$25,000.00

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(including dealer prizes)

Here's the chance of your lifetime to win a nice big slice of cold cash—and have a lot of fun at the same time!

Send Elsie a name for her new baby boy—the cute little tyke above. And write 25 words giving your reason for picking the particular name.

The lucky person who sends in the winning entry

walks off with \$7,500! . . . Second and third prizes \$1,000 each. And more than 800 *additional prizes* in ready-to-spend *cash*!

If you have several names you think might fit Elsie's baby, send 'em all in—you'll have *more* chance to win. Just remember to accompany each entry with a label, box top, bottle top—any mark of identification—from

any one of the great family of Borden Foods.

Please help Elsie NOW!

Contest closes midnight, October 31, 1947!

Use the coupon on this ad or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery.

Read these rules!

1. Send in a first name for Elsie and Elmer's new baby boy calf. Then in 25 additional words or less complete the statement: "I suggest this name for Elsie's baby because . . ."

2. Use the coupon in this ad or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery. Print clearly your own name and address (also your age and name of your school principal if you are under 14), and the name and address of merchant from whom you buy Borden products. Let your storekeeper help you . . . then, if you win a prize, he wins one too. Write on one side of paper only.

3. This contest is open to any person in the continental United States . . . except employees of The Borden Company and its subsidiaries and affiliates, its advertising agencies and members of their immediate families. Contest is subject to all Government regulations.

4. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a

label, bottle cap, box top, or any other mark of identification from any Borden product.

5. All entries must be the original work of the contestants, submitted in their own names. No more than one prize will be awarded in one family.

Mail your entries to:

Elsie's Contest
P.O. Box 18
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

6. Entries will be judged by the judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. The name will be selected on appropriateness and originality. The statement will be judged on sincerity, logic and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Age will be considered in judging entries of children under 14 years. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned. All entries and ideas therein become the

property of The Borden Company, which shall have the right to use, with contestants' names, in Borden Advertising.

7. The contest closes midnight October 31, 1947 and all entries must be postmarked before that date and received before November 15, 1947.

8. The Borden Company will have notices mailed to winners. A complete list of winners will be sent to all contestants requesting one and sending a stamped, addressed envelope. The Borden Company will decide whether or when to announce any winning names for the calf.

First Prize	\$7,500
Two Prizes	1,000 each
Three Prizes	500 each
Twenty Prizes	100 each
Eighty Prizes	25 each
Three Hundred Prizes	10 each
Four Hundred & Five Prizes	5 each

Plus Dealer Prizes of	\$20,025
	4,975
Grand Total	\$25,000



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P.O. Box 18, New York 8, N. Y.

My name for the new calf is _____

Name _____

Street address _____

City _____

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My 25-word statement is attached. Also name and address of dealer from whom I buy my Borden Products.

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"Gee, that's Eatin'!"



This young man knows a good thing when he sees it.

Santa Fe dining cars are known the country over
for that famous Fred Harvey food... courteous service...
shining silver... linens as white as the snow of the Rockies.

Whether it's beefsteak or brook trout
or pheasant à la Périgieux that catches your fancy on the menu,
you'll have a meal to remember.

In fact, it's almost worth taking a trip just to eat
a Fred Harvey meal on a Santa Fe diner!

May we count on serving you soon?

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Serving the West and Southwest

T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4



do that. Give me that frock—I'll pay! I'll—"

"Come in, Mr. Williams," I said. "Wouldn't you do that?—or would you?"

The shaft of sunlight was all but blot-
ted out as he stood in the doorway, large
and florid and at ease in a gray flannel
suit, hatless, his dark hair curling a lit-
tle damply on his forehead, a slightly
perspiring forehead, perspiring, however,
only from the heat of the afternoon sun.

Charlotte turned to him before he
could speak and uttered the words I had
hoped and prayed that she would say:

"It's worse!" she cried. "Worse! She
knows everything! She knows you killed
Joe! She's threatening to tell the police
that I did it, playing me off against you!
That frock! She's got hold of it, God
knows how! Oh, you were right about
her! She's dangerous, much more dan-
gerous than that silly little Groves man!"

"Quietly, quietly!" he said with an
edge of irritation. "You've let her get at
you all right, haven't you? What's the
worry?"

"But if she can know all this by spying
and watching and guessing and being sly
and cunning, who else mayn't there be?
First Groves, now this one—oh, Freddy,
where will it end? I know I'm the sort of
person people take more interest in than

"A compliment from a murderer, a
double murderer at that, is a compliment
indeed."

"I did not recognize Felicity Cunning-
ham at first."

Charlotte said, "Who? But she's the
maid Samson—"

"Simpson," I corrected her.

"She's what she likes to call herself. I
told you to shut up." Freddy Williams
blew cigarette smoke into the air; it
whirled and eddied in a small blue mist
around the muslin bag above him. "A
homely setting. I don't wonder you
hanker for a stage career. Or was that
part of the act too?"

I looked at him. I shifted in the chair
as though with uneasiness under his fixed
gaze.

"You can't frighten me," I said.

"No?"

"I'm not a helpless butler on a crowded
underground station," I added. "I know
all about you. I knew you'd come with
her. Groves wasn't looking as far as
you were concerned. I am. Don't move!"

"I hadn't moved," he said mildly.
"You're nervy, aren't you? Beginning
to realize what you're up against, eh?"

"Don't be silly. Of course you're dan-
gerous. Joseph Inwood because he an-
noyed you by trying to stop your affair

way, what exactly did Joseph Inwood
say that made you so cross? The inspec-
tor would be interested in that too."

"You've said enough! These academic
post-mortems—or shall I say ante-mor-
tems?—are dull affairs."

"Threatening me, Mr. Williams?"

"You know so much about me, work
it out."

"You moved then," I said, and took
out the pistol. I held it on him. He
studied me thoughtfully and relaxed
against the table again.

"Oh, my God," Charlotte muttered. "I
said she was a cunning—"

"—You did, she is," he said, and to me:
"Well? You know what I am and you
prepared yourself. Very sensible. Very
professional. Where do we go from
here?"

Charlotte's jitters were pitiable now.
I took time to reply.

"First a confession to both murders,
signed by you, and in it a vindication of
Charlotte to the extent that she was an
unwilling agent throughout and that
whatever wrong she did, either actively or
by omission, was the result of your pres-
sure and coercion."

Charlotte drew in her breath sharply.
Freddy Williams glanced quickly at her
and back to me.

"What's the idea?" His expression was
ugly.

"It—it's true," Charlotte was saying al-
most to herself, and then more clearly,
"It's true! I didn't want any of it—how
could I?"

"Is this a little plot between the two
of you?"

Although he had not moved she
backed away from him. "No, no,
Freddy. Of course it isn't. I don't know
what she means. Honestly—I swear!"

HE PAUSED and seemed to forget
her in trying to decide what lay be-
hind my terms. There was a settled
scowl on his face and he spoke softly,
too softly, I learned afterward, for the
microphone to catch more than an occa-
sional word.

"I've had enough of this silly business.
Confession, you want, do you? Want to
make sure there's a record for the police
if anything should happen to you? Do
you really believe you could get that
from me? Gone all sentimental, too,
about a frail sister in distress—she'd be
grateful to know that someone has al-
most a free pardon for her. She'd pay
more in gratitude than in fear, you think?
You're wrong about her too, Miss Cun-
ningham, whoever you are. She's tougher
than that and so dishonest. So dishonest—
if she thinks you're weaker than
she is. Only one thing will keep her
straight with anyone—" He was edging
closer to me while he was speaking,
watching me with his fierce, steady eyes.

"Had you thought," I asked, "what will
happen when she gets tired of the only
thing which keeps her loyal to you? She
will, you know. She always does. Ask
her to show you her collection of letters,
the unburnt offerings from her—friends
of the last few years. It's all there. You
might recognize then the unwilling ac-
complice who turns king's evidence.
Whatever you are thinking of doing now
—or thought of doing—will be one more
problem for her, one more thing on her
conscience from which she must sooner
or later escape. So—"

Charlotte was staring at me with some-
thing like her old self-control. I had
given her an idea. She was looking at it
carefully, weighing its possibilities. She
might dismiss it but it would come back.
Freddy Williams glanced at her, for she
had uttered no cry of undying loyalty to
him when I had questioned its perma-
nence, and he saw what she was thinking.

Violent but ordered rage showed in his
eyes as he turned to me again.

"So—" he said. "So what?"

"Stay where you are and listen to
me." But I fell silent, allowing him to



"The war must really be over now, Roy. The other day I caught my-
self thinkin' that maybe Sergeant Polk wasn't too bad a guy after all"

most—socially prominent, well off, im-
portant, but—"

"You're as important as my foot," said
Freddy Williams. "Shut up and let me
deal with this! Pull yourself together!"

"You don't understand! She—"

He moved quickly forward and
slapped her face, hard, twice. She whim-
pered and put her hands to her cheeks.
But she did not say anything; indeed she
had said nearly all she was to say that
afternoon. Thereafter Freddy Williams
did the talking for them both.

He was in his best mood; he fancied
himself hugely. He was in command of
a situation which he had ordained, or so
he thought, and for an audience he had
one cowed and frightened woman and
another whom he would soon put in
much the same state.

He sat on the edge of the table with his
back to Charlotte, lighted a cigarette
slowly and did not take his eyes off me.
He believed considerably in their power
to hold the mind (and at other times the
heart) of the female on whom he set them
to work. Finally he spoke:

"Professional blackmailer?"

"I have no qualifications, I'm afraid."
"On the contrary."

with his wife and Groves because he tried
to blackmail her—"I nodded toward
Charlotte. "She didn't do so well in that
bit. You know she took the two hundred
pounds she'd paid him from under his
mattress before anyone else in the house
knew he was dead, before it was in the
papers or anything? The police would be
interested in that point. If they knew, of
course, the money was ever there, which
they don't, so far—although Inspector
Smith wasn't altogether satisfied with ei-
ther accident or suicide. I was there when
he searched Groves' room. I know. I
talked to him. He wouldn't take long to
get on to it, once he was given a hint."

"Everything," I heard Charlotte say-
ing. "She knows everything! It's dia-
bolical."

Freddy, however, did not pay any at-
tention to her this time. His expression
was uglier, his eyes darker and as un-
wavering as ever.

"You see," I said, "Inspector Smith
would be glad to know the name—and
address—of the witness who was stand-
ing close to Groves just before he fell.
He hasn't come forward, you know. Have
you an alibi for about ten o'clock that
Tuesday night, Mr. Williams? By the

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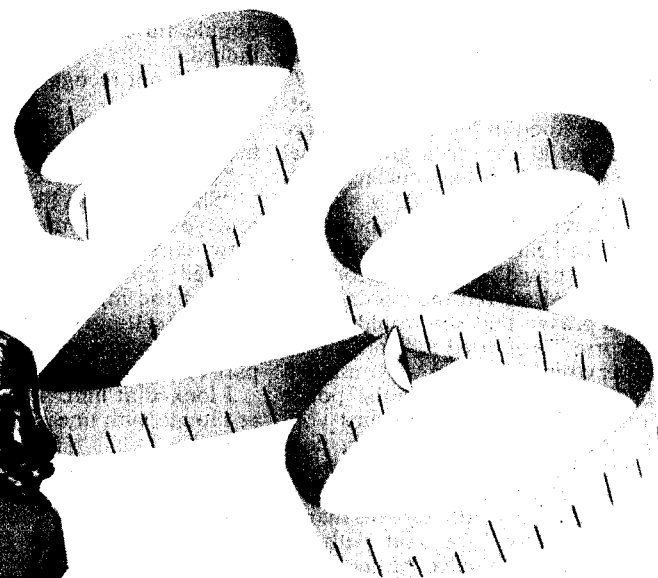
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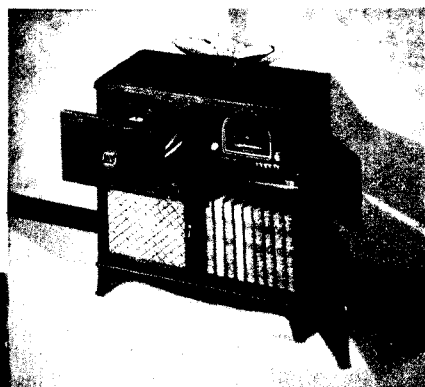
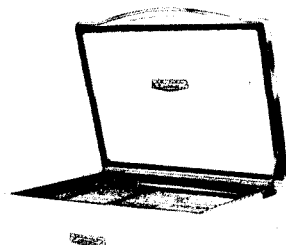
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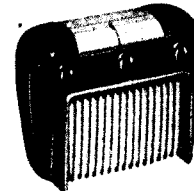
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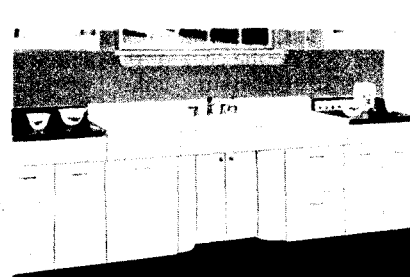


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take a step forward. Because I had decided to let him carry his intention to within sight of its end, thus to mark him beyond need of further proof as a murderer and at the same time make sure that the law would be able to do something about him.

Deliberately I allowed the pistol to droop in my hand, and put the other to my mouth as if in mortal fear.

"Give it to me," he said sharply, and in the same moment snatched it from me. I sat without moving, keeping my eyes on him, as fascinated as I knew how.

He relaxed a little, the scowl softened. He pulled back the carriage of the automatic, and revealed, because no cartridge was ejected, that it was unloaded.

He laughed with faint contempt and let the spring go with a snap. The microphone heard it, I was sure, but I wondered if they recognized the sound in the Long Room.

"Let's take a little walk," he remarked conversationally, and dropped the pistol in his coat pocket.

"No," I said.

"This can only be settled between us two." His voice was part of the thin crust of amiability over the anger which consumed him. "Charlotte. You sit in the car until I come. I shan't be long—"

"No, no—" she whispered.

He looked at her and said, "Take this," and gave her the package of money. To me, he said soothingly, "I quite see that it's not at all adequate in view of the changed situation."

His hand closed around my right arm just above the elbow.

"We can talk here just as well," I objected. "There's not a soul about."

"Nor in those marshes, amongst the dikes and mudholes and bogs of the wilderness outside. I had a look, you know, before I came in. Stuffy in here. Let's go."

He swept the frock off the table with his free hand, and tucked it under his arm, then pushed me ahead of him through the doorway into the bright sunlight, and set off briskly, still holding me, toward the path along the main dike wall. Charlotte went slowly to the car, and looked only once in our direction. She was a little unsteady on her feet.

"You would be very silly to murder me," I said to Freddy Williams.

"Whoever suggested such a thing?" He laughed easily. "You are much too clever to die. Much too clever. It's in my mind to do a deal with you."

"I won't talk business until I have that piece of paper, signed. I must have some protection. Surely you see that? Do we have to walk so fast?"

"I also have to have protection."

"Why? Have you lost that beautiful self-confidence?" I asked. "I do hope I didn't drive it away."

He led me off the wall down the grassy slope to a sheep path along the dike itself. He was not bothering to talk to me any more.

"I don't like this," I said.

"Do I care?"

"I want to go back to the cottage."

"Do you!" His fingers bit into my arm.

I reviewed the conversation under the microphone and was satisfied. My efforts to keep any personal reference to Jonathan out of it had been successful. That had been vital.

CHARLIE could not have held them a moment longer after they heard Freddy Williams say that we would take a walk in the marshes; nor did he try. Indeed, he was the first of them to reach the door of the Long Room.

Ordinary Smith was saying something to his Maker under his breath; Billy Bull was silent with a desperate look on his face—so Sophie told me—and the Commodore, having hopped across to his bunk for the revolver in its hiding place, hoisted himself into his wheel chair, shouting, "For God's sake, don't wait for me!" of which there was no danger.

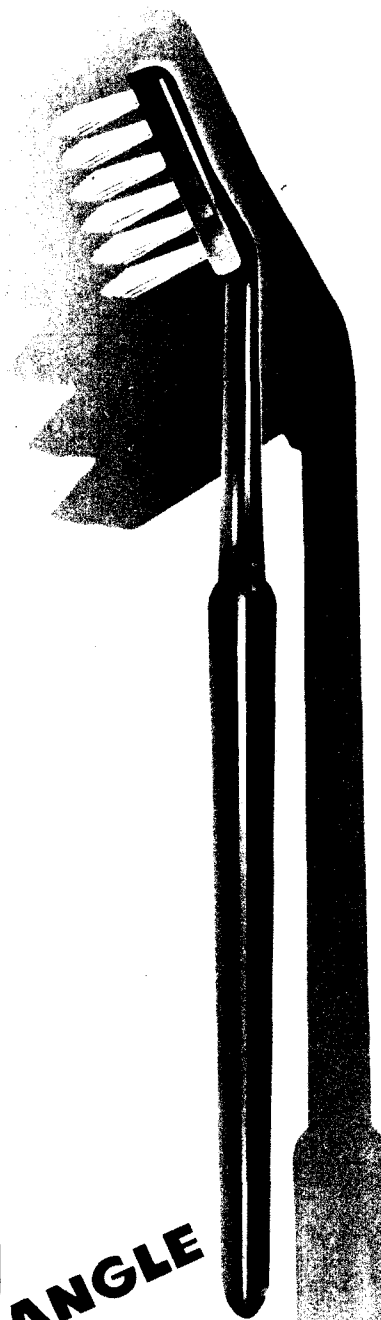
Sophie, a little exhausted and with aching fingers from gripping her pencil too tightly, relaxed and began going through her notebook while everything was fresh in her mind to fill in one or two bits she had had to scamp. She assured me that although she was not really worrying about me, she could not forget that Freddy Williams and I were something over a quarter of a mile away and that the marshes covered several square miles north and south of the cottage.

The trouble, of course, as far as the rescuers were concerned, was that from the moment Freddy Williams took to the lower path along the main dike, the bank hid us from the Marsh House side, so that by the time they reached the cottage they could not see anything of us. They saw the gray car, however, and as Charlotte saw them she started up and drove off down the road as if the Devil were after her. . . .

Freddy Williams did not slacken pace, and as he still grasped me most painfully by the arm, neither did I. But I think I was breathing more quietly than he; it may be he was in worse physical condition, but on the other hand I had neither inclination to murder nor be murdered, and my emotions were on a comparatively even keel.

He was looking this way and that at the

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an ordinary
toothbrush
when you
can get
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marsh, measuring and estimating and trying to decide on a likely and suitable spot for what he had to do.

He did not slow up to get rid of the pistol he had taken from me but tossed it into the middle of the dike.

"You silly little amateur," he remarked. "I knew it wasn't loaded the moment you pulled it out."

I marked the place as best I could by a clump of bullrushes, but there would be a foot of mud at the bottom in which it might be impossible to find it. I was angry. Although I was not as keen on firearms as the Commodore had tried to make me, that pistol was one of the pair I regarded as my particular own. But the anger was the stimulus I needed.

I had been thinking about this man quite differently from the way I ought to have been thinking. I saw now that he was more than the object of my private desire that he should pay for the death of two men and the near death at the hands of the law of a third. How many Charlottes had he created in the women who had passed through his perverting hands? He had grown sleek and plump and well content with himself on the sweet food of the evil he had taught them, like that Roman cat which was fed only on the livers of nightingales.

THE grip of his hand was abruptly unbearable, but I knew I must endure it a little longer if I was to make sure of him.

The sheep track did what they all do sooner or later in the marsh, it came to a foot-wide plank which bridged the dike; the track continued on the other side, zigzagging through tufts and hassocks, skirting the bald patches of mud, toward the flats. The tide was out, the gray sheets of mud glistening and shining like metal in the sun.

Freddy Williams stopped to consider the prospect, then pushed me ahead of him onto the plank, which he had to do because it was not wide enough for him to cross abreast of me. I went across without demur; if I showed no objection to this stroll in the marshes, appearing submissive to his overpowering will, he might decide there was no further need to hold me. I could not leave the track

without getting bogged. My arm ached from the pressure of his fingers. It was some minutes since either of us had spoken; I wondered how long his conceit would support his belief that he was in complete control of the situation.

We proceeded in single file like this until we came to the edge of a largish mudhole, within reach of the tide's flood, with pools of water lying stagnant and still on its oil-smooth surface. Here he said, "All right, this will do."

I turned to face him. He was holding out the frock.

"This piece of evidence," he said, and tossed the white frock to me. "I don't think it need come into our arrangement with each other. Stuff it in the mud."

I held it to me, and let him see my nerve was going. "I'm ready to call it off," I said anxiously. "I'll bury this as you say, and forget it—forget everything. I made a mistake. I see it now. I oughtn't to have tried to—to get the better of you. I—I—don't like it here! It's lonely, and oh, please, please don't look at me like that!"

"If I look at you like that, as you call it, it's nobody's fault but your own. Hurry up!"

I knelt down and bundling the dress, thrust it down into the soft ooze at the edge of the mudhole.

"Smooth it over," he said, and I flattened the wet surface with my hands.

I had not foreseen being made to bury the frock like that, and it gave my morale a little fillip to know that my luck was holding for these last few minutes. I dare say I would have had no difficulty about it in any case, but it did give me the best of opportunities while I was still kneeling there wiping my hands clean of the mud in the long grass by the side of the track, to take my other pistol from the top of my stocking and keep it out of sight behind me when I stood up.

He was looking at the mud speculatively, his heavy mouth grim.

"That's pretty deep, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "Nobody will ever find it."

"The body, you mean?"

"Body?"

He took off his jacket and dropped it on the grass. His white silk shirt blazed



MICHAEL BERRY

SPORTING ODDS

When everyone else moved on, leaving service troops holding a Pacific island, it was pretty sure all the enemy had been cleaned out. Free of danger, the G.I.s had settled into a routine of Army housekeeping, drill and softball. Their games were invariably as hot as the local climate and there was plenty of jeering the afternoon a racing outfielder put on his brakes just short of the clearing's edge. Staring out at him, rifle barrel glinting through the rank growth, was one of the supposedly eliminated Jap soldiers. The American boy held his breath, wondering what to do. The Japanese decided it: He moved cautiously, picked up the ball, bowed gravely, tossed it to the G.I. and faded into the jungle.

—H. L. Mitchell, Huntington Park, Cal.

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"Say, who's
quizzing
who?"

HE: You know. I'm supposed to be asking the questions here...

SHE: But you look as though you know the answers, too!

HE: Ah... the subtle approach...

SHE: ... and all I want to ask is who made that new suit?

HE: Timely Clothes, lady—and it's not new. Must be three or four seasons old.

SHE: Are you kidding?

HE: Nope... it has Balanced Tailoring.

SHE: Balanced Tailoring...?

HE: That's what it said in the booklet... "lots of fine hand-needlework for softness, and machine-sewing for strength". Seems to work, too.

SHE: Well—wait 'til John hears what I learned from quizzing the quiz master!

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with light against the sage green of the marsh behind him.

"Your body," he said, and undoing the cloth belt of his trousers, stripped them off in a remarkably deft movement, put them on top of his coat, and stood there in his shirt and underpants, considering me. "If you want to scream, please do," he added.

I stared at him, then said, "Oh, I see! How dumb of me! That's in case you get dirty pushing me under the mud. You think of everything."

He frowned.

"Don't you understand? I am going to kill you. In a minute or so from now you will be dead and out of sight for ever, side by side with that stupid woman's frock."

I shook my head. "No."

"Oh? You still think you can bargain with me? Were you thinking, perhaps, that Felicity Cunningham's seductive arms might woo the villain from his deed?"

I BACKED away a little. "No. For one thing I'm not Felicity Cunningham. I meant I could not lie side by side with Charlotte's frock because, you see, it isn't Charlotte's frock. It's an ancient one of my own with a little rabbit's blood spilled on it. Hers is safe at home—my home. I'm sure you are right to think I'm a fool, but I wasn't such a fool as to show her the real one."

He was quite unshaken. "Thanks for letting me know. I was going to take a look round the cottage before I left."

I shook my head again.

"Would I have been so silly as to arrange that meeting in the cottage if it had really been where I lived?"

Rising blood darkened his big cheeks; I was beginning to penetrate his self-confidence. I went on:

"I don't think you will feel strong enough to look round any cottages before you leave—if you leave. What does it feel like to meet a woman who isn't afraid of you?"

"You're afraid of me, all right!" he said thickly. "You're so afraid that every wit and trick of mind you're capable of is working overtime to get you out of the worst mess of your witty, tricky life."

"Mr. Williams," I said coldly, "you don't even make sense any more."

"You're bluffing!" he accused and took a step toward me, his fingers curled, his eyes no longer on mine but on my throat. Of course I was afraid of him, even though I could have killed him; the violence of his rage seemed to reach me across the space which still separated us and might have enveloped me even before his hands had I given way to it. I stood quite still, watching him. He wouldn't jump at me, but would come slowly, savoring his anticipation in spite of the urgency of his passion to kill.

I heard myself say aloud, "They've always run, haven't they?"

"And I've always caught them. So don't bother, in spite of any added zest you think you might give the proceedings. It's too hot this afternoon."

He took another step. The next would bring him within the limits of my safety.

"I wonder what they would think if they saw you now. I don't mean the dead ones, the two men who are dead because of your conceit or greed or sadism or whatever little, mean motive you had. I mean the silly, vain, lovesick women who have been the food and drink of your useless life. You look so revolting, you know, and unsuccessful—" I laughed in his face. "That's the word—unsuccessful."

"I shall kill you very, very slowly," he said. "I shall squeeze for a bit, and then, when you think it's your last moment, I shall let you breathe again, for a little while—a minute or so." He paused. "There's nothing unsuccessful about killing when you know how."

"A hot, angry, rather fat man in his

shirt and underpants," I remarked, "spoiling my marsh and the goodness of Sunday."

I moved my right hand from behind me to my side as he raised his foot for the next pace toward me.

He saw the pistol. He stared at it and his mouth opened slightly, so that he looked suddenly like a fish taken out of the water. His foot wavered a moment and felt for the ground behind him.

"No," I said. "I am not going to run. You are. This one is loaded."

The sound which came from his gaping lips was curiously like the roar of an animal and I knew from it and the blazing fury of his eyes that any idea of making him see that he would neither kill me this afternoon nor anyone else ever again, was a foolish one, that no words I could use would show him he had lost, and that neither this afternoon nor ever again would he kill for gain or pleasure or any other reason.

So, as his brain decreed the leap to strike me down, and before the message reached his legs, I shot him and saw the blood stain instantly the white of his shirtsleeve high on the upper part of his right arm. The shot reverberated across the marsh, and I thought I heard a distant answering shout.

Freddy Williams rocked on his heels, cried out and clasped his arm with his other hand.

"You've hit me! You bitch!"

"An inch higher than I meant to," I said, and fired again. It was a better shot, the bullet nicked him exactly where I wanted it, the edge of his left arm three inches above the elbow joint; the Commodore would have been pleased with me although I might have admitted that I had a target dressed—or rather undressed—considerately all in white.

The man very nearly screamed; it was a sound too shrill for a cry of pain or warning. He thought, of course, that he was badly hit. He turned and plunged off down the sheep track the way we had come, yelling for help at every stride. When he had gone thirty yards, I sent a bullet over his head, so that the whine of it would encourage him. This time it really was a scream. He ducked and ran on, his head still down.

I gathered up his coat and trousers, and letting them trail in the mud a bit as I went, ran after him. Why, I thought, shouldn't he arrive in Billy Bull's police station looking a little muddier? It would make him look much more like a murderer. He bounced across the plank to the other side and ran on.

TWO figures came up on the main dike wall; they were too far away at first to distinguish whose they were, but I was fairly certain they could see Freddy Williams, even if my print frock merged with the background; however, to make sure they would come to meet us, I paused on the plank bridge to fire two rapid shots along the line of the dike itself. The bullets struck the surface of the water a few yards ahead of Freddy Williams, pounding along the track by its side, and ricocheted one after the other with successive plumes of spray.

In spite of his fear, he ran comparatively slowly and I was able to keep the same thirty yards behind him all the way, so that whenever he looked over his shoulder he saw me there, obviously trying to get close enough to finish him off without wasting any more bullets in near misses.

I saw now that the reception committee was rightly composed of Billy Bull and Ordinary Smith. Both were in a state of great agitation; they seemed to be running, waving and shouting all at the same time, but at which of us I did not know. When Freddy Williams saw them he seemed to hesitate, as though his mind was beginning to work again and puzzling as to how he would explain why, a stranger in these parts, he came to be

Collier's for September 13, 1947

running about the marshes half naked and shot full of bullet holes. Also he may have wondered at the sudden appearance of two men in what he had believed to be a desert.

He pulled up suddenly and stood for a moment staring at them, and then glanced over his shoulder at me. He could neither go forward unless to run into their arms nor back the way he had come without danger of another bullet from my pistol.

He came to the decision that he could not climb the steep slope of the dike wall and must therefore cross the dike itself. He might have done better if he had attempted to wade it. But he tried to jump it. Fear's wings were not enough and even for a lighter and less exhausted man, twelve feet would have been too much.

He came down in the middle of the dark water with a despairing bellow and stuck there with his feet in the mud, the water up to his waist and clasping his wounded arms.

I became a little hazy in my mind at this point because of the sick feeling, a much sicker feeling than the prospect of danger had ever put in my inside.

Everything else seemed far away and of no interest at all. I think I was aware of Freddy Williams floundering out of the dike with Billy Bull on one side of him and Ordinary Smith on the other, and also of Charlie who had apparently come from nowhere, holding my head and saying:

"Be sick, you'll feel better."

"I'm all right," I said from a great distance.

"You said you would hold them both in the cottage until we got there," Charlie said accusingly. "What went wrong with that—how did he persuade you to go with him?"

"Charlie dear, please—I've had an awful day—all that cooking in the hot kitchen this morning, and—"

"Pfui," said Charlie. "Pfui, pfui, pfui!" which was as near a sign that he had lost his self-control as I had ever seen.

We were interrupted by Father who arrived in his wheel chair pushed by Mary. He was gripping his revolver and

ready for anything. I began trying to explain. It was very difficult. . . .

Billy Bull and Ordinary Smith took Freddy Williams to Kessingland Cottage Hospital to be dried, bandaged, and put to bed to sleep it off with a policeman in close attendance. Ordinary Smith spent some time on the police station's direct telephone line to London, and amongst other things gave instructions for Charlotte Inwood to be picked up.

The two of them came back again to the Marsh House for supper and the inescapable questions about my part in the business. Billy Bull was discretion itself, allowed Ordinary Smith to do all the questioning and forbore to cast doubt upon anything I said, which knowing me so well he might have done, for there were bits I had to keep quiet about. They might yet discover Jonathan's share as an accessory after the fact, but they would get no help from me. Indeed Ordinary Smith was now ready to believe every word of the panic-amnesia story Jonathan had told them.

"He'll be released at once?" I asked.

"It will be a question for the public prosecution people, but we'll be glad to see the last of him. We were wrong, you see. We don't like that. Any say I may have will certainly be in that direction."

AFTER supper, Ordinary Smith maneuvered me into the garden; I dreaded the inevitable, but it had to be faced sooner or later, so rather now than have it hanging over me. I said, "Shall I ask it for you? Nobody has yet. But Billy, and Father, too, for that matter, are asking it in their minds, just as you are."

"Well," he began uncomfortably, "the beginning does puzzle me a bit, but if you'd rather not—"

"I would much rather not," I said, "because you'll realize, as you are already guessing, that my interest was more than academic, more than a test of my theory that architects don't murder. Yes, I knew Jonathan. I knew he hadn't done it."

He nodded. "I thought that must be it." He took my hand. "But you could have told me what you had discovered without running those appalling risks;

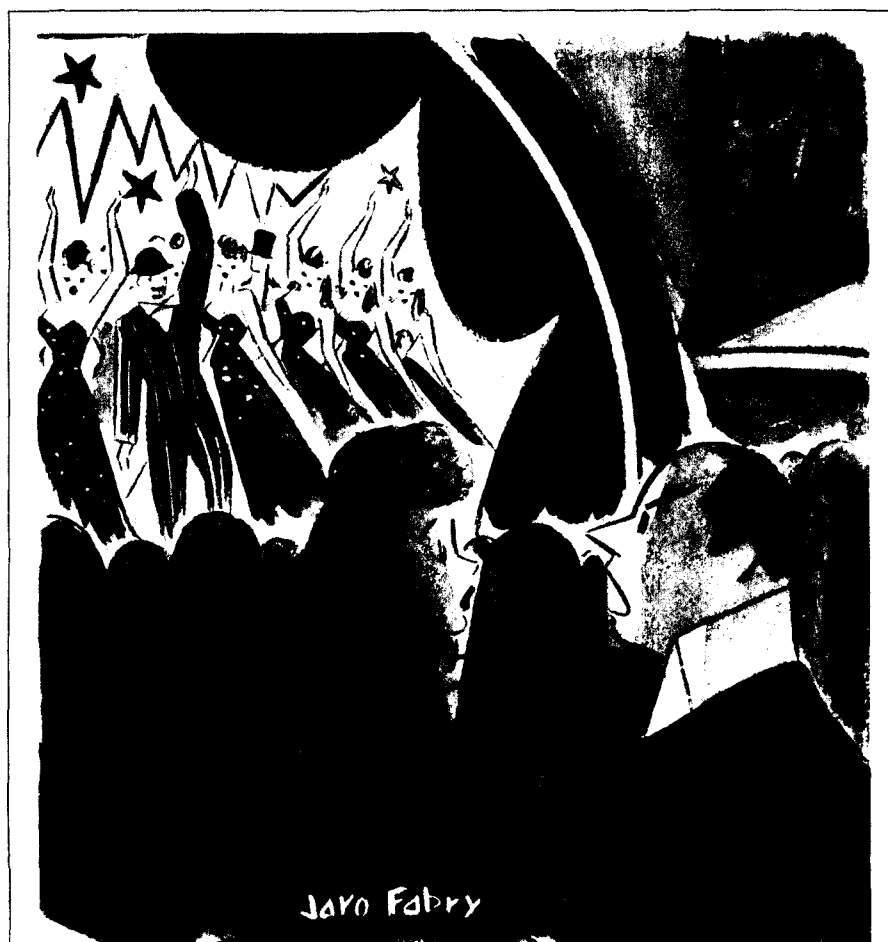


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SPICY ICE CREAM SHORTCAKE

as served at the

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SPICY ICE CREAM SHORTCAKE

- 1 pint lemon or chocolate ice cream
- 1 cup milk or thin cream
- 3 cinnamon sticks
- 2 teaspoons cornstarch

- 1 tablespoon water
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon honey
- Dash salt
- 4 slices spicecake

Use your favorite ice cream. Heat milk with cinnamon sticks. Cover and allow to stand 10 minutes. Remove sticks. Blend together, add cornstarch and water. Heat, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Beat together egg yolks, honey and salt. Gradually stir in milk. Return to saucepan. Stir over low heat or hot water until creamy. Cool. Place cake on serving plate. Top with ice cream and pour over sauce. Serves 4.

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I—we—could have acted on what you found out quite early in the business. The Mrs. Inwood-Williams affair, for instance—"

"Could you have proved he killed Inwood?"

"She would have broken down under questioning."

"Not she! The Charlotte you heard this afternoon was not the Charlotte you would have questioned. Could you have applied the shock principle the way I did, and listened to her when she thought it did not matter what she said, with Freddy Williams there to fill in the gaps, boasting of his murders to a roomful of witnesses? Could you have caught him at a moment when he had just failed to kill a third time—red-handed almost?"

"Our more prosaic methods have been known to bring in one or two criminals in the past. No, Eve, I admit it. It's the tidiest case-ending I've ever seen or heard about. It's just that I hate to think of what you had to do."

"Not as much as I do," I said. "You haven't spotted one of the worst things I did—from my point of view." I shivered, but plunged into it:

"Yes; I saw you get out of Jupp's car the evening after the murder and followed you into that pub. It was entirely through picking you up that I ever managed to get close to Charlotte and her precious Freddy. It was from you I heard about the lady's-maid job, and wangled myself into it as 'Dorothy Simpson.'"

"But dammit! I picked you up!" he cried. "I've been wishing ever since I'd been properly introduced. I don't believe it! You couldn't do it!" He paused, his mind busy; his eyes took on a wintry look and he dropped my hand. "You mean our dinners at Carletta's, and everything—"

"Even this week end," I drove in the last nail.

"I see. Yes. But—" He was still struggling.

"But what?"

"I don't care! Isn't this the biggest thing in my career, and always will be? To go home with a double murderer and a story which will knock every other headline off the front pages for a fortnight! It's the policeman's dream come true! Jupp, all of them, will be round my neck with free dinners and what-will-you-have and how did you do it, old boy!"

"I'm glad," I said.

"And I didn't do it. You did it."

"If you can hide me away under 'information received,' that's all the share I want in this. I'll tell you why; I don't want Jonathan to know too much of what I did."

"But you've saved his life, practically. I don't say he'd have gone all the way to the execution shed, but he might have had a hell of a time making his story stick."

His eyes were still a little bleak.

"You're perfectly justified in looking like that," I agreed. "If the thing were repeated, I would do all that I did again. I'm like that. I wish I weren't. I get an idea into my head and nothing else matters. I'm not really very nice."

He walked a few paces away from me, then turned, and came back.

"It was the right idea," he said, "and that's important. You had an idea a man was innocent whom all of us believed guilty. I'm quite happy to be sacrificed in the course of putting that right," he sighed. "I'm a silly chap," he added. "I thought it had happened at last."

My throat was lumpy and my eyes hurt.

"I wish you could know how much I like you," I said. "And how often I wanted to rush to you and tell you the whole beastly story, not because you were the police but because I—well, wanted to."

"I wish to God you had."

"I dared not. You wouldn't have allowed me to go on with what I wanted to do. You wouldn't, in the ordinary shape of your duty, allow yourself to let me."

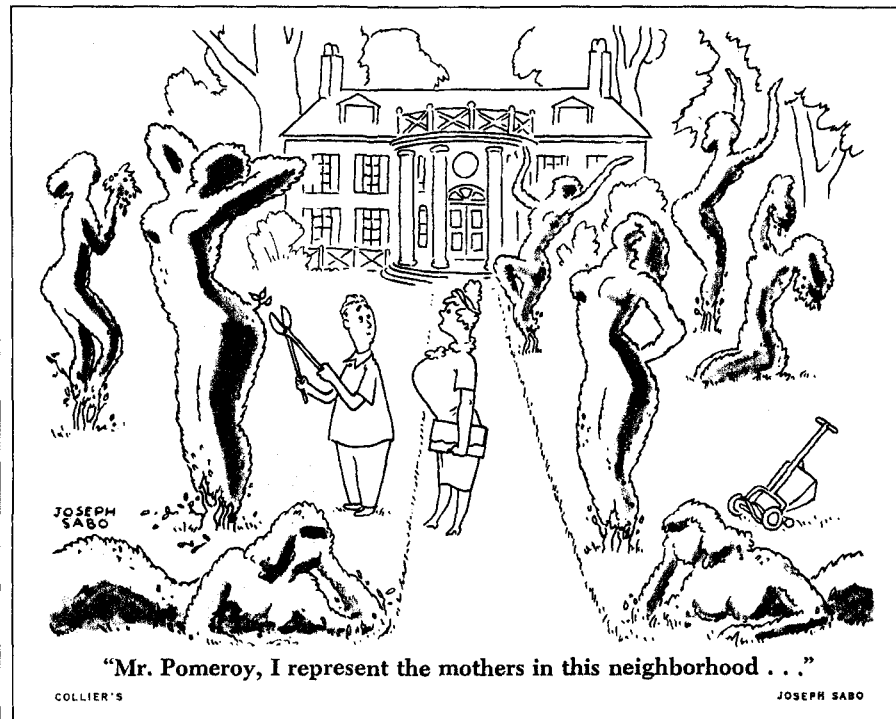
"That's probably true." He sighed again.

I wished I could think about him as he had been dreaming, I thought. But I could not, and I had finished with pretending.

WE WENT into the Long Room where the others, including the Commodore, were drinking the Commodore's very best uncured, unexcised brandy. Charlie and Billy Bull each favored me with one of those sharp, suspicious and undercover glances which you get when you have been alone in a twilight garden with another gentleman.

Sophie also eyed me, but with her ordinary insatiable curiosity. I shook my head at her secretly, and she pouted. The Commodore poured me brandy, and called for my health to be drunk. He still looked as he had been looking all the evening, excessively pleased with himself for having shared in the creation of such a clever, unscrupulous daughter. I smiled at him and did not let him see I knew that he was quite capable of beating me soundly when everybody had gone for having hogged all the shooting.

Presently, when it had been arranged that Ordinary Smith should stay over until tomorrow to see what his prisoner's



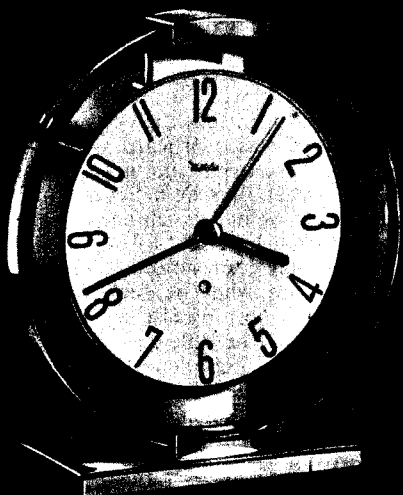
"Mr. Pomeroy, I represent the mothers in this neighborhood . . ."

There's no better time

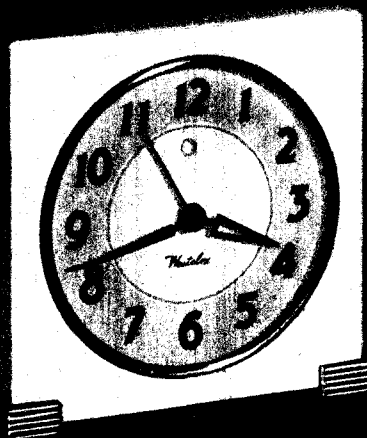


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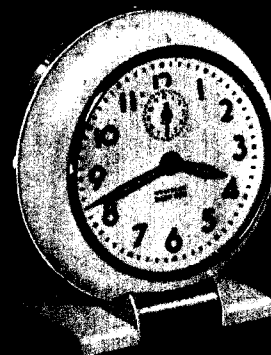
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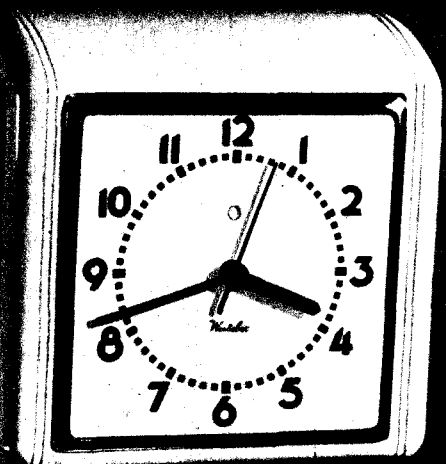
Oracle electric time clock



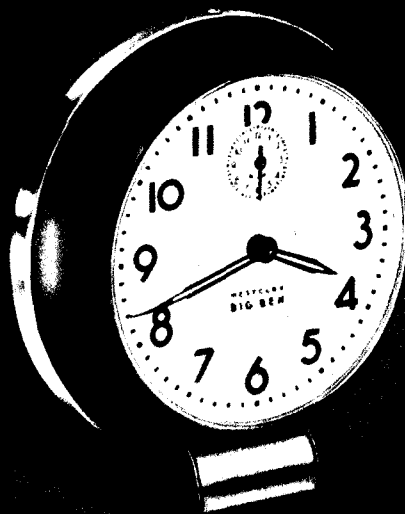
Logan electric alarm



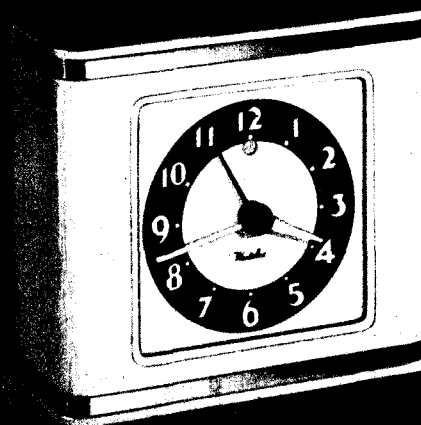
Baby Ben alarm



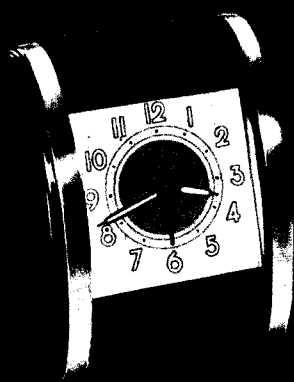
Dunbar electric kitchen clock



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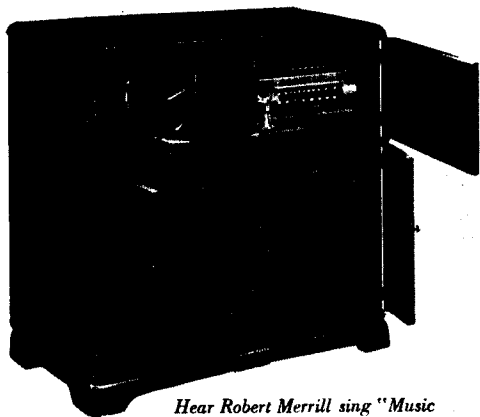
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condition was like before reporting to London, I saw Billy Bull to his car.

"You've been awfully good."

"No," he denied. "I've been cautious."

"I brought you into it because it was your territory and I thought, anyhow, that two policemen were better than one."

"Your Mr. Smith is better than most. He could have handled it alone."

"He's not my Mr. Smith."

"That's up to you."

"You're not cross at having it kind of sprung on you?"

"Shall I tell you my real, honest, personal feeling, which I've had ever since it started?"

"If it doesn't make me burst into tears—I'm a bit on edge."

"Are you indeed? I was beginning to wonder if there was any end to your reserves. No, my dear, I'm not cross or hurt or anything like that. I expect Smith has told you our official view—we're glad you mixed yourself up in it. It's just that you went out on one of the finest stalks I've ever seen, and left me at home." He climbed into his car. "I feel the way Fido feels when I take out the gun alone. Next time, please, I'd like to come too. But on no account whatever—I repeat—on no account whatever, is there to be a next time." He started the engine and, the words half lost in the burst of its noise, he added, "You mean too much to me."

HE WAVED his hand and drove off fast, so that one moment he was in the courtyard and the next had vanished, leaving only a little cloud of dust and the swiftly decreasing sound of his car. It seemed to me we were all being very sentimental tonight.

Sophie was telephoning the Earl when I reached the house. It was no use, she said, fussing. She was driving an important man to London tomorrow morning in connection with official business, practically a matter of national importance in which she also was involved. She couldn't tell him any more because he knew what country exchanges were, but if he watched the newspapers he would learn. No, the family name was not being dragged in the mud; she had left that to him. Yes, she loved darling Boozie very much and one day he'd be proud of his Tiddles, who had kept her

head in an emergency... No, as she was tired of telling him, for the fiftieth time, he would have to wait until next year. Heirs are babies too, and no less trouble for having coronets on their nappies...

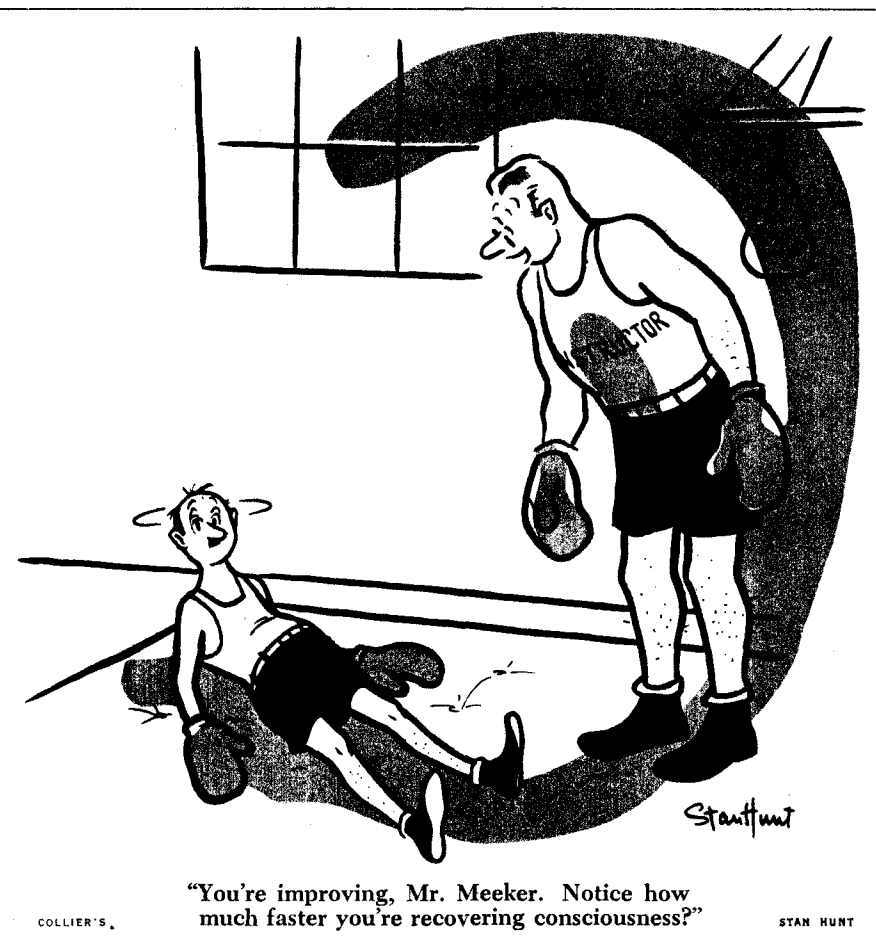
Jonathan came back of his own accord at the end of last week. I have not seen him yet. Charlie says to leave him alone. He is a man sick in his heart, and will be for a long time yet. Ordinary Smith told him a good deal of the truth, and Jonathan had to believe it, coming from him. Charlotte, taking the hint I had given her during the showdown, did not have to be picked up; she arrived at Chelsea police station that same evening a few minutes after Ordinary Smith had telephoned to them, and said she wished to make a statement about her husband's death; in effect, she took the first step toward what she will ultimately do, turn king's evidence and for herself plead that she was coerced and blackmailed into silence; it will be in her favor that she had no idea that the conversation in the cottage was overheard. They think she will serve two years, maybe three.

Charlie says he believes Jonathan still thinks she had no choice in anything she did; that he ought to be at the jail gates when she comes out. My reply to that is: Let's see what he feels after the trial, when, if nothing else seems clear to him, he should be able to realize at last that she was completely infatuated with Freddy Williams throughout the whole time she was letting him, Jonathan, believe he was the only man in the world for her, and however crazy that may seem, there are women who cannot say no to anyone who says please ardently and often enough, not even if they come in herds.

But I am in a confusion myself. Do I really want Jonathan as much as I think I do? Is he himself, or does he represent something I made him into, in my own heart? Now that he has no need to run away, is out of the wood, safe, somewhere over there in the sheltered heath behind the marshes, helping the shepherds build the wattle enclosures for the winter lambing, do I feel the same about him as I did when I made his breakfast in the Peacock that first morning?

Honestly, I do not know. I wish Charlie or someone would tell me.

THE END



"You're improving, Mr. Meeker. Notice how much faster you're recovering consciousness?"

COLLIER'S.

STAN HUNT

PUNCH LINES BY SULLENS

Continued from page 45

time Sullens came down with a heavy attack of the fever himself. But his staying in the plague city brought him to the attention of Melville Stone, founder of Associated Press, who became his close friend and later gave him nationally important assignments.

Stone brought Sullens in to cover, for AP, the national political conventions. This, in turn, made him the acquaintance of every President since Teddy Roosevelt.

Woodrow Wilson is his great ideal. "So many of our leaders," he says, "you find have feet of clay when you get to know them. But Wilson didn't. He was a great man, every inch of him, at all times."

Sullens' judgments of national leaders are quick, eclectic, personal. During the 1927 Mississippi floods Herbert Hoover, whom he was accompanying on a tour of the distressed area, refused Sullens' suggestion that they fly over the flood. It immediately turned Sullens against Hoover and nothing that has happened since has changed his mind.

During World War I, he served as an Intelligence officer and he has been called "Major" ever since.

Couldn't Stand Filth and Flies

To get back to Jackson's yellow fever—Sullens' campaign for a sewage system finally ended that threat forever. "I didn't know then," he says, "that yellow fever is spread by unsanitary conditions. I just couldn't stand the filth and the flies. Everybody thought I was crazy. 'Spend \$100,000 on filth!' they yelled. 'You're out of your mind.' But I kept after it and we finally got it through. Then the epidemics ended."

Sullens parted company with the Clarion-Ledger abruptly in 1905. The publisher, Colonel R. H. Henry, was at least the equal of Sullens in explosive temperament. One morning Sullens came in to find that a dramatic criticism he had stayed up until 2 A.M. to write had been "edited" by Colonel Henry.

"Why," he cries, "he had cut it practically in half. Just butchered it. When I found it, I saw red, just boiled over. I grabbed up the galley proof, ran into his office and told him he had a helluva nerve criticizing my critique when he hadn't even seen the performance. Then I tore up the galleys and told him he could take his job and go to hell."

Scarcely two hours later, Frank Bellenger, publisher of the rival Jackson Daily News, made him city editor of that paper. A year later, Sullens became editor, and shortly afterward bought out the Bellenger interests.

Sullens' first fist fight came when he exposed the mismanagement of the state prisons. The young and powerful son of one of the trustees decided to make something of it. "He tackled me up near the old state capitol," says the Major, "and it was a ripshooter. He was stronger than me, best athlete around here in those days, but he didn't know how to use his strength."

"It was quite a brawl. We rolled and slugged our way up and down the block in front of the capitol two or three times before I knocked him out."

Meanwhile Sullens had been attracted to a sharp-tongued member of the state legislature, John Sharp Williams, later to become one of the greatest U.S. senators Mississippi ever had.

Scion of a wealthy cotton family, Williams was a delta aristocrat, or as Sullens says fondly, "to the manor born." A profound scholar of law at both American and foreign universities, he was witty, contemptuous of ignorance, and one of the roughest sharpshooting debaters in American history.

Collier's for September 13, 1947

Sullens shared Williams' taste for good literature, philosophy, wit, corn liquor, and contempt for the "red-necks, yaps and yahoos," to use an old Mississippi phrase for its small impoverished white farmers, and their inflammatory spokesmen. Williams and Sullens became intimate friends, set out together to demolish James K. Vardaman, former governor and then U.S. senator.

The Great White Chief, as Vardaman styled himself, was the granddaddy of all the demagogues who have dominated the South in recent years. He always appeared in public in white, including a giant white hat, riding a wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, and preaching a fearsome sermon on the "niggah menace to the white race."

Sullens and Williams, though believers in the South's traditional white supremacy, thought Vardaman's "menace" was nonsense.

Copies of the News show that Sullens blasted Vardaman as:

"... a rantankerous demagogue, a vain poseur, a perpetual pageant, a vain hysteric roaring to and fro, a voluble rantipole who has always lived alternately on the charity of his friends and the forbearance of his creditors. He is the only man in Mississippi who can convert a minnow of thought into a whale of sound. He sets himself up as an idol, bids the populace fall down and worship, and pontificates before the world as the one just and only honest man."

This cannonading gradually wore Vardaman down. However, it was not until he joined the "Willful Twelve," who voted against U.S. participation in World War I, that they managed to defeat him and elect the late Pat Harrison to his seat. Vardaman died a short time later, a broken man.

As long as Senator Harrison was alive, he and Sullens were bosom friends and Sullens helped him in many ways. During one campaign in which he wrote most of Harrison's speeches and prepared his publicity, Sullens never left the hotel room in which he worked for three weeks.

Ten to One Against the Senator

During his last campaign Harrison confessed to Sullens that he was dead-broke after thirty years in politics.

"Could you pledge two thousand dollars of your salary ahead?" asked Sullens. The senator guessed he might.

"Well, you get \$2,000 and give it to me. I'm absolutely certain you're going to win and I know a fellow who'll bet 10 to 1 against you."

The senator hocked his salary, Sullens made the bet, and Harrison went back to the Senate with \$20,000 in his jeans.

By this time Sullens' fist fights were as regular as sessions of the legislature, and often took place on the floor. The first such fight was with a young lawyer named M. Ney Williams whom he termed "an inconsequential young man ... sadly misrepresenting Hinds County in the legislature." The next morning Sullens was in the state senate, leaning over to talk to a senator when someone tapped him on the shoulder. As he straightened up, Williams swung.

"I ducked and swung one at him. It caught him," he says, "just right and he went down like a stuck hog. Then the uproar started. It completely broke up the legislative session."

Though they have never come to blows, Sullens' longest standing feud has been with Senator Theodore G. Bilbo.

Some of the things he has said about Bilbo would make your hair stand on end. Alluding to Bilbo's reputation for associating with ladies other than his wife, he wrote, when Bilbo once went abroad:

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"When Bilbo went ashore in Denmark, the band played God Save the Queen." But Sullens complains that, "It is virtually impossible to get under that fellow's skin. He's got the hide of a rhinoceros."

However, he succeeded at least once, during the reign of Governor Lee M. Russell, when the governor's secretary brought charges of seduction against the governor and named Bilbo as a witness. Bilbo dodged subpoena servers and hid out for some time rather than testify. Finally, the judge cited him for contempt and sent a federal marshal after him. The marshal was about to give up his search when he heard a heifer calf bawling in the barn, and found Bilbo hiding in its stall. Sullens, next day, wrote:

"Some people have expressed sympathy for Governor Russell in this seduction case. Some have expressed sympathy for the girl. Still others have expressed sympathy for Bilbo. Personally, all our sympathy goes to the heifer calf."

Bilbo later said that was the "meanest thing anybody ever said about me."

Red Pajamas—With a Message

Once, Sullens and Bilbo did get together to support a mutual candidate for governor. The alliance was celebrated with a big political rally at which Sullens presented Bilbo with a pair of red suspenders and a pair of red pajamas with the advice: "Keep them where they belong."

But with all his bombardment of Bilbo, he has never been able to defeat him seriously. Some observers feel that it is ironical, now that Bilbo seems to be slipping, that Sullens runs front-page editorials announcing in Bilbonic tones: "White Supremacy Is At Stake!"

Privately, Sullens admits, "The Negro menace is just a bogey. But we've got to face the fact that increasing numbers of Negroes will qualify to vote, that the Texas decision of the Supreme Court guarantees the Negroes' rights, and the hell of it is that you can't get the white people to register and vote."

Sullens' most famous battle took place in May, 1940, when Governor Paul B. Johnson laid open his skull with a cane in the lobby of the Walthall Hotel. Sullens had been riding herd on Johnson for over a decade.

He defeated Johnson's first two efforts to become governor. Johnson struck back with a libel suit in his home county, where he was both personally popular and an intimate of the judge. Realizing the case would be lost, Sullens settled out of court for \$12,000 and a front-page apology.

But he never let up on Johnson. When Johnson called him a "character assassin," Sullens roared back:

"You cannot assassinate a thing that is nonexistent."

One thing like this led to another. Almost daily after Johnson became governor, Sullens hammered him for vetoing school bond issues, attempting to gain personal control of all state bureaus, depriving the tax commissioner of his powers, and charged him with trying to become a dictator.

The Major lived at that time in a suite atop the Walthall. In the lobby one evening he was waiting for the elevator when he felt something strike him a sharp glancing blow on the head. Wheeling, he found he had been struck by a cane brandished by Governor Johnson.

Sullens snatched the cane—a heavy hardwood stick which Johnson normally never carried—and flung it across the lobby. Then he sprang forward and grappled with Johnson, throwing him backward across a chair and falling on top of him. The chair crashed—Sullens later paid the hotel eight dollars for it—and the two men rolled onto the floor. Sullens, astride the governor, was about to smash in his face when he noticed

that Johnson was wearing glasses. He snatched off the glasses, hurled them to smithereens, and raised his fist for his haymaker. But the crowd, most of whom had accompanied the governor from the executive mansion, broke up the fight.

Sullens' head had been split open and he was bleeding badly, but otherwise he was all right. Johnson was escorted by his friends back to the executive mansion, where he took to his bed for two weeks. He never issued a statement regarding the fight.

However, the next day the Daily News made the most of it, and when two of its reporters showed up in the legislature's press gallery wearing football helmets and carrying baseball bats the session broke up in a riot of laughter.

Today Sullens' fighting days seem to be over. A year ago he suffered a serious heart attack, which he barely survived. To his great annoyance his doctors have forbidden him to climb the stairs to his editorial and news rooms. Now he does all his work at home and scoots into the business office to pick up his mail and leave his column for the day.

Mrs. Sullens, a pretty blond California girl whom he married some years after the death of his first wife, is relieved that the Major has quit fighting. "Why, once," she says, "I had to carry a big old heavy .45 revolver around in my bag for days."

As much as possible Mrs. Sullens now keeps him at home, a large rambling stone house aptly called "The Rockpile." There the Major keeps in touch with everything going on in Mississippi and the South by telephone and has a lot of fun with Cracker and Little Man, his Pekingese, and in the cultivation of camellias and roses. Once a week he gets together with a handful of friends for a poker game.

His Challenge to Critics

The Major still covers everything from the death of a child's pet to national political conventions. He feels greatly overrated as an editor. "If anybody says I am a punk editor," says Sullens, "I won't waste time arguing. But any man who says I am not a good reporter is a goldarned liar."

Members of his staff agree. They long ago gave up trying to compete with him.

Perhaps his oldest and closest friend is W. G. Johnson, one of the original founders of the News and co-owner of the paper. Johnson has always run the business end of the paper, and each sticks scrupulously to his own field. Once a year they meet formally and Sullens asks if they made or lost money that year. That's all he wants to hear about the business end of the paper.

Actually, they have been highly successful. They now own what, for many years, was their only opposition, the Clarion-Ledger. However, Sullens has nothing to do with its editorial policies, which frequently are at variance with his views.

Three years ago Johnson suffered from an extremely serious heart attack and was not expected to live. Sullens, grief-stricken, realized there was nobody on the paper capable of writing the story of Johnson's life. Finally he got out of bed and spent the night composing an obituary; then he had it rushed to the paper and set in type.

But Johnson rallied and a week later was sitting up. Sullens took a proof of the unused obituary to Johnson's hospital room. "Here," he said, thrusting the proof at Johnson, "see how you'd look dead."

Johnson flailed it onto the floor, saying, "Get that damn' thing away from me. I never want to see that."

Johnson's reaction still puzzles Sullens somewhat. You get the feeling, as he tells of it, that he would never pass up the chance to read his own obituary. He might find something new.

THE END

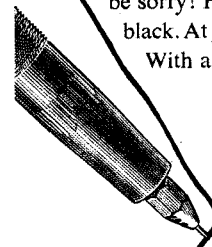


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Collier's for September 13, 1947

MR. MACHINE

Continued from page 25

JEALOUS, SON ASSERTS! When Michael was one stroke out of the money, in the Southern Open, the typewriter boys stoked the fires again. The story was a legend now, served up whenever the news was dull.

And only Tom Farrar remembered how simply it had begun. "Not yet, boy," he'd said. "I want you to work the ranch until you're old enough to buck this rat race." Four years ago, at Wonderly. The war had claimed the Farmer for a time. Now that was in the past; now the Farmer was a brown face turning away in a locker room, a set of shoulders seen on a path. A stranger.

Molly Farrar said, "How was it?"

"Fine, except for the four iron."

Molly smiled at him. She was big-boned and tall; she wore her years as lightly as she wore the feather on her hat. She was Montana Irish, a ranchwoman, and you didn't have to talk your head off when you were with her. She didn't ask about his shoulder, but she'd have the rubbing oil and the heat lamp ready when he got out of the hot tub. She'd bake his shoulder, knead oil into the dull ache there, and he'd turn his head on the pillow and watch her hands. He'd find himself wishing he had Molly's wrists and some of Molly's flesh and a lot of Molly's placidity. Mr. Machine was wearing out; time and the miles were emery dust in the bearings.

"The Farmer's going good," he said, and saw hurt in the sudden compression of her lips. "He's hitting them a mile, and he's not wild. Pete says it'll be me or the Farmer."

Quietly, she said, "Let's not worry, Tom."

She was right. Worry couldn't change a thing. Worry couldn't erase the old angers, or pay the bills or make the putts go down.

Molly took him to a movie almost every night. She had maps of all the cities on the tournament loop. She looked up the programs and picked a Western close to the hotel. They'd walk to the theater after dinner, and watch cowboys in fancy shirts go belting through country a lot like the ranch back home. A man could relax, sitting in the noisy dark, while they killed each other up there on the screen. He could stop thinking about mortgage dates, prize money, and contracts. He could stop wondering what had become of the twenty-one-jewel swing the reporters wrote about. He could stop thinking about his son.

Molly parked in front of the hotel. A man from the garage took the car

away. Doc Murphy came over to say hello while they waited for the elevator. The men who worked the money loop didn't read the sports page or listen to the radio to find out what their chances were—they watched Doc. He was fat and bland and as cheerful as his ulcers would let him be. He was a contact man—Superior Golf Clubs—and when he was too busy to pass the time of day you were due to get chopped off at the pockets, out on the course.

"Tommy," he said. "How's the shoulder?"

"Fine. A grease job fixed it right up." Doc looked pained. "Tommy," he said, "it's nice you won this one last year. You don't have to qualify. It's going to be murder out there tomorrow." He turned to Molly. "Take care of our boy," he said. "We need him."

Farrar said, "For Old Superior."

FARRAR played Monday's round with Louis Gatto and Muntz. They were out to qualify. He was there because the good people expected the defending champion to put in an appearance. His four iron was still sour. The four iron and two putts that rimmed the cup put him one over par at the turn. He had trouble on the back nine—the dog-leg, the narrow fourteenth—and came home with a headache and a fat seventy-four. Pete Muntz was two under par; Gatto had a sixty-eight.

Gatto said, "I want you in the draw, Champ."

"Listen," Pete said. "He's sixty-eight proud."

Tuesday—second eighteen, qualifying round—Farrar stayed in the hotel. He spent most of the afternoon under the heat lamp. He got the results from Pete Muntz in the lobby that evening. "A guy named Bell takes the medalist money with one hundred and thirty-six," Pete said. "The Farmer, Gatto, and old man Muntz are one stroke behind, with one thirty-sevens."

Farrar said, "You shot some golf."

"I got lucky," Pete corrected. "The Farmer's the boy who made the golf shots. He was in trouble all day, and he still burned up the course." He looked at Molly, looked away. "You got Ross in the draw, Tom."

Doc Murphy hurried by. He had a careful "Hi, Tom," for Farrar, and a wide grin for Pete Muntz.

Pete said, "He heard about my one thirty-seven."

"And my seventy-four," Farrar said.

Wednesday was bright and fair;

"Candy is dandy"
—but try a
Barbasol face



keep brushless with Barbasol

You'll stay smooth longer. When you want to look your best, what do you do? You shave. If you want to keep looking your best—shave with Barbasol. You get a closer, cleaner shave—with no pull, no pain, no sting. So you save time.

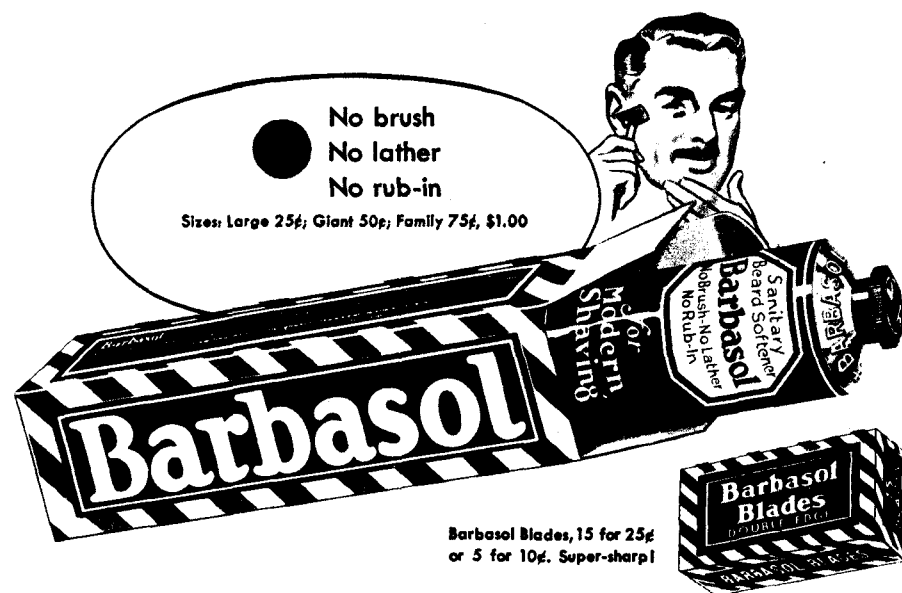
Save your skin, too. Those soothing, quick-acting emollients in Barbasol take the stiffness out of stubble, but leave the natural moisture in your skin, so it doesn't get tight or dry or raw. Find out why Barbasol's the world's largest-selling shave cream!



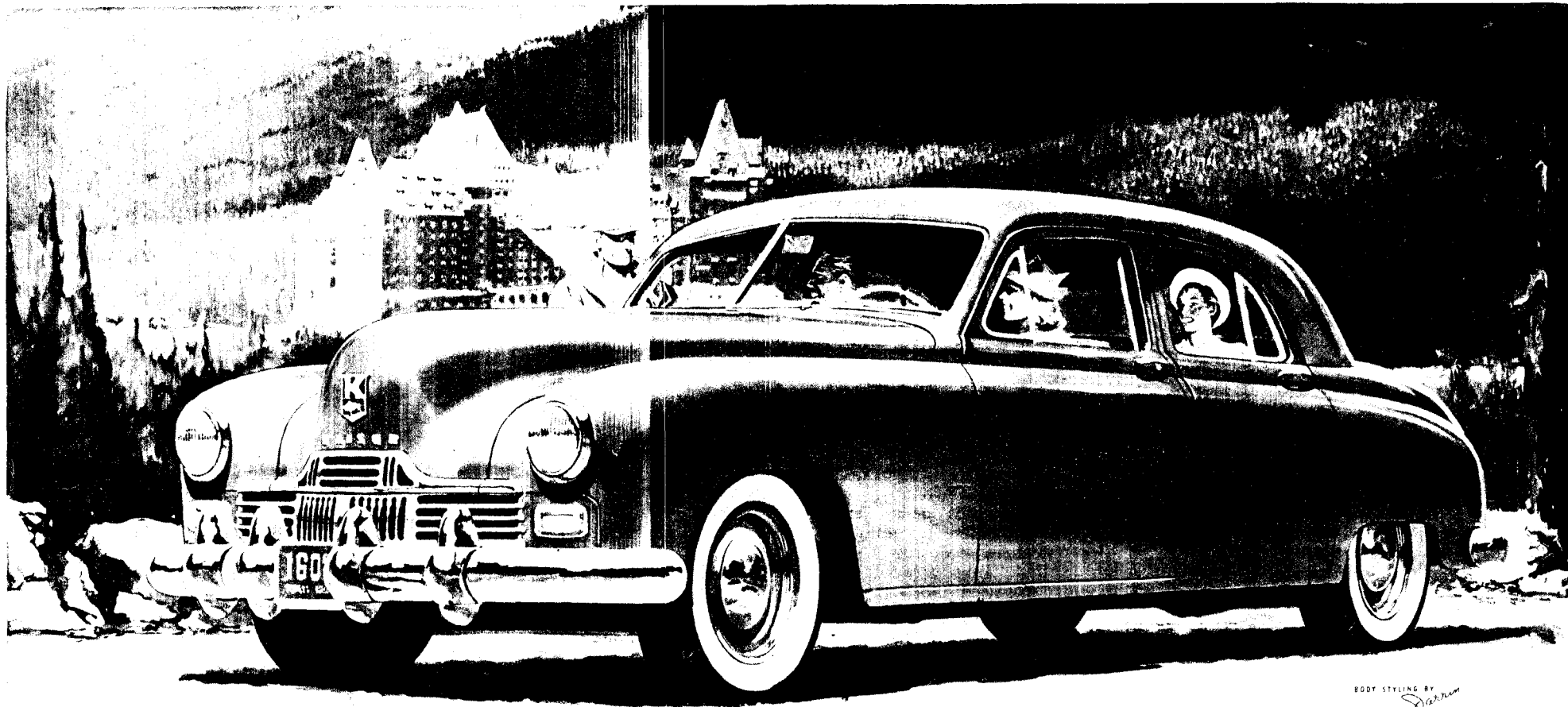
"It's a new radio program, dear—they came and took away our refrigerator and a thousand dollars' worth of household furnishings"

COLLIER'S

SYDNEY HOFF



Barbasol Blades, 15 for 25¢ or 5 for 10¢. Super-sharp!



BODY STYLING BY
Darrin



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Production scheduled at Willow Run now exceeds a car every minute. But even 12,000 KAISERS and FRAZERS a month are nowhere near enough! For our many thousands of owners are our best salesmen. They have discovered something *totally new*—in *beauty*, in *performance*, and, above all, in *ride*! They tell their friends—their friends take a ride—and order a KAISER or a FRAZER. If you drove even five miles in one of these 100% postwar automobiles, you would want one, too. Why not try it? *Wherever you are*, there is a Kaiser-Frazer dealer near you.

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• WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

FRAZER



GEORGE
SHEPHERD

Wednesday was the day the scramble turned rough—sudden-death day. Thirty-two pairs of men off the first tee in the morning; at noon thirty-two of the men who'd qualified were on their way home. Harry Ross was on his way home. "He pulled his second into the brush on the fifteenth," Tom told Molly. "He dropped the fifteenth. He couldn't catch even."

Molly smiled. "We don't pack yet."

"The Farmer won, six and five."

"He's playing well," Molly said.

"Hot," Tom said. "Real hot."

He left her with her knitting and a magazine. She wouldn't follow his match; she hadn't for many years. She would wait on the club veranda, or in the car, a gentle and placid woman who did not listen to the talk of the swarming crowd. There was no need, for Tom Farrar would come to her as soon as the match was over. She would read the answer in his brown and weathered face before he spoke—in the shape and set of his mouth, in the wind-and-sun-creased flesh about his eyes.

He left her in a sheltered corner of the porch and went down the stairs and through the crowd. Johnny Slocum, the host pro, was waiting on the first tee—Johnny, the men with the megaphones and the ropes, the card boy, the caddies. The announcer spoke to the microphone and his voice came back as big as thunder from speakers mounted in the trees. He said the usual things. He said, "Tommy Farrar—Mr. Machine—winner of last year's P.G.A. . . ." A coin spun, glittering in the sun. Johnny Slocum patted his sweated paunch and slammed one down the middle.

Sudden-death Wednesday, second round. Sixteen matches off the tee after lunch—and at sundown another sixteen men were out of the running, out of the money. Johnny Slocum, genial and chunky, was a nice guy, a fine instructor, but he had no business out there with the money boys. He was playing because the members thought he should; the members were Johnny's bread and butter. He tried, and Farrar's ailing four iron helped make a match of it. He went down on the seventeenth, beaten two and one by the defending champion. He grinned broadly for the press photographers. "I can't kick," he told Farrar. "And the members can't."

THE reporter—Brown—was sitting on the railing beside Molly's chair. A row of empty glasses said he'd been there a long time. He blinked at Tom Farrar, his eyes clouded and vague. "We been sweatin' you out," he said reproachfully. "A soft touch like that Slocum, and you have to go seventeen before you get him." Molly said, "He won. That's all that matters."

"The Farmer's already in," Brown said. "That one lasted quick. He blew Ned Spain right off the course." He peered at the empty glasses. "The bottoms of these things are too close to the top," he said. "An', Champ, the wires keep asking for stuff on you and the Farmer. They want blood."

"Then write it," Farrar said evenly.

Brown said, "I'll be as nice as I can."

"It's okay. I don't read the papers."

"Or watch a match, or listen to the radio," Brown said. "Funny guys, you pros. How do you know what goes on?"

"We read the scoreboard."

Thursday. The scoreboard said: "Farrar, Tommy. Gatto, Louis. Thirty-six holes." The scoreboard was wrong. Gatto's four-foot putt died short of the cup on the thirty-eighth; the match ended there.

Pete Muntz came through the locker-room crowd carrying a tray loaded with ice, bottles, glasses.

"You had me scared," he said.

Tom Farrar said, "I scared myself."

"Eight little pros knocking on the door," said Muntz. "Tomorrow night there'll be only four." He lifted his glass

and grinned. "I was very good today. And I'd better be good tomorrow. Tomorrow I play the Farmer."

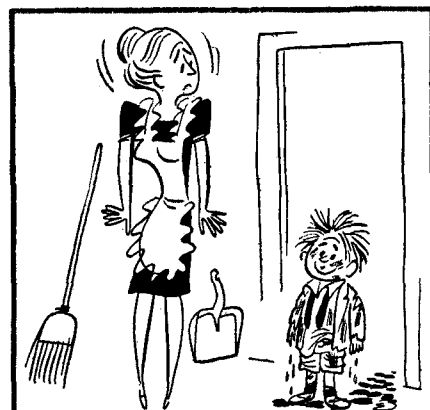
"He's still hot?"

"Tucker didn't have a chance."

And it was Friday—the quarter finals. Four men left in each bracket. Four matches. Tom Farrar and Hank Leonard were first off the tee. There was a telegram in Farrar's shirt pocket, signed by the ranch superintendent. "Mow that Leonard down," the message said. "The bank's making passes at our shirt."

Leonard was tall and lean, the unsmiling veteran of many a tournament war. He worked at his trade in sober quiet. He spoke three times during the day. Twice he said: "Take out the pin." His third speech was made over a handshake on the thirty-sixth green. "You're too tough for me, Tom," he said. "Good luck tomorrow."

And as Tom walked the clubhouse path he decided he would simply say they'd be



COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

around another day and let it go at that. No point in telling Molly how much the match had cost—in strength and skill—how very little he had left. He'd had luck in the draw, but he'd had to go the whole route every time to win. He summoned a smile as he climbed the veranda stairs. And then he stopped, hand tightening on the rail.

The Farmer was bending over Molly's chair. Tom Farrar could not see his face, but he would have known that set of shoulders anywhere. He heard the wordless run of the Farmer's voice, blurred and soft against the unending clatter of the crowd. He saw Molly's face upturned, saw her lips say, "Please!" Tom Farrar took a backward step; he was turning when the Farmer laughed.

"A man gets what he's earned," the Farmer said.

Tom Farrar went down the stairs. He stood on the path, jostled by the crowd. He pressed his hands against his waist to stop their trembling. In his mind he heard the youth and drive in the Farmer's laugh. The years piled up upon his back. He waited, drained and spent, feeling only the flutter of a muscle in his weary thigh, until someone spoke to him. He looked up to meet Brown's unsmiling eyes.

"He's gone," the reporter said quietly. "They didn't see you, Champ."

Tom Farrar said, "Thanks, man."

MOLLY was quiet on the long ride to town. When Tom tried to mention the Farmer's name, the words refused to come. He put his head against the back of the seat and closed his eyes. He thought about the ranch. He counted the years he'd spent on the tournament loop; he wondered where the money'd gone. Unconsciously, he flexed his shoulder against the dull, persistent, bone-deep ache. He was the last of yesterday's big names, and he'd run out of time. Mr. Machine—with a stiffening shoulder, and an iron swing that had gone astray.

"Tom," Molly said. "Here's the hotel."

Pete Muntz was in the lobby. A slow smile lighted his eyes. "I hear you did well today," he said.

"I outlucked him," Farrar said. "And you?"

"Old Man Muntz was a ball of fire," Pete said. "He was very, very good. Long woods, beautiful irons, and eleven one-putt greens." He cocked his head. "The Farmer was a wild man. On the fourteenth, he hit two that were a mile out of bounds and still goin' when we saw them last. I was in the rough just once. I broke the course record."

"You took him?" Farrar said.

His voice was louder than he meant it to be. His hand had tightened at his side. Pete Muntz spread his hands.

"I lost," he said. "I never played better golf or took a worse beating. He's all yours, Tom. Get by him and you're in. There's no one in the lower bracket who can give you a match. Me, I'm catching tonight's plane out."

Farrar said, "We'll see you, Pete."

He took Molly's arm. They passed a newsstand on their way to the elevators. The tournament was page-one news, as it always is in the city in which it's played. Farrar saw his name and the Farmer's name. The sudden stiffening of Molly's arm, the hurt at the corners of her mouth, told him she had seen the headline too. The sports writers were beating the old, old drum. They were good at that. They could take the blaze of a single match and whoop it up to a forest fire.

"I guess it had to come," he said.

Molly said, "Yes, Tom."

The gallery was huge, piled up against the first-tee ropes as a spring flood piles up against a dam. The good people were strung out in thick lines on both sides of the fairway, banked deep around the distant green. Inside the ropes was another, smaller crowd—press, photographers, radiomen, officials in bright red

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GIVES YOUR DOG 14% to 20% More Nutrition!

READ LABELS when you buy canned dog food. The average nationally advertised canned dog food contains no more than 10½% protein. PERK contains a full 12% . . . a leadership of 14% to 20% in this vital nutritional factor.

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*For the King of
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BROWN-FORMAN
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At Louisville in Kentucky

Blended whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old.
35% straight whiskies, 65% grain neutral spirits, 86 proof.

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coats. The iron voice of the speakers opened a lane for Tom Farrar. The Farmer was waiting beside a bench.

"They want pictures," an official said.

Tom Farrar met his son near the center of the tee; they faced the cameras there. Flash bulbs winked in silent explosions of white glare. "Now," a photographer said, "how's for one with you two shakin' hands?"

"Why not?" said Tom Farrar.

The Farmer's hand was big and hard; his grip was a closing vise. He had strength to spare, but there was doubt in the look he had for Tom Farrar.

"Hello, son," Farrar said quietly.

The Farmer grinned. "How are you, Dad?"

"Semifinal. Thirty-six holes," the speakers said.

TOM FARRAR won the toss. His drive was long and straight; the Farmer passed him by thirty yards. The good people swarmed past the ropes to flood the fairway. Tom Farrar followed his caddy's back, and there was time to wonder what it would be like to play a match without a mob breathing on your neck.

"Here you are, sir," the caddy said.

The green was still a long, long wood away. Tom Farrar's second was a full eight-iron short. He moved up with the crowd; he watched his son prepare to play his shot. The Army hadn't hurt the Farmer. Odd, but after all this time he couldn't think of the boy as Mike. The Farmer was leaner, but only a little. Big wrists, big hands—he had his mother's big-boned frame. He powerhoused his second, reaching strongly for the green. He hooked, far out. The gallery groaned.

"Long," Farrar said. "And in the trees."

He thought of that as he dropped his approach wide of the pin. Two woods, and the Farmer was past the green. He was a siege gun, an 88. But he was in trouble, so this hole was safe. Farrar waited while officials cleared a path down to the screen of brush. He couldn't see the club head swing, but he heard the shot and saw the ball climb above the trees. The flash of it was enough—it is when you've spent your life following it.

"On," Farrar said. "Ten feet from the cup."

He knew then why Jarrett, Spain, and Tucker had gone down. He knew what had happened to Pete Muntz. And he was afraid he knew what was going to happen to Tom Farrar.

His putt rimmed the cup. The Farmer knocked the ball away, and crouched to read the green. His grin was broad. The good people were twenty yards away.

Only Tom Farrar could hear the Farmer's low-pitched drawl. "I'm sinking this,"

he said. "My old man got himself a ranch this way. I figure I can earn one too. Fact is, I got half a ranch riding on every ball." His putter moved. "It's in," he said.

The scoreboard read: Farrar, one down.

On the second green, in the same soft voice, the Farmer said, "Stubborn coot, that old man of mine. He thinks he's got to carry all the load himself. He can't see why every man has to earn enough to pay his own way." He smiled then. "I'm sinking this one, too."

The scoreboard read: Farrar, two down.

Tom Farrar found his putting touch. He wasn't sure just how, or why, but once again his hands, his wrists, did what his mind told them to do. Somewhere on the first nine his four-iron swing came home. Because, he told himself, my shoulder doesn't ache. And then he wondered how much of that dull, persistent pain had been imagined—conjured up as a defense barricade against the day—this day—when he would have to play his son. All or part, it was unimportant now. There was a warmth in the Farmer's grin, and on every green he whispered something that only Tom Farrar could hear.

"A great golfer, my old man," the Farmer said. "One of these days he'll see how tough it is to live in a shadow as big as his."

"He knows," said Tom Farrar.

"Suppose he could use a partner?" the Farmer said. "Suppose he'd sell the half interest he tried to give away?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Tom Farrar.

THE day was gone when he walked across the graveled parking lot to reach the car. He saw Molly's face, down-tipped and intent. The sound of his approach was lost in the voice of the radio. "... his best," the radio said, "was simply not enough. The outcome was never in doubt at any time. Mr. Machine was good, he was very good. But the Farmer—his son—had all his father's skill, and he had youth..."

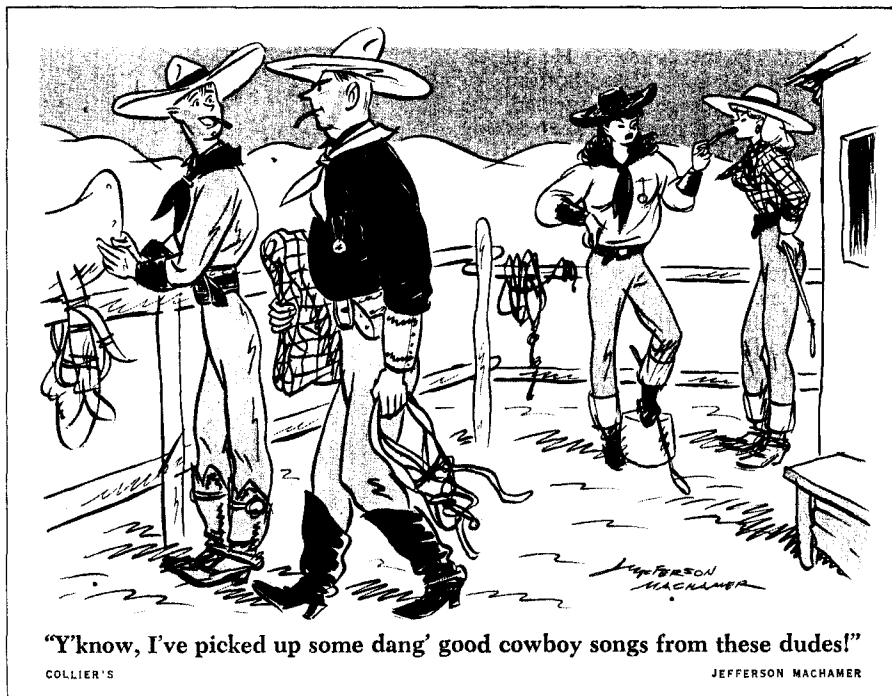
Tom Farrar said, "Molly."

His voice startled her. Her hand went out toward the radio switch, then fell back in her lap. She said, "I'm sorry, Tom," in a faint and clouded voice. "I'll pack tonight."

"No, Molly." He was laughing then. "Tomorrow you're going to see some golf. You're going to see that boy of ours take Bill Ekstrom in the finals. And we're going to be here early, because Ekstrom won't last long!"

Molly smiled. "Yes, Tom," she said.

THE END



"Y'know, I've picked up some dang' good cowboy songs from these dudes!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Collier's for September 13, 1947

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

their mail-order catalogue (The Week's Work, June 21st):

A strongbox for the girl with ruby lips and teeth like pearls.

A diminutive rug for the bug in one's ear.

They might add burial insurance for people who are just dying to come to visit you.

EVA OLESON XAN, Birmingham, Ala.

DISTORTED IMAGE

DEAR EDITOR: Herbert Asbury's article Television Gets A Box Office (July 12th) seems to me to be misleading about the present and future of television. He says that no television receiver without a telephone link can produce a clear image; that television sets now being sold are obsolete; that wave bands now being used by television stations are about to be abandoned by the FCC in favor of other frequencies on which present-day sets will not operate; that good television entertainment is too expensive for "free" television broadcasting; that the movie companies will refuse to permit telecasting of feature films for "free" television reception but will permit them to be transmitted by phone vision; that the telephone companies are all set to go ahead with Commander McDonald's phone-vision idea. None of these conclusions is more than a remote possibility.

(1) Clear television images are now being transmitted to thousands of home receivers without the aid of a telephone link.

(2) Television without wires works. Sets now on the market are built for television reception on wave bands assigned to TV by the FCC. The FCC has not indicated any forthcoming change in these assignments. Comdr. McDonald may be correct in his frequently stated belief that TV will eventually move to higher frequencies.

(3) Television doesn't need to spend \$10,000,000. Expensive programs such as Benny's and Allen's are the exception rather than the rule even in radio.

(4) Phone vision, or some other form of subscription television, may eventually develop (as Muzak, a music subscription service, has developed in the audio field), but the history of broadcasting indicates that it will serve as an auxiliary not a basic television service.

(5) The problem of erecting antennas for TV receivers on apartment-house roofs, referred to in Mr. Asbury's article, is being worked out.

(6) More than 50 corporations have asked the FCC for permission—which has been granted—to spend from \$500,000 to \$2,500,000, on their opinion that "free," as distinguished from subscription, telecasting will be the standard form of television in the future.

EUGENE KATZ, New York, N. Y.

SERIAL WITH THAT BUILT-IN GOODNESS

DEAR EDITOR: I have just concluded Merchant of Valor by Clarence Budington Kelland (Aug. 2d). Would it be too much to ask to have more novels by the author of this thrilling story and also more illustrations by Mario Cooper?

MRS. R. E. MACLEARN, Yarmouth, Me.

... Merchant of Valor is every bit as exciting as claimed. I would like to add a little 16th-century history to the background of the story. The reason for the baseness of the church then was because of the many mass conversions to Christianity of kings and their peoples, without much knowledge of what it was. These rulers (like Count Riario of the serial) used their riches to control the church. The outcome of this was the Reformation. History also shows that the church needed opposition because it then righted itself by the efforts of many new saints.

WARREN A. FRITH, Lake Marshall, Minn.

GLASS OF FISHION

DEAR EDITOR: Re Carleton Beals' exciting story (Aug. 2d) The End of the World Strikes Oil, I quote: "Or, if you prefer, he will etch in a nude mermaid."

Well, well, well. A nude mermaid! Low-scale hussy. Couturiers, do your stuff! Might ask Henry L. Jackson what the well-dressed mermaid is wearing this season. He knows all about wearables.

SAM SMALL, Los Angeles, Cal.

The waters off Patagonia being chilly, mermaids are fully clothed. They wear dresses made of sealionese.

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE

DEAR SIR: With mixed feelings we of the 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. shift read Main Street Moves to Japan (June 14th).

It is true that certain individuals "have it made" over here. But believe me, they of whom you write are in the minority. It is not rough—do not misunderstand me. But there are some military personnel who don't have jeeps or shiny new cars to ride in, who do work 12 hours a day or night, to whom one day off a week is a recent luxury, who can't go to "rest hotels" because they have become dependent billets—and to whom this land is a far cry from home and the "life of Riley."

M. E. VON DER SUMP, 1st Lt. ANC,
Tokyo, Japan

DEPARTMENT OF ENLIGHTENMENT

DEAR SIR: I notice in your July 26, '47 Collier's that Butches freind doesn't know how to drive well nor do the cops for they are both on the rong side of the road.

DONALD HAYWARD, Delton, Mich.
P. S. Polies put your address so a guy can find it.

RAH! RAH! RAHDIO!

DEAR SIR: Rah! Rah! Radio (July 26th) says college radio was born at Brown University. The wired wireless system first came into use there but college radio was born at Union College, Schenectady, in 1916. A College Radio Station 2YU was put in operation and a large amount of research was done with loop and directional antennas.

In 1921 the members of the Radio Club rigged a receiver and loud-speaker in a baby carriage and paraded around downtown Schenectady broadcasting programs from the College Station W2XQ. This stunt received country-wide write-ups.

RANDOLPH M. STELLE, Bound Brook, N. J.

SELF-ADORATION DEPARTMENT

Hi Ya! My favorite and first-read article is The Week's Mail. Without a doubt this is the spiciest of all your columns.

What a fascinating position this must be! I have two columns in our little daily syndicated paper; I'm also a free-lance news reporter. However, the greatest thrills are the letters I receive either correcting or commending my work. I think that there is an ulterior motive on their part just so they can see their names in print. Aren't people lovely? I often wonder what we'd do without 'em.

J. A. NORRIS, Hollywood, Cal.

BUNNYISMS

DEAR SIR: "I had a nice time, nothing can thank you enough," said Mrs. Ben Hawkins of Ossining, New York, the other day, and my own dear wife, on alighting from the Seattle plane at La Guardia, cried ecstatically: "I can't tell you how glad this all looks to me!" Top those, Bunny McLeod, you with your cracks like "That's hitting the male on the head!"

G. WILLIAMS, Chappaqua, N. Y.

The latest from Bunny is, "Things are never as bad as they turn out to be."



Hits—above the belt!

Wilson Brothers Shirts of fine Sanforized broadcloth. Roomy in shoulders and chest, tapered at waist. Collars really fit. Ask for Wilson Brothers whites or stripes. **\$3.95**

Wilson Brothers Handkerchiefs in fine cotton. White, initialed, bordered—any kind you like, all made to the famous high-quality standards of Wilson Brothers. From **25c**

San Souci Satin Ties. Bold, handsome patterns screen-printed by hand on acetate rayon in luxurious satin weave. They're smooth to the touch, smooth to the eye. A favorite by Wilson Brothers! Ask for them by name. **\$2**

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For young men of all ages: Faultless Nobelt Pajamas • Shirts
Skipper Sportswear • Sweaters • Super Shorts • Wilcrest Ties
Buffer Socks • T-Shirts • Knit Underwear • Handkerchiefs • Gloves

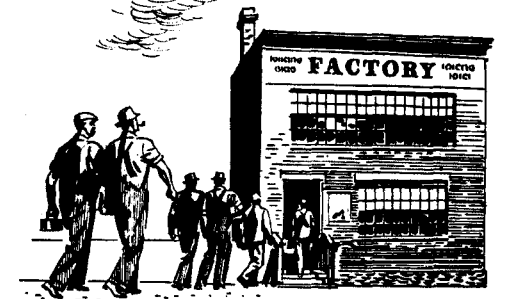
What do you need to go into business —and stay in?



1. The first thing you need when you go into business for yourself is an idea, or a service, or a product—*something to sell*, in other words. The better that “something” is, the better your chances of getting enough customers—and of keeping them satisfied.



2. Next you need money enough to get started and to keep going until income catches up with outgo. Maybe you use your own savings—or maybe you borrow from a bank—or from other people who have enough confidence in your proposition to *risk their savings*.



3. Then, of course, you need loyal employees who know their jobs, and a place in which to do business. And this will have to be equipped with supplies, or materials, or machinery—the “tools” with which to work.



4. Now comes good management. Maybe yours is the kind of business you can run all by yourself. If not, you'll have to hire a capable manager. If you fail here, competition will soon force you out of business. Then you and your backers will lose their money and you and your employees will be out of jobs.



5. And almost from the day you start, you'll need to do *enough* business to meet your payroll, your rent, your taxes and all your other expenses. And these charges must be paid before there'll be anything left for you or your backers.



6. Finally you need to make a fair profit—not just because you *want* one, but because that's the only way you can *stay* in business. Profits are the very *mainspring* of American industry. And they pay for the expansion and improvements that bring more products, more jobs, lower prices and greater security for all.

NATIONAL **A**SSOCIATION OF **M**ANUFACTURERS
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Write for your free copy of “Who Profits from Profits?” Address: NAM, 14 West 49th St., New York 20, N. Y.

Most Americans say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. As a matter of fact, industry averages less than half that much!

A SLIGHT PENALTY

BY PERCY LEASON

A tongue of flame licked nearer and nearer as the acetylene torch, wedged between boxes, bore down on Perry. "Turn off the torch!" he screamed

BULLETIN! San Francisco, March 14 (World Press). At dawn this morning the steamship Amber Prince sank in deep water at the entrance to the Golden Gate after a collision in a dense fog with the tanker Henry Westover. Passengers and crew were rescued. Immediate operations were begun to salvage seven million dollars in gold stored in the sunken ship's specie tank.

IT WAS late afternoon before Perry Turner slid under water with a line of bubbles trailing above him. A full-running ebb tide pulled and hauled at him, and the sweepings of the bay swirled past his front glass until the darkness of forty fathoms of water closed in on him.

Landing on the well deck of the wreck he said into the speaker, "On the bottom."

"Okay," Macklin answered. "Take it easy."

Talking as he inspected the wreck, Perry reported her lying broadside to the tide with her bow pointing north and the amidships hole that had sunk her on the port side away from the Gate. Working swiftly he secured lines for the buoy markers.

"She must've settled in some rocks, Mack. She's damn' near on even keel."

"That'll make her easy to work."

At the port rail he paused, wondering if he had felt the deck twitch under his feet. He waited for a time and guessed it hadn't. A tide like this could be bad business, he told himself.

He had gone under, with the insurance people yelling hurry-hurry and offering a stiff bonus to get the gold out before the wreck had a chance to shift or break up like the old Rio had done. The bonus sounded good to Perry. No matter how much money he made, it always seemed he and Mitzi were suffering from the shorts.

"I'll catch hell if this job takes very long," he told Macklin.

"What d'you mean?"

"Mitzi met some people at the race track. Kasperson's the name—ever hear of 'em?"

"Nope."

"They got a yacht, race horses and a French chauffeur. Ever since they invited us down to their country joint Mitzi's been in a loop." Perry didn't tell Mack that Mitzi had told the Kaspersons that he had his own salvage company.

"What time're you supposed to be home?"

"Five thirty."

"You'll hafta spend an hour in the chamber when you come up. Want me to get her on the radiophone?"

"Forget it."

Keeping Macklin up to date, Perry slipped over the side and worked his way into the hole. Remembering the ship's diagrams he had studied, he made his way down a tangle of steps that had once been a companionway and forced a lane through boxes of cargo to enter the mail locker. At the far side he came upon the specie tank.

Illuminating the dial of the safe with his battery searchlight, he began to work the combination. Three turns to the left . . . 34. Four to the right . . . 60. Back left three turns and stop at 55. He tried the handle but it didn't give. Again he tried the succession of numbers without success.

"I'm a helluva Jimmy Valentine," he said. Squatting down until his front glass was inches away from the dial he worked it again.

"The combination they gave me don't work, Mack, and I'm not sitting up all night with it," he said.

Perry unhooked the acetylene torch from his belt, and snapped it on. "I hope there's no cops around because I'm going to burn a hole in this box."

The yellow-blue flame bubbled through the water, and began to cut a wavering line in the steel around the dial.

"You've been under fifty-five minutes," Macklin said. "Think you can get it open before you have to come up?"

"Yep."

"Those Navy divers just came aboard from Mare Island. They'll go down as soon's you give the word."

"Tell 'em to start getting into their woolies—" Perry grabbed for the handle and missed. The deck slid out from under his feet as he spilled down the lane of boxes against the port bulkhead. A second later he was spread-eagled under a torrent of shifting cargo.

"The port buoy went under!" Macklin yelled. "What happened?"

"The tide shifted her . . ."

"Your pressure all right?"

"Yes." Perry strained until he thought the cords in his back would tear loose. "I'm pinned." He tried again and found he could move his right hand a few inches—that was all.

"Don't fight it," Macklin said. "The boys'll be right down."

THE vessel settled farther. Perry jerked his head around to the left-hand glass. A tongue of flame licked nearer and nearer as the acetylene torch, wedged between boxes, bore down on him.

"Turn off the torch!" he screamed. Hypnotized, he watched the flame move closer. It knocked bubbles against the glass; it flared high—and went out.

"It was fixin' to cut into my hat," Perry said.

"That's okay, boy," Macklin was trying to talk to him and the people on deck at the same time. "The boys'll be down in ten minutes."

Perry grunted. What could they do when they got down? The wreck had shifted to port, and the hole he had entered was now closed by the bottom, a bottom of sand and gravel. There wasn't a hope that they'd be able to mole in to get him, and because of his lines he had to come out by the same hole he had entered. Only God knew why his air line still worked.

Again he reared against the weight pinning him down and when he gave up he was weak and had to bite his tongue to keep from screaming.

"Hey, Mack," he said, fighting to keep his voice right, "will you call Mitzi?"

"I can hook your circuit onto the radiotelephone. Do you wanta talk to her yourself?"

"Sure."

"Hold tight."

Perry blinked the clammy sweat from his eyes. He heard the dial clicking and then a familiar voice answered.

"Mitzi, this is Perry."

"Where are you?"

"Working."

"I've been waiting for you."

"I know, but I got hung up."

"How long will you be?"

"It's hard to say."

"But you promised me!"

"I know, baby, but I got stuck."

"And don't call me 'baby,'" she said. "If you had a decent job you could work decent hours."

"Maybe you've got something there."

"You're crazy if you think I'm going to miss the Kasperson week end."

"Okay, okay." Perry cleared his throat and took a deep breath. His muscles were beginning to twitch in little pressure spasms. "Did you send the check in for my G.I. insurance?"

"No."

"This is the last day, you know."

Her voice rose. "And you know I had to have new clothes for this week end. You can get reinstated next month—there'll only be a slight penalty." She paused. "The Kaspersons are out front now. I'm going."

The instrument gave a rattle and the connection was broken.

"Are you through?" Macklin asked.

"Yep, I'm all through, Mack."

BULLETIN! San Francisco, March 15 (World Press). Salvage operations were halted on the sunken treasure ship, Amber Prince, while race-against-death efforts were being made to rescue Diver Perry Turner, who was pinned in the wreckage when the vessel shifted in the ebb tide.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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THE GHOST OF THE SIXTH AVENUE EL

Continued from page 20

"That's right," Edith said.

Fred picked up his cap and went out the door, holding his head up high and walking off to his life's work. After the door closed Edith bust out crying as if she would never stop, but nothing Sam could say would make her change her mind about Fred and Everett Flawsom, and that's the way it stood.

Fred saw Everett Flawsom a couple of days after this and gave him the balance of the \$500 tuition money for the Downtown International Academy of Political Arts. Everett shook his hand and congratulated him on his new career.

"I sure appreciate you using your influence to get me in the school," Fred said.

EVERETT was a fancy dresser, although nobody was sure exactly where he got his money except being a ward heeler. "Glad to do it," Everett said. He rubbed his gold ring on his lapel and watched it shine. "The dean and me are old chums from the political arena. I'm one of the advisers at the academy myself."

"They got a big school down there?"

"It's exclusive. Right on Wall Street. I showed you the stationery, didn't I?"

"Yeah," Fred said. "Engraved."

"You better not go down until classes start in a couple of weeks," Everett said. "You don't want to look too anxious." He looked down at his ring and said, "I guess you heard about me and Edith."

"Yeah," Fred said. "I heard."

Fred bought himself a blue serge suit and a conservative tie so he would be dressed up right for his classes. He stuck on his job out in the rowboat in New York Harbor and he did a lot of thinking. He would watch the boats sail past him and he would say to himself, "If it wasn't for me them boats could never get in here at all," the way Sam would have said it.

After work he would change into his new blue serge suit, so he could get used to the feel of wearing it, and he would sit at a table in the corner of McNarney's Bar and Grill, way downtown near where he worked. He would have a couple of quick ones because he was feeling low all the time, even in the blue serge, thinking about Edith. That's where he was one day when old Sam Hinkley came in and sat down on a stool across the table from him and put his engineer's cap down on a chair.

"Haven't seen you around the house, Fred," he said.

"That's right," Fred said.

"You didn't bust up with me, too, did you?"

"What about it?" Fred's head was feeling a little woozy as if he just stepped off the Whirl-a-Gig at Coney Island.

"Edith is getting married to Everett Flawsom tomorrow."

"Congratulations," Fred said.

"He's taking her on a boat trip to Florida for a honeymoon. They're going to get married right on the boat."

"Wonderful," Fred said.

"Six o'clock tomorrow night the boat sails. The Floridian, they call it. The boat."

Fred didn't say anything.

"I come down on the el," Sam said, to get the conversation going again.

"Yeah?" Fred said. "I bet you did."

"I tell you about the el," Sam said. "Maybe you're wondering why it's still going, after everybody stopped riding on it. Right?"

"They ain't showin' no profit," Fred said, in a sarcastic way. He took another drink and laughed.

Sam said, "A lot of people put a lot of money and work into making the el, so the poor people could get a good ride

for a nickel. They put the el up to last a hundred years."

"So what?" Fred said.

"Well, figure it. A hundred years on top of 1878 gives you 1978. She had forty years to go when they took her down."

"Listen—" Fred said.

"You can't stop something that's serving the people. Figure it." Sam put his finger up to his forehead to show Fred how to do it. "You think the el wasn't important? Would it still be running if it wasn't important? See what I mean?"

Fred poured himself another drink. His head felt all flannel. "No," he said. "It sounds nutty to me."

"Fred, Edith's been crying at night. I hear her in her room."

Fred said, "You want to know something?"

"What?"

"The el ain't running. They tore it down."

"Sure it's running."

"Sure," Fred said, "only you're the only guy who can see it. You know what they do with people who see things that ain't there?"

Old Sam's face looked pale and tired. He picked up his cap and said, "It's there, all right. I hear it all the time."

"Get wise," Fred said. "There ain't no el up there. It's dead and buried. That shows how important the el is, so you can stop bending my ear about it."

Sam walked over to the door and looked at his watch. He said, "That train is five minutes late already."

"It's nine years late," Fred said. "Get wise."

Sam opened the door in a tired way. He started to turn back only he looked at his watch and stood listening for a while, and then he walked out.

THE next morning Fred was in his rowboat out in the Lower Bay when the Floridian sailed past around eight o'clock. The way Fred felt right then he probably would have punched a hole in the bottom of the rowboat and sunk with her if there wasn't a couple of other guys in it with him.

He had a headache the size of the Queen Elizabeth and it wasn't only from the drinking he did at McNarney's Bar and Grill. It was from thinking the whole night and the whole morning.

Here's the point, he was thinking. What did you have to give it to old Sam for? What did he ever do to you anyway? It was that kind of thinking that was giving him a headache. It was thinking about Edith, too, sailing on the Floridian that night with Everett Flawsom.

He looked up and there was the Floridian sailing out of sight down the bay.

"Hey," he said, "ain't that the Floridian?"

Paul Ginnis, who was in the boat with him, said, "It ain't the Normandie."

Fred said, "What time is it?"

Paul said, "Eight thirty A.M."

Fred said, "Something is wrong."

He thought it over the whole day while he was working and by the time he got back on shore he had it figured that something was wrong. He called up Sam's place from a drugstore, and Edith answered the phone.

Fred said, "What happened?"

Edith said, "Fred?" Her voice sounded funny.

Fred said, "Hello, Edith. How's Sam?"

Edith said, "What are you, crazy or something? Why did you have to pick on him?"

Fred said, "Ain't you sailing on the Floridian?"

Edith said, "You bet I'm sailing on the Floridian and I hope I never see you again after what you did. Everett is going

Collier's for September 13, 1947

to pick me up in a minute. He's still at the academy cleaning up his last-minute preparations."

Fred said, "Oh." He didn't see how he could tell her the Floridian was way down the coast already on the way to Florida.

Edith said, "Fred?"

Fred said, "I hope you will be very happy. Goodby," and he hung up.

It was five o'clock before he found the office building over on Wall Street that contained the Academy of Political Arts. On the board downstairs all the names sounded like brokers—"Stanley and Watkins," "Piffer, Blaw Associates," and similar names. The only place without a name was Room 189 and Fred went up there.

It was a small room with about six desks in it that could have used some polish on them. A young fellow with glasses was sitting at the front desk by the door, and Fred asked him if he knew where the Downtown International Academy of Political Arts was.

"Right here," the kid said. "The dean just walked out for a hamburger." He looked as if he thought that was a joke. "Never mind the funny stuff," Fred said. "You know where I can find Everett Flawsom?"

The kid let out a guffaw. "That's the dean," he said. "You want to join the fraternity?"

Fred reached out one of his big hands and grabbed the kid by the front of his shirt and lifted him out of his seat. He shoved his face right into the kid's and said, "I'm looking for Everett Flawsom and the Downtown International Academy of Political Arts and I don't like wise guys."

The kid got purple in the face and said, "Hey, don't take it out on me. I'm just running a mail service. Hey!"

"What do you mean, mail service?"

"Guys just get their mail here if they haven't got any office. It gives them a good address, right on Wall Street."

"Oh, yeah?" Fred said.

"I'm not responsible for my clients," the kid said. "If this guy Flawsom wants to call himself an academy that's his business. Put me down, will you?"

Fred pushed the kid back in his seat. "This is the whole school, is that it?"

The kid wiped off his glasses and said, "It isn't even going to be this if he don't get up his rent soon. I wouldn't be surprised if he's taken a powder already."

"You mean he's a crook?" Fred said. "There really ain't a school?" The kid looked at him and felt sorry for him.

"Don't take it hard," he said. "You're not the only one. He gets a lot of mail here."

Fred didn't say anything.

"There's no future in being a politician anyway," the kid said. "One bad election and you're a bum."

FRED looked at his watch and it was a quarter past five. Everett and Edith would probably be leaving Sam's place in a couple of minutes to wherever he was taking her. Probably to some hotel out of town someplace where he could walk out on her when he wanted. On Fred's money.

Fred picked up a paperweight off the kid's desk and threw it through the window.

"Hey!" the kid said.

"Lemme use your telephone," Fred said.

"Sure," the kid said. "Take it home with you if you want."

Fred called Sam's place. Everett answered the telephone and said, "Hello." Fred hung up quick.

Fred started thinking. He called up again. He called up a friend of his, Izzy Godron, who lived about ten blocks away from Sam's place.

"Get over to Sam Hinkley's right away and don't let anybody get out! You hear?" Fred yelled.

Izzy was a longshoreman who could stop a dozen Everetts if he got there in time. "Okay, Fred," he said, "only what's it all about?"

"Never mind! Do like I tell you!"

Right here there are two versions of what happened next. Fred hollered something into the phone and when Izzy asked him to say it again Fred had already hung up and was on his way.

Izzy says that Fred said, "I'll get up there quick on the el." That's the way it sounded, anyway. Fred says what he said was, "I'll get up there *quicker'n hell*," but Fred always gets a funny look on his face when he says that, so you can take your choice.

A lot of people will say they don't see how he could have gone up on the el, anyway, since they tore it down in 1938. They still have to explain how he got up to Sam's place so fast; the rush-hour express on the el used to be the fastest way.

RIGHT at five thirty sharp, Fred walked into Sam's, puffing and blowing. His hair was pushed back on his head like he'd been in a high wind, and it wasn't a windy day.

Everett was just coming out the door, with Edith behind him.

"Hello, Everett," Fred said.

"Hello, Fred," Everett said and his face got as pale as a peeled potato.

Fred pulled back and smashed him a right hook smack on the nose. Everett sat down hard in the doorway and put his hand on his nose. Fred lifted him up again with his left hand and let him have it again with his right. Everett flew off the floor and traveled right back into the parlor where he landed flat on his back and that was all there was to it.

Fred said, "Edith, you can't marry this guy because he's a crook."

Sam was standing over in a corner by the window. Fred said, "Hello, Sam." Then he started telling them what happened about Everett.

Izzy Godron came tearing up the stairs hollering, "Nobody leaves the house!" but Fred told him it was all right.

"How did you get here so fast?" said Izzy. "And what's the idea of saying you're coming up here on the el, like you said?"

Sam looked up. Fred looked embarrassed and said, "I never said that. How could I come up on the el, for crying out loud?" Only right then he closed one eye, like a wink, and only Sam could see him do it. Sam suddenly stopped looking sad and looked happy.

"I guess you did all right even not being a politician," Sam said. "I bet you can even get back the dough this bum took from the people."

Fred put his foot on Everett's chest and laid his chin on his fist and looked thoughtful. "Here's the point," he said. "If a guy sticks on his job and keeps his eyes open, he can help the people take care of the crooks and the phonies, like I done. You follow me?"

Sam nodded his head. "It's how you look at it," he said.

Edith said, "Isn't anybody going to look at me?"

Fred said, "Honey, maybe I ain't got no brains, but I wish you would marry me anyway."

Edith kind of sighed and said, "That was my intention all along."

Fred smiled at her in a silly, apologizing way and said, "I beg your pardon, honey, but would you mind repeating that last? I suddenly got a funny roaring noise in my ears."

Edith said, "Never mind," and held out her arms and Fred took hold of her and kissed her.

"There," he said, "it's all right. The noise is over now."

Over in the corner old Sam took out his watch and looked at it with a calm expression on his face and said, "Right on time."

THE END

Enjoy Life!

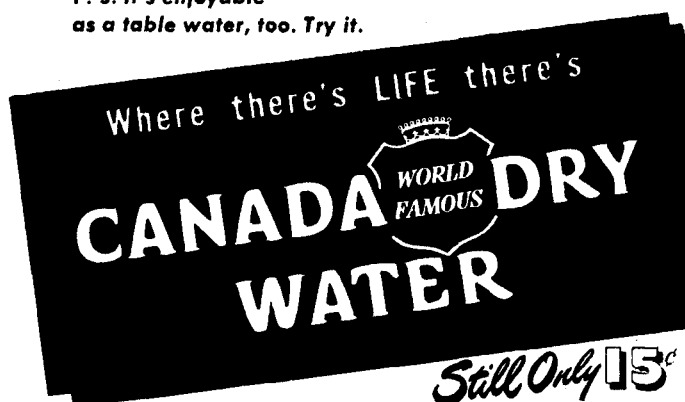


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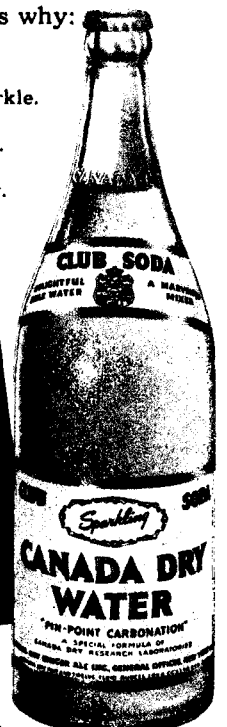
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After your laundry is sorted, each group of articles is placed in an open-weave cotton bag, which is closed with a big safety pin carrying your laundry mark

IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

Some funny things happen in laundries, not the least remarkable of which is the fact that you usually get back what you sent. Here's how it's done along with a few facts and figures on the future of the laundry industry

A BROOKLYN housewife, trying to sort her laundry and stuff it into a laundry bag, and at the same time answer the doorbell and the telephone, and keep her children out of mischief, was increasingly annoyed by the family cat. The animal kept following her about, rubbing against her ankle and miaowing distressfully. After she had tripped over it twice she picked it up, cuffed it gently, tossed it onto a chair, and told it to go away. Then, having answered the phone again, chased Junior away from the cake she'd baked for supper, and told the man at the door she didn't want any brushes, she hurriedly tied up the laundry bag and gave it to the laundryman.

A few hours later a girl marker at the laundry, preparing to empty a bag upon the long sorting table, was surprised to see it wriggle away. She said to a fellow worker, "Well, I've seen some funny things around here, but this is the first time I ever saw a laundry bag walk."

She delved into the bag and began pulling out cats. The Brooklyn tabby had taken its mistress literally and had, indeed, gone away. It had jumped into the laundry bag, and en route to the laundry, comfortably nestled in the mass of soiled clothing, had given birth to four kittens.

This is probably the most remarkable event that ever occurred inside a laundry bag, but any bag received by a laundry in a big city is apt to contain a surprise. Cats in laundry bags are not uncommon, and neither are puppies. The latter usually make less commotion than the cats, for a laundry bag is so full of fascinating things to chew that a pup is kept pretty busy.

A surprisingly large number of laundry bags disgorge false teeth, books, eyeglasses, cuff links, shirt studs, rings and other personal

Shirts get special treatment. Here a machine stamps the laundry mark in ink on the inside of the collar band



The actual washing takes place inside various-sized washing machines. Soap and alkali in the water break the first dirt. Usually there are three suds baths, followed by from four to six rinses





Four different machines are used to iron shirts. One does the sleeves and cuffs, another the collar, a third the back and sides and a fourth the bosom. A battery of these machines, run by experienced girls, can turn out 160 shirts an hour. A laundry with three batteries of the machines can handle 20,000 shirts a week

belongings. And money—in sums ranging from a penny to several thousand dollars. Not long ago a marker in the laundry of the Hotel Plaza in New York found \$17,000 in large bills stuffed into a soiled pillowcase; it was returned to the owner before he knew it was gone.

How do such things get into laundry bags? Well, it's the fault of "dat ole debbil" human nature. A woman will remove a ring to wash her hands, put it in a pocket of her apron, then throw the apron in the laundry hamper. A tired man will take off a dress shirt and neglect to remove the cuff links and studs. Books are read in bed, forgotten, and rolled up in the sheets and pillowcases. Eyeglasses are shoved under pillows and reach the laundry in the same way, and so do an occasional pistol and knife. Money is pinned or sewed to shirts or underwear, or in pajama pockets, and likewise forgotten; small coins are left in the pockets, or caught in the seams, of children's rompers and playsuits.

"There's a plausible explanation for everything we find in laundry bags," said an experienced laundryman, "except false teeth. That one has us stumped."

Laundries also come up against human nature in the matter of customer complaints about lost or damaged articles. In the first place, most people stuff clothing into laundry bags in a jumbled, haphazard disorder,

make out laundry lists in a slapdash manner, and are as apt to overstate as to understate the contents of the bag. Often, after the housewife has made out her list, another member of the family will add something to the bag without telling anyone. Relatives and visiting friends stuff their laundry into the bag and say nothing about it.

Many people don't even bother to make a list; they rely on the honesty of the laundryman, which is generally of a high order, and on their memory, which is seldom accurate. Incidentally bachelors, traditionally neat and orderly, are the worst offenders in this respect.

Sometimes this sort of carelessness causes serious mix-ups. During the height of the hotel shortage one of New York's biggest hotels was the headquarters of a convention.

In the Treasurer's Bag

The president of a well-known company and his wife, attending the convention, were unable to find a room in time to dress for the banquet, and the treasurer of the company, who was alone, invited them to use his suite. After the convention the treasurer, back in his own quarters, hurriedly stuffed his dress shirt and other garments into a laundry bag, called a bell-boy, and asked for overnight service. Tired and in a hurry, he didn't make out a list, nor did he examine the laun-

dry bag before using it. Furthermore he failed to inspect his laundry when it was returned; he just packed the bundle and caught his train home.

There his wife unpacked his bag and found a brassiere and a pair of stockings, together with a laundry bill listing both garments. The treasurer knew they had nothing to do with him but he couldn't explain. His wife left him, and it was several weeks before the hotel straightened matters out by tracing the articles to the wife of the company president. She had thrown them into the laundry bag and forgotten them.

It is a universal custom to complain about lost and damaged laundry, but actually the record of any well-run laundry is surprisingly good. Such an establishment, handling about 15,000 pieces a day, will average 15 reported lost, and ten of these will eventually be restored to their owners. During the war, of course, when the laundries were forced to hire inexperienced workers, losses were greater. A first-class laundry will seldom have more than three complaints of damaged articles for every 100 bundles, including the unreasonable grievances.

And by and large, laundry customers are unreasonable. For example, a man pulls his shirt off roughly, without unbuttoning the cuffs, and strains the buttons. He accuses the laundry of tearing them off. If the laundry loses a four-year-old shirt, the cus-

tomers demands a new one in return. If a woman's inexpensive, half-worn blouse is lost, it immediately becomes "my expensive blouse, the first time I've had it washed."

To combat such complaints and reduce actual damage to a minimum, leaders in the laundry industry recognize the value of scientific and business research. The American Institute of Laundering, at Joliet, Illinois, is "the official proving and improving ground" of the industry. Its training school for laundry executives maintains the same high professional standards as leading universities. Its model laundry is a testing laboratory for new methods and techniques. Recently the A.I.L. has worked hand in hand with fabric and textile manufacturers to improve the washability of their products. Materials that pass all the tests receive the A.I.L. "certified washable" seal.

But assuming that you have carefully shaken and searched the pockets of every garment and made out an accurate list in duplicate, what really happens to your clothing when it reaches the laundry?

"Ah," says the average man, "I know what happens. They run everything through a fraying machine, and then they give it to a man with a hammer, who breaks the buttons. If he misses any, his assistant rips them off." Of course, nothing like that goes on, but your laundry does go through

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many processes, the number and kind depending upon the sort of service you're buying.

In most communities there are six main service classifications. The cheapest, and probably the best known, is the old-fashioned "wet wash," with everything returned damp. Then there is the "thrifty," with flatwork ironed and wearing apparel damp. If you order "rough dry," the flatwork is ironed and the wearing apparel is dry, and "family finished" or "press finished" brings the flatwork home ironed ready for use and the wearing apparel roughly machine-ironed. Flatwork is ironed if the service is "complete finished," and wearing apparel is finished by hand where necessary.

All of these services are charged for by the pound, and a bundle of a certain minimum size is required. Topping the classifications is "list price" or "custom work," with everything returned ready for use and charged for by the piece.

The Process—Step by Step

A bundle of newly arrived laundry goes first to the sorting or identification tables, where it is weighed, separated and identified. Girls swiftly unscramble the bundle, checking the contents against the laundry list enclosed in the bag or making one of their own, and divide the articles into as many as 16 different groups. Silks and rayons and woollens cannot be washed with cotton, and dark- and light-colored articles cannot be washed together.

Once the sorting and segregating have been completed, each group of articles is placed in an open-weave cotton bag or net, which is closed with a big safety pin stamped with letters and numbers corresponding with those on your laundry list. For a list-price customer, every article carries a laundry mark, which is removed from the more fragile garments after they have been ironed.

There are millions of different laundry marks in the United States, a fact which has proven a boon to smart cops and mystery-story writers. There is a growing tendency for police departments to accumulate a complete file of local laundry marks, which have often been of assistance in solving crimes and identifying victims of accidents. One detective, Captain Adam Yulch of Nassau County, New York, has become nationally known for his success in cracking murder cases by the use of laundry marks.

After the various items in a bundle of laundry have been properly netted, the nets are put into various-sized washing machines, where soap and alkali in the water break the first dirt. The temperature of the water ranges from 90 degrees to 160 degrees, with colored articles at the lower end of the scale. From then on different processes are used, depending upon the character of the articles being washed and how dirty they are. Most modern laundries are equipped with automatic controls, so that a wash is carried through all the processes without the use of human hands.

The average family wash receives three suds baths, followed by from four to six hot and cold rinses, the last containing a little bluing to whiten and freshen the garments. Housewives who fear that their clothing may come in contact with other folks' apparel should be relieved to hear that health department tests show that the rinse in a well-run laundry is bacteria-free, a condition almost impossible to achieve in home laundering. Still in their nets, the clothes are next deposited in huge spinning baskets, called extractors, which whirl about at some 800 revolutions a minute, draining off surplus water by centrifugal force. After 15 minutes the clothing is just faintly damp, and if the customer has ordered "wet wash" her laundry is finished. Otherwise, it is ready for ironing.

Socks, blankets, window curtains and

similar articles are dried on forms after removal from the extractors. Bath towels, bath mats, rugs and other items which need to be fluffed dry rather than ironed flat are tumbled in cylinders and dried by hot air. These tumblers are also used by laundries which offer a rough-dry service, in which wearing apparel is soft-dried or air-fanned and returned un-ironed.

From the extractors the wash goes to the ironing department, a place of mechanical marvels. The flatwork ironer, generally though improperly called a "mangle," has rollers 10 feet long, and an ironing capacity of 15 sheets a minute. Large laundries attach this ironer to an automatic folder, which handles sheets, tablecloths and spreads. With this sort of equipment the laundry of the Hotel Plaza in New York is able to process 110,000 pieces of flatwork a week.

Shirts are ironed on a battery of four machines. One irons the sleeves and cuffs, another the collar, a third the back and sides, and a fourth the bosom. One battery of these machines, manned by experienced girls, can turn out 160 beautifully ironed shirts an hour. An efficient, average-sized laundry, such as the Rite Way Laundry of Brooklyn, with three batteries of machines, can handle about 20,000 shirts a week. When the ironing has been completed, the laundry goes to the sorting room again, where the various pieces are assembled, reidentified, and grouped for packaging and delivery.

The business of washing other folks' clothing, said to have been begun by a disillusioned forty-niner in California almost a hundred years ago, has grown into one of America's most important service industries. It is really big business. In 1946 approximately 7,000 power laundries employed 275,000 persons, and the annual customers' bill amounted to \$738,000,000. And these figures don't include the innumerable hand and Chinese laundries to be found on almost every block in the big cities. In New York alone there are more than 6,500 of these small establishments, doing an annual business of more than \$60,000,000.

Where Most of the Work is Done

Almost all of these shops serve as agency or distribution outlets for the big wholesale laundries; the two or three women usually seen ironing on the premises are merely finishing up work which has been processed by the wholesalers. But despite the nation's huge laundry bill, most of America's soiled clothing and linens are still washed at home in the family tub or washing machine. Some months ago a leading figure of the laundry industry prepared a confidential analysis of the business done in various large cities. With a potential of 100 per cent, Miami laundries do 11 per cent, Dallas 12, Milwaukee 6, Nashville 16, Buffalo 7, New York 16, Detroit 7. For the country as a whole, 91 per cent of the family laundry is done at home.

The bulk of the American laundry business is institutional; it consists of washing the uniforms worn by a vast army of factory, railroad, business and professional workers. The barber, the butcher, the waiter, the grocer, the beauty-parlor girl, the doctor, the nurse, the dentist, and many others, all wear uniforms for either aesthetic or sanitary reasons. For every towel used in the American home, the average barbershop will use 10. For every sheet and tablecloth used at home, hotels and restaurants use 20. And out of 300 first-class hotels in New York, only 5 per cent operate their own laundries; the rest send the wash out.

Then there is the vast diaper service for baby, a comparatively new and rapidly growing phase of the industry, which is big business in itself. During the war the diaper services could not begin to keep up with their orders, but

WATCH OUT FOR BLEEDING GUMS!

you may have

GINGIVITIS



4 out of 5

May Get This Wicked Enemy Of
Handsome Teeth and Firm Gums!

When you brush your teeth and your gums bleed—even a tiny bit—don't neglect this condition.

Because tender, bleeding gums are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation—but a decided enemy of firm, healthy gums and handsome teeth.

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Put some Forhan's Toothpaste on your fingertip and massage it on your gums. Do this every time you brush your teeth.

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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Collier's for September 13, 1947

If you're smart
you'll recognize the
**SEVEN
SYMPTOMS***



THE UNLUCKY SEVEN

1. Digestive Upset
2. Poor Appetite
3. Lack of Pep
4. Cranky and Irritable
5. Heartburn
6. Headachy
7. Washed-Out Look

*Due to irregularity

AND REACH FOR THE
GENTLE, PROMPT
LAXATIVE-SARAKA!



That's right! At the first hint of a single one of the Unlucky Seven Symptoms—due to irregularity—act fast! Get prompt, comfortable relief with pure vegetable Saraka... so gentle and pure, so thorough and sure!

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Imagine a dependable laxative without chemicals, seeds, oils, or milk of magnesia. That's Saraka! Contains only two pure vegetable ingredients. One acts like necessary, highly concentrated high-residue foods. The other assures thorough action. Results are so gentle there's no usual "laxative sensation".

Saraka usually works overnight! No three-day wait! Your own doctor can tell you about Saraka's superiority.

TASTELESS! COSTS MUCH LESS!

Saraka is the family favorite because it's tasteless! And so economical too... same low price—49¢! Make sure you get the original Saraka in the orange and yellow box. Caution: Use only as directed. Double your money back if not delighted. At drug counters everywhere.

NO OTHER LAXATIVE GIVES
YOU MORE GENTLE, MORE
THOROUGH RELIEF!



49¢ for twenty helpings

The Original Pure Vegetable

SARAKA

SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND SURE!

Collier's for September 13, 1947

now conditions are much better. These services start a youngster off with about 9 diapers a day—63 to 70 a week—and taper down to 50 or 60 a week after six months.

So far, however, diaper services are available only in the large cities—statisticians have figured out that a city of less than 100,000 population cannot support an exclusive diaper laundry. In the smaller communities, therefore, a mother must either wash the little rascal's triangular pants herself or send them to a regular laundry, which is usually more expensive than the special diaper services.

A recently established service somewhat similar to the diaper business is household linen rental; in several cities laundries have begun to rent linens to housewives at prices no greater than would ordinarily be charged for laundering them. A pioneer in this field is the Consolidated Laundries Corporation, which operates in New York and New Jersey. Within the past two years, Consolidated has opened a number of linen stores in New York City, where women may rent a two weeks' supply of linen on condition that they exchange half of their supply weekly for fresh linen. The charges are 14 cents for sheets, 6 cents for pillowcases and Turkish towels, and 5 for hand and kitchen towels. All with no minimum and no deposit.

Few Men Wear Starched Collars

The changing fashions of both men and women are reflected by the laundry business. For example, the period when men demanded that their collars and shirt bosoms be heavily starched has definitely ended; in fact, men have gone to the other extreme. Today, the laundry does not starch a man's shirt or collar unless specially instructed. As a result of this change, thousands of plants in the big cities are stuck with expensive and complicated equipment for ironing stiff collars, which must either stand idle or be sold to the junkman. In New York nearly all the laundries have abandoned their stiff-collar departments, and the man who insists upon wearing such a thing usually has to shop around quite a bit before he can get it laundered.

This abandonment of stiff-collar machinery is part of a drastic streamlining of the industry, interrupted by the war, and now resumed. In the opinion of Victor Kramer, America's Number One laundry consultant, the era of multiple-service laundries may be on the wane, the trend now being toward the specialty shop idea. He thinks that the laundry customer of the future may be offered a variety of specialized services to fit individual needs.

One of the newer developments is the drive-in, the laundry equivalent of the cash-and-carry supermarket. This movement, started in Atlanta in 1930, has

made great gains in the South and the Southwest, and recently in New England. It has been especially popular in areas where middle-class families practically live in their automobiles. Since the ordinary laundry spends about 25 cents of every dollar for expenses connected with pickup and delivery, it is obvious that the drive-ins can afford to give the customer a substantial discount. As a rule, this amounts to from 15 to 20 per cent of standard prices. A recent questionnaire showed that approximately one third of the laundries in the United States plan to add drive-in services.

The vest-pocket laundries called laundrettes and laundromats are also proving successful. Batteries of from 20 to 24 automatic washing machines are housed in clean, airy, well-lighted buildings, often equipped with waiting rooms for customers and playrooms for children. The housewife brings her bundle, puts her clothing into a machine and a quarter in the slot, and goes about her shopping or other errands, returning later to collect her laundry.

At present these establishments are for wet wash only, but a few are adding drying equipment. Of course there are drawbacks to these places—a woman must do her own separating, she has no assistance whatever, and only two temperatures of water are available, hot and warm. She must buy her own soap, bluing and bleach, and she can't wash more than 10 pounds of clothing in any one machine, so that if she has a fair-sized family wash she'll require two or three machines.

A variation of the laundrette technique is the washing machine with a coin slot. These are located in the basements of many apartment houses. If they are installed in sufficient volume, they may become more of a menace to the laundry industry than the laundrette. For with a washing machine in the basement, a woman can quickly wash her silks and rayons and nylons, and then iron them at her leisure.

Most people complain vehemently of the high cost of laundry, but in comparison with the price advances in almost every other field, these complaints seem not altogether justified. Prices were frozen by the OPA late in 1942, on the basis of those prevailing in 1940. In 1943 and 1944 the OPA authorized increases of from 4 per cent to 5 per cent in each year. In 1946 a further advance of 12 per cent was permitted.

When OPA was abandoned, prices jumped another 10 per cent, a total increase of approximately 33 per cent since 1942. Victor Kramer and other laundry executives believe that although the cost of labor will remain high—it now gets 60 cents of the laundry dollar—prices will gradually ease off, which is probably the best news laundry customers have heard yet.

THE END



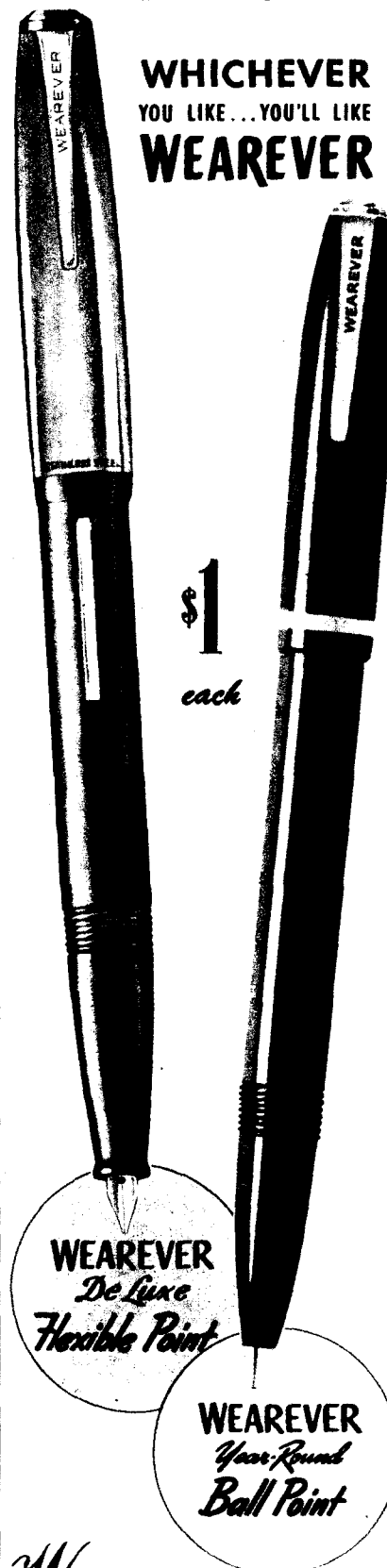
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THE HULK

Continued from page 17

climb aboard from a marshy knoll alongside and step up to the wheel and imagine it was the days when the Bessie C. was for charter and put out from the harbor for the open sea, for bottom fishing off the shoals or to drum her way twenty-five miles to sea after game fish. Dennis had never been aboard in those days. He had known the Bessie C. only as a hulk, yet to him she had never been a hulk.

Now, with his hands still smelling of the fish he had scaled, he stood in the refuge of the hulk and visualized his father aboard in a yachting cap, with the two engines humming and the bow dipping into blue water. The engines were long since gone. They had been sold when the hulk was stripped. Everything of the slightest value had been taken away and sold, all except the barometer, which now hung on the wall of the kitchen at home. His father had not sold the barometer because it had been put aboard by Dennis' mother the day they were married, the day they started on a honeymoon cruise.

Every morning, before he even brushed his teeth, Dennis went to read the weather by the old barometer, and once a week he polished the brass. It was very old, probably a hundred years, his father had told him, and the writing on it was in German. His grandfather had brought it over from Holland a long time ago, and it had gone to sea in the Bessie C. before she was a hulk. His father said it was valuable, but he had not sold it with the other objects salvaged from the Bessie C.

They had been people of the sea, his mother's people, and Dennis' father once had told him he was christened with brine. He was born for the sea, his father had said, like his mother. She had been a sharp one, his father had told him. Trust her to know where the fish were biting. Trust her to take you there, without even looking at a chart. When he married her, his father said, he took on a copilot. Those were the great days, when the Bessie C. was berthed among the charter boats at the municipal dock.

Dennis visualized the Bessie C., spick-and-span, with Captain Jack Clifton aboard in his yachting cap, shaven and clear-eyed and grinning, and his mother there, too. It was not easy to visualize his mother. There was a photograph of her at home, in a fluffy sort of dress, with a trailing skirt, and when Dennis visualized her aboard the Bessie C. she had to wear that fluffy dress; he simply couldn't imagine her in any other way. Of course he knew she hadn't worn a dress like that, but he would not even try to visualize her in anything like the mauve slacks the plump blonde in the bar had been wearing.

Boats like the Bessie C. chartered for a lot of money, even though she had been long afloat when his father first acquired her. His father must have made pots of money in those days, Dennis thought. He wasn't working in a fish market then. He wasn't doing odd jobs then—cleaning fifty-five porgies for two dollars. Dennis winced and tried to forget about the unscaled fish. He spun the hulk's wheel and gazed ahead at the marsh.

SHADOWS were long now, and the marsh was like a sea. In the darkening light the marsh seemed to roll away in waves, and in Dennis' imagination the waves mounted and it was the storm. The bow of the Bessie C. lifted and fell in the great storm and the wheel spun to the rudder's buffets. The wind battered the harbor and sent waves crashing against the pier, and the Bessie C. was lifted by them and carried away and taken helpless and yawning here onto the flats and hurled with great force against an old piling and her bottom was stove in. Here she had settled into the mud, unattended, and they had stripped her of everything of value, like taking jewels from a corpse, and left her on the flats, a hulk. Dennis knew that his father had failed to make her fast that night, and he knew why. His mother had been dead only two months that night.

Seeing how the sun was reddening in the west, Dennis thought it must be

pretty late. He had to be at work on time, and he had to take those fish to Mr. Brace. The Seaview Hotel was almost opposite the concession on the boardwalk where Dennis worked for three hours every night, and he could drop the fish off on his way to work. He stepped carefully to the gunwale and let himself down to the soggy ground, deep in marsh grass. There was a path, made by his own feet, and he followed it up to the road. He did not look back at the hulk.

His father was not at home. Dennis had not expected him, yet he was disappointed. The two-room cottage they occupied stood on the bank of a tidal creek and there was a small, rickety dock, but they had no boat of any kind, not even a rowboat. The house was in view of the highway and once, a long time ago, his father had talked of putting up a sign and selling bait, but he had never done anything about it.

For one thing, he had said, they didn't have a rowboat, anyway. How could they get bait to sell?

There was milk in the icebox, and Dennis found bread and made two peanut butter sandwiches. He sat at the kitchen table to eat them, under the shiny barometer his grandfather had brought from Holland. As a matter of course he looked at the barometer, and it was only after he had assured himself that fair weather would prevail that he glanced at the clock. It was late, and he hurriedly ate the two sandwiches and finished the milk.

He got to the fish market in time; it had not closed yet and the icehouse was open. Old Joe Dobson was washing down the floor of the market, and he waved to Dennis as he went past to the dock. Dennis got out the bucket of porgies. It was very heavy. About thirty pounds, he estimated as he carried it with both hands to the road. There he stopped, and took a handkerchief from his pocket to wrap around the handle of the bucket. He started on again.

It was at least a mile across to the ocean side, where the Seaview Hotel fronted on the boardwalk, and the bucket became heavier with each step. Dennis tried counting steps. He would take one hundred steps, then put the bucket down and rest. By the time he reached eighty, his arms and even his shoulders were aching, and he went through the nineties at a trot, dropping the bucket on the hundredth step. Once the bucket tipped over and he had to pick porgies up from the pavement. He was very tired, and his arm sockets were sore; his knees began to feel weak.

If he could just save some money, Dennis thought. If he had a bicycle it would be easy. He could put the bucket of fish in the basket and pedal over to the Seaview; he could ride to work every night on his bike instead of walking there and back. If he just had a bicycle, that was. If he just had eight dollars.

Those bikes they had made in wartime were not very good. They had only the essentials—a frame, handlebars and wheels, but it was the best kind of bike he could get for eight dollars, even if the frame was rusty and the saddle sprung. Bobby Martin was getting a new bicycle, the latest model, with all the gadgets you could think of, and he'd sell his old wartime bike for eight dollars, he had promised, as soon as he got the new one. The tires on the old bike were fairly new, and it was a bargain.

Dennis picked up the bucket. Well, he didn't have a bike, and it was a long way to the Seaview Hotel with his thirty pounds of fish. He started on the next hundred steps, but had only reached sixty-two when lights sent his shadow rushing on ahead of him, then an auto-

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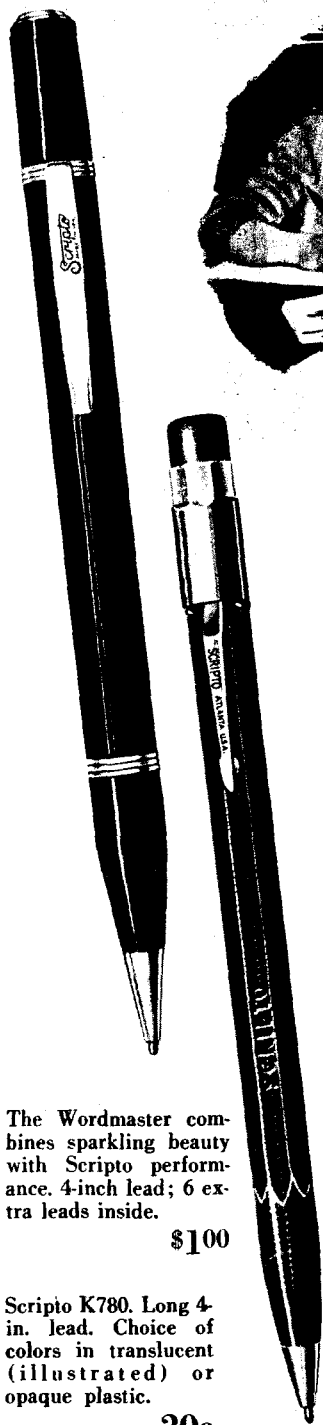
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mobile slowed and stopped beside him. A voice called, "That you, Dennis?"

Dennis turned. It was Joe Dobson in his old heap. He said, "Hello, Joe."

"Where you going with that bucket, Dennis?"

"Seaview Hotel."

"Well, hop in," Joe said. "I'll take you over."

As Dennis lifted the bucket into the car Joe looked at the fish, but he said nothing. Dennis sat quietly, breathing hard, relaxing his arms and shoulders. He was very tired.

The car entered the resort section and rolled along through traffic beside the boardwalk. When he stopped the car at the Seaview Hotel, Joe asked, "Want a lift with that bucket?"

"I got it, Joe," Dennis said, and got out. Joe passed the bucket down to him, grinned and drove on.

The Seaview was a shabby white Victorian building, summer style. It looked like a shopworn wedding cake, with its cupolas and fancy shingles. Dennis carried the bucket around beside the hotel, and found Mr. Brace sitting on the back porch. The hotel owner took the bucket, nodded when he saw the scaled fish, and said, "Say, you didn't carry it here, did you?"

"Oh, no," Dennis said importantly. "We brought it in the car."

DENNIS crossed the street to the boardwalk. It was early in the summer and business was pretty slow. There were only a few customers in the concessions that took up about a hundred yards of boardwalk in the small resort town. Also it was pretty early in the evening. Only seven o'clock.

Dennis worked in a concession where they rolled balls into holes that represented playing cards. Each customer received five balls when he put a nickel in the slot, and if he filled a poker hand, three of a kind or better, with his five balls, he received cigarettes as a prize, up to twenty-four packs for a royal flush. It was Dennis' job to pass out the cigarettes, and occasionally when only one of the two owners of the concession was on duty, to make change. He liked the job, and the time passed quickly because there was always something to watch.

Dennis thought that the two men who operated the concession were pretty good guys. He was a few minutes late tonight, but neither mentioned it. It was a good job, but it didn't pay enough to make saving eight dollars for a bicycle very easy. Dennis figured that the summer would be just about over before he'd have the eight dollars saved, and he was very much afraid that Bobby Martin

would find another buyer for his bicycle.

Boys Dennis knew often passed by the concession and called to him—they had given up trying to promote a free game through him—and that night Bobby Martin rode by. Bobby had shown Dennis the catalogue picture of the bicycle he wanted, and the gadgets he intended to put on it, and every time Dennis saw Bobby he asked about the bike. Tonight Bobby still was riding the old wartime bike, which was the answer to the first question in Dennis' mind. But Bobby was excited.

"They're getting the new ones in tomorrow, Dennis," he said. "Dad is taking me uptown tomorrow and I'm gonna ride it home."

"That's swell," Dennis said.

Bobby glanced toward the old bike leaning against the boardwalk. "You still want that one, Dennis?"

"Yeah," Dennis said, and abruptly turned away. He knew he wouldn't have the eight dollars by tomorrow. He knew he'd never have that eight dollars. He couldn't pay out eight dollars for a bike, even if he had it. They needed the money at home. He knew how much they needed the money. He'd been waiting a long time for this tomorrow, when the new bicycle would come, but now that it was here, tomorrow was too soon. Tomorrow had lost the special quality that tomorrow usually had, and now there was a depressing urgency about tomorrow. His father had to get a job tomorrow.

Maybe, Dennis thought, as he hurried to give a pack of cigarettes to a man who had rolled a full house, the boat yards would take his father on again. He had worked there once, before he started in at the fish market. He had worked lots of places. He had held more jobs than Dennis could think of at the moment, but he had held none of them very long. Knowing how it was, Dennis could not help blaming his father sometimes for the night he had failed to make the Bessie C. fast, that night of the big storm. Tonight, thinking of the unscaled fish, he could not help blaming his father.

There was a core of resentment deep within him that night, and when he left the boardwalk at ten o'clock and took the road home, his thoughts returned to the fish and the heavy bucket and the bicycle and the Bessie C. They were all mixed together in his mind and somehow they made him think of his mother, who had died when he was only two years old. He did not remember his mother, except from the photograph, and he did not know just how it had been when she was alive, in the days when the Bessie C. put out to sea, but he knew it had been



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Windshield Washers

Collier's for September 13, 1947

very different. He knew it had been wonderful then. Thinking of it brought a lump in his throat, and he did not blame his father so much, because there had been that visual transition again, and his father was there in a yachting cap, brown-faced and clear-eyed and grinning.

Dennis kicked at a stone on the road. He didn't care about any old bicycle. He'd got along so far without a bike, and pretty often he could hitch a ride to and from the boardwalk. Besides, he didn't mind walking on a night like this, when there was a moon.

The moonlight made a wonderful shiny pattern on the road, and objects loomed with shadowy definition—the trunks of trees, the squat shape of the Blue Water Bar, with lights streaming from the windows, a dark indistinct form. . . . Dennis looked again. The form took shape; a man was sitting on the curb outside the Blue Water Bar. Dennis' steps quickened, and the form became recognizable. It was his father, sitting on the curb with his legs sprawled out.

"Pop!" Dennis cried.

His father raised his head. Light from the barroom windows touched his face and made it blank and colorless. He said, thickly, "That you, kid?"

Dennis stopped two feet from his father. "Anything wrong, Pop?"

He heard a rueful chuckle, and his father's voice said, "Tell you the truth, Dennis, Lou tossed me out. Gave me the old heave ho. What do you know about that?" He laughed raspingly.

Dennis abruptly sat down on the curb beside his father. He felt a little sick, and whispered, "Come on, Pop. Let's go home."

"Claimed I was annoying the customers," his father's voice said, indignant now. "It was that blonde in the purple pants. She—"

"Pop," Dennis said, "let's go home."

"Nope." His father put a heavy hand on Dennis' shoulder. "Gotta go back in there, Dennis."

"No you don't, Pop!" Dennis' voice rose anxiously.

"Yep," his father said. "Gotta go." He put his hands down beside him and tried to push himself up. "Gotta get my hat."

"I'll get it!" Dennis cried, and jumped to his feet. He ran ahead of his father to the entrance of the bar.

THE lights were bright inside and there was a good deal of noise. The corner booth was the noisiest, and Dennis saw bulging mauve slacks. The plump blonde and the two men in sport shirts were still there and they were still drinking old-fashioned.

Dennis walked up to the bar. Lou gave him a self-conscious smile and said, "Your old man ain't here now, Dennis."

"I'm looking for his hat," Dennis said.

"That's right," Lou said. "He did have a hat. I don't see it, though."

Dennis walked along the bar, and a man at the end of it reached down and picked up a hat from the floor. The felt was sprinkled with sawdust, and the plump blonde in the mauve slacks looked at it and laughed. Dennis' face was flushed as he beat the hat against his knee to dislodge the sawdust.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now," the blonde called out, and the men with her laughed.

Lou said, "Sorry about the hat, Dennis."

Dennis turned slowly and looked at the people in the booth. They were all laughing, and they were all looking at him. Dennis stared back at them and the grin muscles stiffened, then the grins slowly faded. It was suddenly very still in the barroom.

Dennis' chin came up and his flat, defiant voice said, "My father's a charter-boat captain."

The two men in sport shirts exchanged

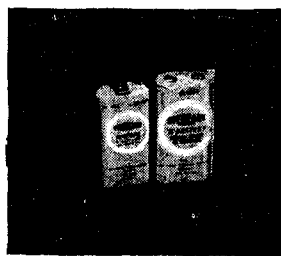
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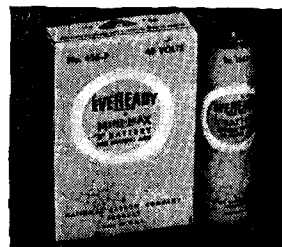
FOR OTHER modern hearing aids of the single-unit or double-unit type, this "Eveready" #420-E "B" battery delivering 22½ volts, together with this "Eveready" #1035 "A" battery, offers long life and economy. (15- and 30-volt "Eveready" "B" batteries are also available.)



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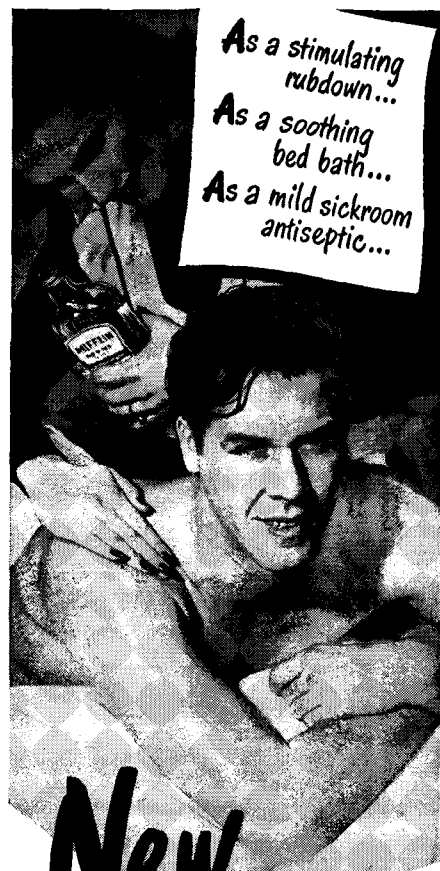
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glances and one of them said, "Sure, kid. Forget it. We're all kind of tight."

"That's our boat," Dennis said, and pointed at the painting on the wall. "The Bessie C."

The plump blonde put out one hand; she was blinking, and her mouth was screwed up. "Honey, it's a beautiful boat," she said softly. "Come over here a minute."

"Lou," Dennis said, and he was fighting back the tears. "That's Pop's boat, ain't it?"

"You bet it is," Lou said. "The Bessie C."

"See here," Dennis said. His hand went to his hip pocket, where his wallet was, and very carefully he removed from the wallet the card he always carried. He held it out, and the blonde took it, avoiding his eyes. There was nothing for her to do but read it aloud, and her voice was low and not quite steady.

"The yacht Bessie C.," she read. "For charter. Deep-sea fishing. Captain Jack Clifton. Municipal dock."

"That's my father," Dennis said. "Captain Jack Clifton."

"Kid," one of the men said, "we're all kind of tight. You know how it is. Nobody meant anything."

NOW the tears had forced through. Dennis was sobbing. He snatched the card away and turned toward the door, and he had nearly reached it before he noticed his father standing there. He was leaning a little against the wall, and his fists were clenched, and for an instant the dignity that Dennis had tried to salvage was there.

Dennis said, "Here's your hat," and thrust it into his father's hand, then he ran out through the door. As he went past he had a glimpse of his father's white face, stiff with a strange sadness, then he ran on into the night.

Away from the bright lights of the bar, Dennis came into the moonlight, and the cool radiance of it was soothing. He stopped crying, and paused in the open, under the moon, to return the card carefully to his wallet. It was one of several cards that remained from the grand old days of the Bessie C., and Dennis kept the others at home in a box he had decorated with sea shells.

He walked on again. He had not once looked behind him, but he knew his father had not followed. There had been no footfalls on the road behind him. To his left, fifty feet away, was the turning

that led to his home on the creek, but he did not go that way. He followed the road toward the mud flats and the hulk.

Even without the moon he could have found the way along the path his own feet had made. In the moonlight the hulk loomed ahead of him and he found the marshy knoll and scrambled up to the deck. He knew just where to step to avoid the rotting planks, and he made his way to the wheelhouse. Moonlight slanted in and illumined the wheel, and Dennis leaned against it, looking out at the marsh. His eyes were dry now, and he stood quite still, listening to the far-off croaking of frogs.

His hands gripped the spokes of the wheel, but he did not turn it. He remembered the scene in the bar, and he was ashamed now of the things he had said. He held the spokes tightly and for the first time the old Bessie C. was to him what others saw, a rotting hulk in the marsh grass. There was no magic left for him here on the hulk, and it no longer seemed a refuge.

His hands slipped from the wheel and suddenly he kicked the metal base of it hard, then he slipped down to the deck. He let his shoulders rest against the bulkhead, and squeezed his eyes tight, but the tears came through. He stretched out on the deck, with his face in the crook of his elbow, and wept angry tears.

He did not hear footsteps in the marsh, nor the first scraping of a shoe on the hull. The sound that aroused him was a heel thump on the deck. He sat erect and saw that the moon now was low; he had slept. He called out anxiously, "What's that?"

"Dennis?" It was his father's voice, low and humble. "I thought I'd find you here, kid."

Dennis heard heavy steps coming toward him and saw his father's figure in the moonlight. He said quickly, "Be careful where you step, Pop."

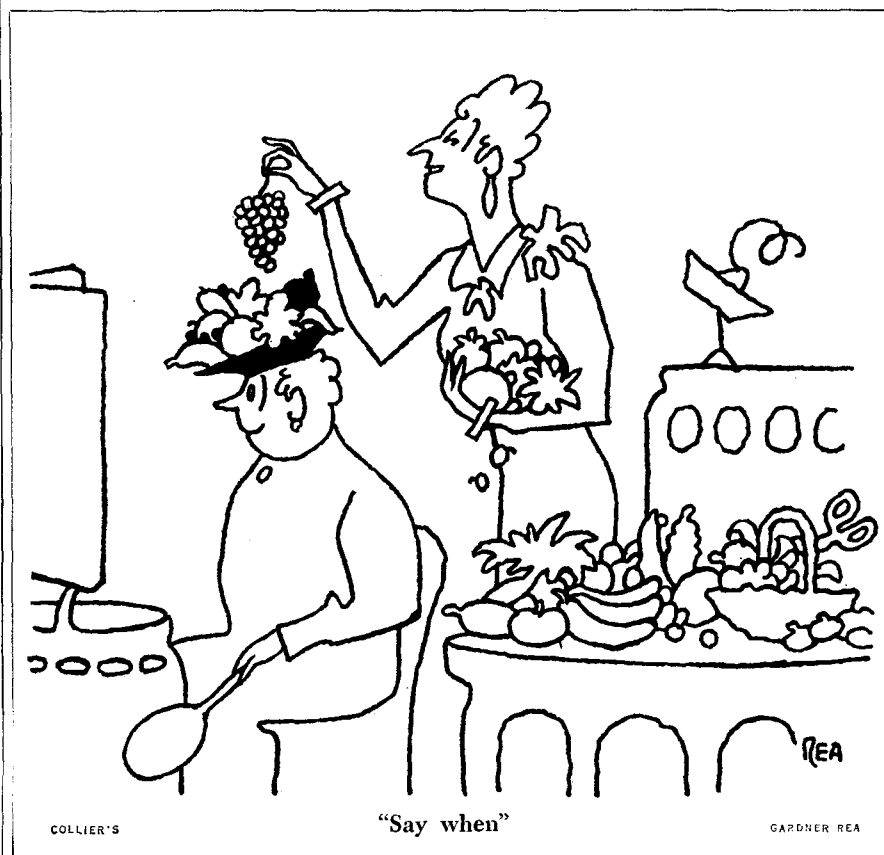
"I know the old Bessie C., Dennis," his father said. "I know every plank of her. Where are you, kid?"

"Here, by the wheel."

His father's shadowy figure entered the deeper shadow of the wheelhouse and merged with it, then moonlight touched his face. He said softly, "You know, I've got good news for you, Dennis."

"I don't care," Dennis said.

There was silence, then his father sat beside Dennis and stretched out his legs. After a time he said, "Joe Dobson told me how you scaled those fish."



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"Yes," Dennis said.
"And you carried them to the Sea-
view."

"Joe gave me a lift," Dennis said.
"I know," his father said. "I should've
scaled 'em. I'm sorry you had to do it,
Dennis."

Dennis swallowed and said, "That's
all right, Pop."

He felt his father's hand on his shoul-
der, heard the low voice saying, "Don't
you want to hear that news?"

"Yes," Dennis said. "Sure."
"You're wanting a bicycle, aren't you,
Dennis?"

His father knew very well that he
wanted a bicycle, Dennis thought. His
father knew about the eight dollars. He
did not answer.

"Well, you're gonna have that bike,"
his father said. "The best in town, Den-
nis."

Resentment rose again in Dennis. He
wanted no false promises that night. He
said quickly, "I don't want a bike."

"I mean it, kid," his father said, and
the fingers pressed the boy's shoulder.
"You know that barometer at home, that
one of your mother's. The one that was
here on the Bessie C. in the old days."

Of course Dennis knew that barome-
ter. Didn't he polish it every week? Didn't
he look at it every morning, the first
thing he got up?

"A fellow offered me seventy-five dol-
lars for it once," his father said. "I'm
going to sell it and I'm going to get you
that bike. How do you like that?"

There was silence again in the shadowy
wheelhouse of the hulk. The barometer
had always hung there on the wall. His
father had sold everything else salvaged
from the Bessie C., but he had not sold
the barometer that his wife had first put
aboard. There was a special meaning in
his saying he would sell the barometer,
and it gave Dennis an empty feeling.

"I think your mother would want you
to have that bike," his father said. "She'd
want to sell that barometer, too."

THE empty feeling passed and Dennis' heart
pounded. Yes, he thought, his
mother would want them to sell that
barometer. He thought he knew what his
mother would want, and he burst out,
"All right, Pop, let's sell it. But I don't
want a bike!"

"You don't want a bike?" His father's
voice was puzzled.

"No," Dennis cried. "We can take
that money and get a rowboat, Pop. We
can sell bait and rent the rowboat, like
we used to talk about. I'll take care of
that. And then we can save up for an-
other rowboat and after a while we can
have a bunch of 'em and we'll rent 'em
out by the day and then—" He stopped
and sucked in his breath.

"I see," his father said. "And then
someday you'll have another Bessie C.
That's it, ain't it?"

"Yes," Dennis said.

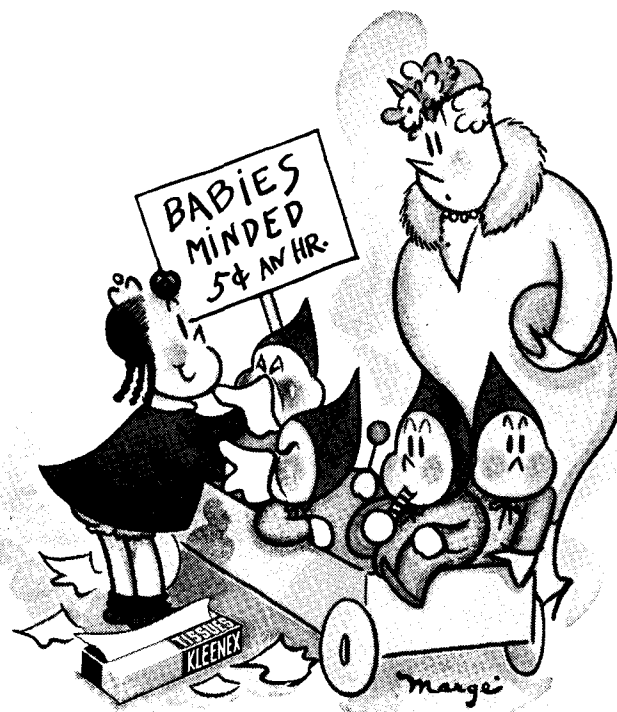
His father patted his shoulder. "Kid,"
he said. "We'll take a shot at it, you and
me. I'll string along with you on that,
Dennis. I'll latch onto a good job, kid.
You watch." His voice rose. "I'll start
out tomorrow and I'll get a job and I'll
buy that rowboat and you'll be captain
of the fleet. You'll be in charge of the
bait business. Say, they're getting a buck
a quart for sand shrimp these days." The
voice stopped abruptly and there was a
moment's silence; then his father said
softly, in an altered tone, "Dennis, I'm
going to do the best I can. Maybe I'll
make the grade. I don't know, but I'll
sure try." He hesitated an instant. "But
one thing I do know."

Dennis looked up, and in the moon-
light he saw his father's smile.

"I know this," his father said. "Come
hell or high water, you're going to get
yourself a charter boat before you're
done, and you'll be the best damn skip-
per in the harbor!"

THE END

LITTLE LULU



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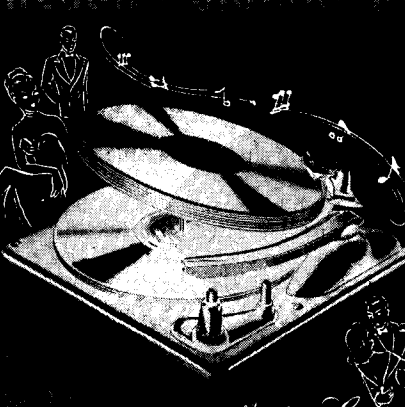
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TRANSLATIONS, PLEASE

WE WILL now register a loud, uncultured yawp against a habit in which some erudite authors persist in indulging, and for which we can find no justification.

What we're squawking about is the practice of ringing foreign-language words and phrases into the text of a book without furnishing translations into English in parentheses or footnotes.

Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee does this, we're sorry to report, in his otherwise magnificent *A Study of History*. The late Albert Jay Nock did it in his otherwise salty and almost priceless *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man*. Other authors with plenty to say have the same annoying habit.

We do mean annoying. Very few Americans have a working knowledge of Greek, Latin, French and German. That is no doubt regrettable, but it is a fact. If the author thinks he is paying readers a delicate compliment by neglecting to translate his verbal jewels cut in foreign tongues, he's mistaken. Our own doubtless uncouth feeling always is that he's merely trying to show us how erudite he is and how dumb we are.

Let's just have translations, please, in all such cases from now on, so that all the customers can tell what the author is talking about all the time. What does a man write for, anyway, if not to get his whole meaning across to anybody who reads anything he writes?

AGAIN THE AAA

WE'VE paid our disrespects before now in this space to the American Authors' Authority, a Hollywood-hatched scheme to dragoon all the writers in the country into a copyright-control setup to deal with publishers, radio concerns, movie companies and so on.

The time appears to be ripe to sock the AAA on the button again, so here goes:

James M. Cain and his associates, who dreamed up the original scheme, were temporarily set back on their heels when the American Writers' Association was organized to fight the AAA. Now they have come up with a charter, in sonorous legal language, which purports to remove the former objections and obviate any danger of regimenting writers in this country.

It looks like the same old totalitarian proposition to us, with some new trimmings. The writer who fell for the AAA would still have to turn over all his rights in his own productions to this agency and let it handle all his literary business. In control of the outfit would be a small board of governors, who could push the work of authors whose politics they liked and fail to push that of authors whose politics they didn't like.

We already have the Authors' League of America to fight copyright and kindred battles for writers, and we have a multitude of smart literary agents whose job is to see that their clients aren't gypped.

As we've remarked before, we hope publishers, writers and all others mixed up with production of the printed word in the United States will just continue to rebuff the AAA until its backers get tired and quit. It isn't needed, and it is dangerous business.

Collier's for September 13, 1947



UNITING WESTERN EUROPE

THE Kremlin put the One World idea out of the running when Molotov refused at Paris recently to have any truck with the Marshall Plan for economic restoration of Europe.

But the idea of One Europe, or at any rate of One Western Europe, took on new life at that same time, as Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi and other veteran advocates of a United States of Europe are now pointing out.

The U.S.E. plan is based on the theory that if the various nations of Europe only could knock down their tariff barriers and turn the Continent into one big free-trade area, most of the stresses and strains which have bred so many wars would ease off.

Certainly it worked out that way in the United States of America, which became a big free-trade area when the Constitution took effect in 1789. That development killed off several incipient wars among states, and opened up a lot of markets which previously had been surrounded by tariff spite fences. Our growth as a great and prosperous nation began then and there.

True, the difficulties facing a U.S.E. are much greater than those which threatened the U.S.A. in the old days.

Many different languages are spoken in Europe,

and there are national and group hatreds going far back into history.

But we made it stick, and there doesn't seem to be any unbeatable reason why Western Europe couldn't do likewise.

The chances for formation of a Western European federation seem especially good at this time, assuming the United States presses persistently for it as a *quid pro quo* for the help we are expected to extend to European nations in the form of money and materials for recovery from the war.

If any Western European nations turn coy about joining a U.S.E., and show signs of planning to hook up with the Russian group, we can point out to them the fact that Russia can offer them nothing but blood, sweat, toil and tears under an unrelenting, implacable dictatorship. The Kremlin can't feed its own people decently, let alone anybody else.

The Marshall Plan, if we go into it on the scale forecast by the State Department, will cost us tremendously. But if we can get out of it some sort of U.S.E., it may be worth all its costs, because we have been dragged into Europe's two latest wars at an expense far greater in each case than the expected cost of the Marshall Plan.

HARVEST OF THE SILENT SERVICE

A JOINT Army-Navy committee recently completed the big job of figuring out how much Japanese shipping the Allies sent to the bottom during the late war. The figures make some of the most interesting and satisfying reading we've seen in quite a while.

The grand total was 10,600,000 tons, which was just about all the ships the Japs had, except for rowboats. Of this total, the forces of the United States sank 9,700,000 tons.

The most dramatic feature of the story, of course, is the huge top total of the submarine killings—5,320,000 tons, well over half of the entire tonnage of Jap shipping slaughtered by U.S. agencies.

Along with this accounting goes a melodramatic story of how the U.S. submarine *Archerfish*, prowling off Nagoya November 29, 1944, spotted the biggest aircraft carrier ever yet built—the

59,000-ton *Shinano*—on a trial run, and fired a salvo of torpedoes, one of which hit and sank the *Shinano*.

On the basis of these disclosures, we'd be justified in spending heavily on submarine research and improvement, and on new subs for the Navy. We'd be criminally negligent, indeed, not to do so. These ships have proved themselves just about indispensable in two great wars.

And that appears to be only half the story. It seems highly probable that if there are any atom-age wars a great deal of dependence will have to be put on underwater fighting ships, and perhaps on underwater supply ships and troop transports as well.

The prospects look a bit dubious for battleships and carriers in future wars, but apparently the sub's career is only well begun.

One hundred million drowned dollars *brought back to life*

① "It was a gaping, jagged hole in the earth—once just the bottom of a lake, now a mute reminder of a blunder that cost a fortune in silver," says Eric Soderstrom, a friend of Canadian Club writing from Cobalt, Canada. "In the early days of the silver boom, miners following a rich vein under the lake set off a blast that blew this hole in the lake bottom. Sixty miles of inter-connected tunnels were flooded. For 20 years, no silver could be taken out—a loss of \$100,000,000."

② "These 'lost' mines are being reclaimed now. First, I saw how engineers have dammed the lake on both sides of the break, pumped the section dry, and are repairing the hole. Then I watched an engineer probing in the foot-high water for danger spots."

③ "Water is pumped from the flooded mines at the rate of 3,000,000 gallons a day. As the water level in the mines recedes, engineers and geologists relocate the silver veins and start production. Hundreds of tons of rich silver ore are already being taken from three dewatered mines every day."

④ "A drill crew showed me a stope drill cutting into a rich vein that holds more than 7,000 ounces of silver per ton of ore. This rich lode, submerged for twenty years, is one of many that were discovered as the water receded."

⑤ "With my treasured gift from the miners, a \$6 chunk of silver ore, I returned to Cobalt with one of the foremen. He brought out another 'treasure'... a bottle of my favorite whisky, Canadian Club. It didn't seem out of place even in this out-of-the-way spot. I've found Canadian Club at home everywhere, a friendly and familiar welcome to travelers."

⑥ "Mining engineers I've known travel a lot just trouble-shooting," continues Mr. Soderstrom. "They tell me Canadian Club's famous all over the world." That's right! In 87 lands you'll find this whisky that's *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

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Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof.



**"Experience
is the best
teacher..."**

**in playing table tennis
or choosing a cigarette,"**

says

Mary Reilly



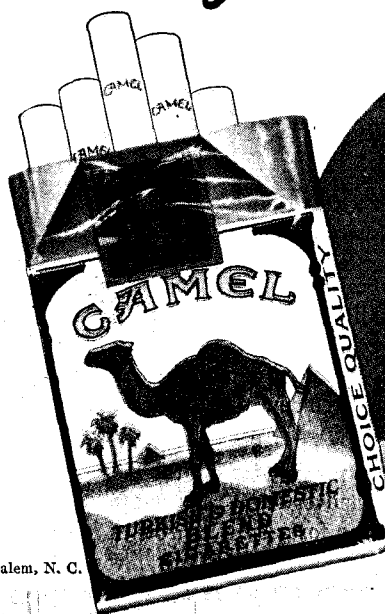
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And, now that you can get any brand of cigarettes you ask for, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Try Camels yourself. And, when you smoke them, remember this fact: *We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*



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